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Great Essays
by Famous Essayists

Landmarks of Civilization

MICHEL EYQUEM DE MONTAIGNE

From an engraving by Augustin de St. Aubin

Great Essays

By

Montaigne, Sidney, Milton, Cowley,
Disraeli, Lamb, Irving, Lowell,
Jefferies, and Others

With Biographical Notes and a Critical Introduction
by Helen Kendrick Johnson

Illustrated

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ESSAYS AND ESSAYISTS

EVERY form of literature has its appropriate time and use, and a philosophical study appears to show that each form reaches a culmination at some stage of a nation's history or in the history of the world. When the stage of progress which called it forth is gone by it is hardly possible for future writers to surpass that form of literature in which a nation or an era found its true expression. There is much of falsehood in the apparent truism " history repeats itself," for there are senses in which the world's history is a series of completions. The truth of this may be best realized in regard to other forms of art than the literary, because the spoken and written language which is its medium is more evidently a living growth.

The twentieth century will turn back beyond the present era for its greatest models in sculpture; to the fourteenth century for its models in architecture; to the fifteenth for painting; and to the eighteenth for music. Each of these arts has a variety of forms, and each form has its own completion. Egypt and the Orient possessed the greatest temples, the noblest palaces, and the grandest tombs; but whether the expression was that of pre-Christian or Christian civilization, when the culmination of the ideal toward which each was tending was reached, progress in that special path was ended. There was no beyond

for the art that wrought the Venus of Milo, or for that which erected the European cathedrals; for that which gave us "The Last Supper" and "The Last Judgment," or for that which found utterance in "The Messiah" and the great symphonies. Henceforth we are imitators and combiners in all these matters.

The question arises, Are any of the great forms of literary art finished? Have poetry and the drama reached their culmination? Must the twentieth century look back upon thought temples and statues and pictures that can never be surpassed in their own order? It is not well to dogmatize. We must remember with Montesquieu, that the success of the greater part of things depends upon knowing how long it takes to succeed. Especially is this warning to be observed in regard to such literature as is the expression of a living language and a living people. But there are facts which indicate that this art is subject to the same conditions that are more evident in the others.

Poetry belongs to youth—to the youth of a writer, of a nation, of the world. We should therefore expect to find, as is the case, that the earlier literature of the race and of nations contains its perfected poems. In the Old Testament are to be found the grandest models for all poetic thought. Hope and trust are the gift of childhood, and they are the purest inspirers of imagination and of spiritual insight. Poetic prophecy reached its culmination with the ancient Hebrews, and lyric poetry found its perfect expression in the Psalms. The highest reach of pathos and triumph, both of feeling and imagery, is embodied in the work of an unknown time and author; dramatic and epic poetry are combined in the sublimity of the book of Job. The "Iliad," the "Vedas," and the "Eddas" also belong to the times of earliest inspiration.

The opening century may reveal marvels of achievement in many fields of thought; but in the work of Shakes-

peare the English-speaking peoples have given the world another evidence of climax. The future is not likely to show a repetition of "Hamlet" or of "Lear."

Prose has many subdivisions. The oration appears to be one of the earliest as well as one of the most lasting forms. It is a direct address on a subject of commanding interest; and such writings as our Declaration of Independence belong to this field. The oration lends itself to great occasions when mind must act quickly upon mind and when feeling is to be stirred to action.

The essay is addressed to the eye rather than to the ear. It asks for time. It presents a silent appeal from the printed page. Like the oration, it should possess a single purpose, should be forcible in statement, and should demand attention from both the reason and the feeling. The essay implies leisurely thought on the part of the reader, and it belongs to the fireside and the study. The essay should be more philosophical than the oration. The style may be simple or ornate, but its theme must be elaborated in order to be seen in its full bearing. The essay is speculative and questioning, and sometimes apparently inconclusive. Its mission may be either persuasion or entertainment. The essay that proclaims its own infallibleness fails at the outset. Firm conviction on the writer's part is generally essential, but it should unfold itself gradually. The essay must beguile and invite discussion and pursuit. It is a roamer and a gleaner in the fields of thought, and the result it brings must be so presented to the reader that his own mind shall roam and glean. Part of the pleasure given will be the pleasure of comparing his own reflections and adjusting his own beliefs. The ideal essay must be imaginative, sympathetic, and instructive.

It naturally follows that the essay is more widely adaptive than any other form of writing. It grows with a nation's life, and changes with its varying pulsations. It

never has reached the commanding place attained by the oration, but, on the other hand, it never has been lost sight of as a valuable form of literature. It is perhaps less easy to make a collection of essays that would be agreed upon as among the world's greatest than of any other kind of composition. The nature of the essay itself suggests an illusive quality of opinion concerning it.

English literature is deeply indebted to Montaigne. Shakespeare, Bacon, Swift, Pope, and Sterne were directly influenced by him. Among modern writers, Emerson loved him, and Stevenson speaks of the spell thrown from his pages. In Florio's translation we have a classic that seems to make of Montaigne an English writer of singular purity and beauty. He is winning and ingenuous. In the preface to his volume of essays he says: "Had my intentions been to forestall and purchase the world's opinion and favour, I would surely have adorned myself more quaintly or kept a more grave and solemn march. I desire therein to be delineated in mine own genuine and simple fashion, without contention, art, or study; for it is myself I portray. My imperfections shall therein be read to the life, and my natural form discerned, so far forth as public reverence hath permitted me." Again he says: "I erect not here a statue to be set up in the market-place of a town, or in a church, or in any other public place. It is for the corner of a library, or to amuse a neighbour, a kinsman, or a friend of mine withal, who by this image may happily take pleasure to renew acquaintance and to reconverse with me. And if it happen no man read me, have I lost my time to have entertained myself so many idle hours about so pleasing and profitable thoughts?"

Of that desultoriness to which the essay naturally lends itself, and which, rightly used, may prove to be the truest method for absorbing a theme, Montaigne says in his essay on books: "If in reading I fortune to meet with any dif-

ficult points, I do not fret myself about them, but after I have given them a charge or two I leave them as I found them. Should I earnestly plod upon them I should lose both time and myself, for I have a skipping wit. What I see not at the first view I shall less see it if I opinionate myself upon it. I do nothing without blitheness; and an over-obstinate continuation and plodding contention doth dazzle, dull, and weary the same: my sight is thereby confounded and diminished. I must therefore withdraw it, and at fits go at it again. If one look seems tedious to me, I take another. I am not greatly affected to new books, because ancient authors, in my judgment, are more full and pithy." Surely this is the spirit and the work of a prince of essay writing and essay reading—a man who takes his learning lightly, and can presume upon that friendship with knowledge that has stood the test of years.

Sir Philip Sidney is always pictured as grave and dignified beyond his years and his time, but in his "Defence of Poesy" there is a "blitheness" that Montaigne did not possess. Sidney had nothing of that irony which Montaigne had carried into retirement from the court of France. Both men were the favourites of the highest circles of their time; but while Montaigne contented himself with the sobriety of a man who had drunk deep of folly's cup and found it bitter, Sidney preserved a lofty purity and reverence where so much was vile. Both were learned, but Sidney's learning became wisdom. All these qualities appear in his famous "Defence," and make more conspicuous the quaint mirthfulness with which he tingles the dulled ears of his countrymen who had cast scorn upon that art which was to find so soon its highest exemplification in their own land, for the "Faerie Queene" of Spenser was probably begun, and the first of Shakespeare's plays to see the light of print appeared within ten years.

The next essay—Milton's—is, on the contrary, a stir-

ring appeal to emotion. Like the others, it exhibits the author's great learning, but in many respects it is what Milton calls it—a speech. It is an elaborated oration, and the elaboration is a hindrance to its effectiveness. The classic model chosen—that of the address of the Greeks before their Areopagus—is followed with laboured exactness, and this causes the essay to be very unequal. Parts of it are magnificent in their simple, straightforward force. Invective, appeal, argument, are used with moving effect.

But invective has rarely been put into such fascinating form as that used by Cowley for a denunciation of Cromwell and the Commonwealth as a loyalist saw them. His essay is stately, picturesque, fiery, lofty in diction, and attractive by the curious form selected. Like Milton's, this essay is political, but there could be no greater contrast than the form in which the two author statesmen cast their appeals. Nothing is gained for this essay by the insertion of the poems that are characteristic of Cowley's work. His ambition was to be a poet, but apparently he is to be remembered only as a writer of elegant and forcible prose.

Oliver Goldsmith's prose has little of the poetic quality that might be expected from the author of "The Deserted Village." His essays are witty, wise, and agreeable. They are didactic, and are aimed frequently at the weaknesses or follies of his age. The clever idea of holding the customs of his country up to that country's ridicule by pretending to look at them through the eyes of a foreigner did not originate with Goldsmith, but has been used most effectively by him in his essays entitled "A Citizen of the World." These are, however, so frank in picturing coarse and repulsive conditions that many of them are unpleasant reading for a more refined era, though they may have had an influence in producing that greater refinement.

Nearly all the essays thus far mentioned have been called forth by the author's desire to effect a change in his

own time, but of none of them is this so true as of the splendid oration-essay entitled "The Crisis." Liberty and literature are alike indebted to Thomas Paine's series of brilliant pamphlets.

We have next a strong contrast in Disraeli's theme, drawn as it is from the oldest form of literature—the proverbs in which nations have unconsciously set down their own history in concrete phrases that pass current from lip to lip. A falsehood sanctioned by a proverb is doubly false, or, rather, doubly mischievous; a truth in such a setting is likely to play a continual part in history; and the tracing of proverbs to their origin and through their adventurous wanderings is a task peculiarly suited to the genius of the essay.

We think of Charles Lamb as the type of what the modern essay writer should be—genial, gentle, dreamy, poetic, able to write out his own heart and personality, and yet reveal no overweening self-confidence or pride of intellect. This Lamb could do to perfection. Thus in his essay entitled "Imperfect Sympathies" he says: "That the author of the 'Religio Medici,' mounted upon the airy stilts of abstraction, conversant about notional and conjectural essences, in whose categories of being the possible took the upper hand of the actual, should have overlooked the impertinent personalities of such poor concretions as mankind, is not much to be admired. It is rather to be wondered at that in the genus of animal he should have condescended to distinguish that species at all. For myself, earth-bound and fettered to the scene of my activities, 'standing on earth, not wrapped above the sky,' I confess that I do feel the differences of mankind, national and individual, to an unhealthy excess. I can look with no indifferent eye upon things or persons. Whatever is, is to me a matter of taste or distaste, for when once it becomes indifferent it begins to be disrelishing. I am, in plainer

words, a bundle of prejudices—made up of likings and dislikings—the veriest thrall to sympathies, apathies, antipathies. In a certain sense I hope it may be said of me that I am a lover of my species—I can feel for all indifferently, but I can not feel toward all equally. The more purely English word that expresses my sympathy will better express my meaning. I can be a friend to a worthy man, who upon another account can not be my mate or fellow. I can not like all people alike." Lamb himself is likeable in both his likes and his dislikes. His essays are of unequal merit, and they are seldom profound in thought; but his life of hidden self-devotion somehow permeated the literature through which it found relief.

Washington Irving in many respects suggests Charles Lamb. He is an ideal essayist of the thoughtful, sympathetic, humorous kind. The man of leisure, the student and writer, was rare in our country when Irving published his earliest work. Literature as a profession was not yet at home here. Prose was still dwelling in its log cabin as a frontiersman, and poetry was in the air, but had not alighted even in the tree-tops. We owe much of the hearthstone happiness of our expanding love of letters to the genius that gave us the "Sketch Book."

Whittier's prose is too little known and read. A half-restrained merriment lends a charm to his terse and simple Saxon phrasing, which was seldom called out by the themes that stirred his Muse. His wide sympathies appear in his range of subjects, but one chain of thought unites them all—the human element that gave interest to his essentially philanthropic soul.

Whipple is one of the strongest essayists our country has produced. His power of argument, his persuasive appeal, his elevation of thought and elegance of language, render him a fireside writer of commanding interest. His work has also some essentials of the oration; it is forcible

when used as an address. The best essays lend themselves peculiarly to loud reading, and none more so than those of Whipple.

Religious themes are not often chosen by the essayist, and for that reason we are the more indebted to one who presents a single spiritual idea in fascinating form. This Principal Shairp has done. His beautiful essay appears to grow naturally out of a securely rooted affection for the truth. The task he set himself was, to use his own words, "to offer such suggestions as have been gathered from a number of years not unobservant of what has been going on in that borderland where faith and knowledge meet." This field is apparently the one next to be gleaned by the student, and such trained knowledge and intelligent faith as Shairp's are of great value therein.

Lowell did many things well, and some supremely well. It seems to me not only that he is the greatest American poet, but that his "Commemoration Ode" is the finest elegiac poem in our language. I also believe he leads his countrymen as an essayist of the fireside. He is not an orator in prose; he is a philosopher and a dreamer. He is singularly humorous, is forcible, full of conviction, and has a lover's instinct in making language serve occasion. His later political essays are inferior to his earlier work.

Matthew Arnold's "Sweetness and Light" has been so thoroughly discussed that added words are needless, except to say that it seems to stand as the mouthpiece of that philanthropic socialism which has held a place among a large body of England's literary men for many years, and which, in this country at least, in municipal socialism, seems to be tending rapidly to unite with the state socialism against which at the outset it protested. Arnold says, "The men of culture are the true apostles of equality." This remains to be proved, but the essay here given is a notable plea in its favour.

There are few essayists among women, but Gail Hamilton found this form of literature exactly suited to the cast of her mind. She is a natural essay writer, and gives us humour, pathos, good sense, and suggestion in a proverb-like fashion that is quite her own. She has more nearly made a fine art of quotation than has any other writer whom I recall. The homely Saxon of her essays never descends to the commonplace, and often rises to eloquence. What she says remains in the memory; it is not given to playing hide-and-go-seek with the reader. She herself is eminently quotable, and she puts the reader at once en rapport with her own mood. Hers is not the form of essay that arouses questioning and sets one thinking. We take her word for it, however startling and original her propositions. This is a rare art in an essayist, and is worthy of profounder themes than those on which Gail Hamilton usually wrote.

Richard Jefferies presents a fine specimen of the highly ornamented essay. The loving student of Nature has always found responsive minds, and the world cherishes White's "Selborne" and Walton's "Complete Angler" for the sake of the thing interpreted as much as for the method of interpretation.

In Robert Louis Stevenson we lost an almost ideal essayist. His pictures of Nature and art and life come naturally into the fireside world. When one has read them in solitude he feels that he can not rest until he has read them aloud with a congenial friend. Stevenson is gay and tender, picturesque, suggestive, illuminating. Will not some children of a future generation be better understood and more wisely guided because of a glimpse of the child's world seen through his soul window, with its transparent setting of pure English words?

The essay is a happy form of literature. It gains mellowness with age, and yet keeps the freshness of youth.

And it is perhaps the most democratic of all forms, for there is no supreme essayist towering above his fellows. This throws a peculiar interest about the essay, and makes explicable its many decadences and revivals. It is now in fashion, and now out of fashion, to write essays or to read them; and this state of things is likely to continue until some future crisis calls forth a many-sided genius who shall fulfil all the conditions of the perfect essay.

Helen Kendrick Johnson.

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OF THE INSTITUTION AND EDUCATION OF CHILDREN

BY

MICHEL EYQUEM DE MONTAIGNE

TRANSLATED BY JOHN FLORIO

Michel Eyquem de Montaigne was born at his father's château, in the old province of Périgord, France, February 28, 1533. The boy had a German tutor who could not speak French, and many of those about him were required by his eccentric father to learn Latin, that his son might become familiar with that tongue, in which, it is said, he was able to converse at the age of six. He was sent to college at Bordeaux, and then studied law. He succeeded to the estate and retired from business at the age of thirty-eight, and soon afterward began to write his "Essays," the first edition of which appeared in 1580. He was remarkable for his bad memory, which may have been the result of too much linguistic study in his infancy and youth; and the list of ordinary things that he could not do is amazing. It is said that he could not swim, fence, carve, guess a riddle, saddle a horse, make a pen, or tell the use of the common agricultural implements. He disliked to read, and never revised his manuscripts. He was familiar at court, and was called to mediate between Henry of Navarre and the Duke of Guise. In middle life he travelled extensively on the continent, and afterward he was Mayor of Bordeaux for four years. He died September 13, 1592. The two romantic episodes in his life were his friendship with Étienne la Boëtie, who died early, and whose literary remains Montaigne edited, and, in later life, that with Mademoiselle de Gournay, who after his death published an excellent edition of his "Essays." His biography has been written by Boyle St. John (1857). John Florio, the first translator of Montaigne's "Essays," was the son of an Italian exile, and was born in London about 1553. He was a private tutor, did a large amount of work in the way of translating and compiling, and wrote an Italian and English dictionary. His translation of Montaigne was published in 1603. The British Museum has two copies of it, one containing the autograph of Ben Jonson, the other that of Shakespeare. It is the only book that Shakespeare is known to have owned, and some doubt has been thrown even on this autograph.

OF THE INSTITUTION AND EDUCATION OF CHILDREN

I NEVER knew father, how crooked and deformed soever his son were, that would either altogether cast him off or not acknowledge him for his own; and yet (unless he be merely besotted or blinded in his affection) it may not be said but he plainly perceiveth his defects, and hath a feeling of his imperfections. But so it is, he is his own. So it is in myself. I see better than any man else that what I have set down is naught but the fond imaginations of him who in his youth hath tasted nothing but the paring, and seen but the superfices of true learning, whereof he hath retained but a general and shapeless form: a smack of everything in general, but nothing to the purpose in particular. After the French manner. To be short, I know there is an art of physic, a course of laws, four parts of the mathematics, and I am not altogether ignorant what they tend unto. And perhaps I also know the scope and drift of sciences in general to be for the service of our life. But to wade farther, or that ever I tired myself with plodding upon Aristotle (the monarch of our modern doctrine), or obstinately continued in search of any one science, I confess I never did it. Nor is there any one art whereof I am able so much as to draw the first lineaments. And there is no scholar (be he of the lowest form) that may not repute himself wiser than I, who am not able to oppose him in his first lesson; and if I be forced to it, I am constrained very impertinently to draw in matter from some general discourse, whereby I examine and give a guess at his natural judgment: a lesson as much unknown to them as theirs is to me. I have not dealt or had commerce with any excellent book, except Plutarch or Seneca, from whom (as the Danaides) I draw my water, incessantly

filling, and as fast emptying; something whereof I fasten to this paper, but to myself nothing at all. And touching books, history is my chief study, poesy my only delight, to which I am particularly affected; for as Cleanthes said, that as the voice being forcibly pent in the narrow gullet of a trumpet at last issueth forth more strong and shriller, so meseems that a sentence cunningly and closely couched in measure-keeping poesy darts itself forth more furiously and wounds me even to the quick. And concerning the natural faculties that are in me (whereof behold here an essay), I perceive them to faint under their own burden; my conceits and my judgment march but uncertain, and as it were groping, staggering, and stumbling at every rush. And when I have gone as far as I can I have no whit pleased myself, for the farther I sail the more land I descry, and that so dimmed with fogs, and overcast with clouds, that my sight is so weakened I can not distinguish the same. And then undertaking to speak indifferently of all that presents itself unto my fantasy, and having nothing but mine own natural means to employ therein, if it be my hap (as commonly it is) among good authors, to light upon those very places which I have undertaken to treat of, as even now I did in Plutarch, reading his discourse of the power of imagination, wherein in regard of those wise men I acknowledge myself so weak and so poor, so dull and gross-headed, as I am forced both to pity and disdain myself, yet am I pleased with this, that my opinions have often the grace to jump with theirs, and that I follow them aloof off, and thereby possess at least that which all other men have not, which is, that I know the utmost difference between them and myself; all which notwithstanding I suffer my inventions to run abroad, as weak and faint as I have produced them, without bungling and botching the faults which this comparison hath discovered to me in them. A man had need have a strong back to undertake to march foot to foot with this kind of men. The indiscreet writers of our age, amid their trivial compositions, intermingle and wrest in whole sentences taken from ancient authors, supposing by such filching theft to purchase honour and reputation to themselves, do clean contrary. For this infinite variety and dissem-

blance of lustres makes a face so wan, so ill-favoured, and so ugly, in respect of theirs, that they lose much more than gain thereby. These were two contrary humours: the philosopher Chrisippus was wont to foist in among his books not only whole sentences and other long-long discourses, but whole books of other authors, as in one he brought in Euripides's "Medea." And Apollodorus was wont to say of him that if one should draw from out his books what he had stolen from others, his paper would remain blank. Whereas Epicurus, clean contrary to him, in three hundred volumes he left behind him, had not made use of one allegation. It was my fortune not long since to light upon such a place: I had languishingly traced after some French words, so naked and shallow, and so void either of sense or matter, that at last I found them to be naught but mere French words; and after a tedious and wearisome travel I chanced to stumble upon a high, rich, and even to the clouds raised piece, the descent whereof had it been somewhat more pleasant or easy, or the ascent reaching a little farther, it had been excusable, and to be borne withal; but it was such a steepy downfall, and by mere strength hewn out of the main rock, that by reading of the first six words methought I was carried into another world: whereby I perceive the bottom whence I came to be so low and deep, as I durst never more adventure to go through it; for, if I did stuff any one of my discourses with those rich spoils, it would manifestly cause the sottishness of others to appear. To reprove mine own faults in others seems to me no more insufferable than to reprehend (as I do often) those of others in myself. They ought to be accused everywhere, and have all places of sanctuary taken from them; yet do I know how over-boldly at all times I adventure to equal myself unto my filchings, and to march hand in hand with them; not without a fond hardy hope that I may perhaps be able to blear the eyes of the judges from discerning them. But it is as much for the benefit of my application as for the good of mine invention and force. And I do not furiously front, and body to body wrestle with those old champions: it is but by flights, advantages, and false offers I seek to come within them, and if I can to give them a fall. I do not rashly take them about the neck,

I do but touch them, nor do I go so far as by my bargain I would seem to do; could I but keep even with them, I should then be an honest man; for I seek not to venture on them, but where they are strongest. To do as I have seen some, that is, to shroud themselves under other arms, not daring so much as to show their fingers' ends unarmed, and to botch up all their works (as it is an easy matter in a common subject, namely, for the wiser sort) with ancient inventions, here and there huddled up together. And in those who endeavoured to hide what they have filched from others, and make it their own, it is first a manifest note of injustice, then a plain argument of cowardliness; who having nothing of any worth in themselves to make show of, will yet under the countenance of others' sufficiency go about to make a fair offer: moreover (oh, great foolishness!), to seek by such cozening tricks to forestall the ignorant approbation of the common sort, nothing fearing to discover their ignorance to men of understanding (whose praise only is of value) who will soon trace out such borrowed ware. As for me, there is nothing I will do less. I never speak of others but that I may the more speak of myself. This concerneth not those mingle-mangles of many kinds of stuff, or, as the Grecians call them, Rhapsodies, that for such are published, of which kind I have (since I came to years of discretion) seen divers most ingenious and witty; among others, one under the name of Capilupus; besides many of the ancient stamp. These are wits of such excellence as both here and elsewhere they will soon be perceived, as our late famous writer Lipsius, in his learned and laborious work of the "Politics": yet whatsoever come of it, forsomuch as they are but follies, my intent is not to smother them, no more than a bald and hoary picture of mine, where a painter hath drawn not a perfect visage, but mine own. For, howsoever, these are but my humours and opinions, and I deliver them but to show what my conceit is, and not what ought to be believed. Wherein I aim at nothing but to display myself, who peradventure (if a new prenticeship change me) shall be another to-morrow. I have no authority to purchase belief, neither do I desire it; knowing well that I am not sufficiently taught to instruct others. Some, having read

my precedent chapter, told me not long since, in mine own house, I should somewhat more have extended myself in the discourse concerning the institution of children. Now, madam, if there were any sufficiency in me touching that subject, I could not better employ the same than to bestow it as a present upon that little lad, which ere long threateneth to make a happy issue from out your honourable womb; for, madam, you are too generous to begin with other than a man child. And having had so great a part in the conduct of your successful marriage, I may challenge some right and interest in the greatness and prosperity of all that shall proceed from it: moreover, the ancient and rightful possession, which you from time to time have ever had, and still have, over my service, urgeth me, with more than ordinary respects, to wish all honour, welfare, and advantage to whatsoever may in any sort concern you and yours. And truly my meaning is but to show that the greatest difficulty, and importing all human knowledge, seemeth to be in this point, where the nurture and institution of young children is in question. For, as in matters of husbandry, the labour that must be used before sowing, setting, and planting—yea, in planting itself—is most certain and easy. But when that which was sown, set, and planted cometh to take life, before it come to ripeness much ado and great variety of proceeding belongeth to it. So in men; it is no great matter to get them, but, being born, what continual cares, what diligent attendance, what doubts and fears, do daily wait to their parents and tutors, before they can be nurtured and brought to any good! The foreshow of their inclination while they are young is so uncertain, their humours so variable, their promises so changing, their hopes so false, and their proceedings so doubtful, that it is very hard (yea, for the wisest) to ground any certain judgment or assured success upon them. Behold Cymon, view Themistocles, and a thousand others, how they have differed, and fallen to better from themselves, and deceive the expectation of such as knew them. The young whelps both of dogs and bears at first sight show their natural disposition, but men headlong embracing this custom or fashion, following that humour or opinion, admitting this or that passion, allow-

ing of that or this law, are easily changed and soon disguised; yet it is hard to force the natural propension or readiness of the mind, whereby it followeth that for want of heedy foresight in those that could not guide their course well, they often employ much time in vain to address young children in those matters whereunto they are not naturally addicted. All which difficulties notwithstanding, mine opinion is, to bring them up in the best and most profitable studies, and that a man should slightly pass over those fond presages and deceiving prognostics which we overprecisely gather in their infancy. And (without offence be it said) methinks that Plato in his "Commonwealth" allowed them too-too much authority.

Madam, learning joined with true knowledge is an especial and graceful ornament, and an implement of wonderful use and consequence—namely, in persons raised to that degree of fortune wherein you are. And, in good truth, Learning hath not her own true form, nor can she make show of her beauteous lineaments if she fall into the hands of base and vile persons. [For, as famous Torquato Tasso saith: "Philosophy being a rich and noble queen, and knowing her own worth, graciously smileth upon and lovingly embraceth princes and noblemen if they become suitors to her, admitting them as her minions, and gently affording them all the favours she can; whereas, upon the contrary, if she be wooed and sued unto by clowns, mechanical fellows, and such base kind of people, she holds herself disparaged and disgraced, as holding no proportion with them. And therefore see we by experience that if a true gentleman or nobleman follow her with any attention, and wooed her with importunity, he shall learn and know more of her, and prove a better scholar in one year than an ungentle or base fellow shall in seven, though he pursue her never so attentively."] She is much more ready and fierce to lend her furtherance and direction in the conduct of a war, to attempt honourable actions, to command a people, to treat a peace with a prince of foreign nation, than she is to form an argument in logic, to devise a syllogism, to canvass a case at the bar, or to prescribe a receipt of pills. So (noble lady) forsomuch as I can not persuade myself that you will either forget or

neglect this point, concerning the institution of yours, especially having tasted the sweetness thereof, and being descended of so noble and learned a race—for we yet possess the learned compositions of the ancient and noble Earls of Foix, from out whose heroic loins your husband and you take your offspring; and Francis, Lord of Candale, your worthy uncle, doth daily bring forth such fruits thereof as the knowledge of the matchless quality of your house shall hereafter extend itself to many ages—I will therefore make you acquainted with one conceit of mine, which is contrary to the common use I hold, and that is all I am able to afford you concerning that matter, the charge of the tutor which you shall appoint your son, in the choice of whom consisteth the whole substance of his education and bringing up; on which are many branches depending, which (forasmuch as I can add nothing of any moment to it) I will not touch at all. And for that point, wherein I presume to advise him, he may so far forth give credit unto it as he shall see just cause. To a gentleman born of noble parentage, and heir of a house that aimeth at true learning, and in it would be disciplined, not so much for game or commodity to himself (because so abject an end is far unworthy the grace and favour of the Muses, and besides hath a regard or dependency of others), nor for external show and ornament, but to adorn and enrich his inward mind, desiring rather to shape and institute an able and sufficient man than a bare learned man; my desire is therefore that the parents or overseers of such a gentleman be very circumspect and careful in choosing his director, whom I would rather commend for having a well-composed and temperate brain than a full-stuffed head, yet both will do well. And I would rather prefer wisdom, judgment, civil customs, and modest behaviour than bare and mere literal learning; and that in his charge he hold a new course. Some never cease brawling in their scholars' ears (as if they were still pouring in a tunnel) to follow their book, yet is their charge nothing else but to repeat what hath been told them before. I would have a tutor to correct this part, and that at first entrance, according to the capacity of the wit he hath in hand, he should begin to make show of it, making him to have a smack of all

things, and how to choose and distinguish them, without help of others, sometimes opening him the way, other times leaving him to open it by himself. I would not have him to invent and speak alone, but suffer his disciple to speak when his turn cometh. Socrates, and after him Arcesilaus, made their scholars to speak first, and then would speak themselves. Obest plerumque iis qui discere volunt, auctoritas eorum qui docent [1]—"Most commonly the authority of them that teach hinders them that would learn."

It is therefore meet that he make him first trot on before him, whereby he may the better judge of his pace, and so guess how long he will hold out, that accordingly he may fit his strength, for want of which proportion we often mar all. And to know how to make a good choice, and how far forth one may proceed (still keeping a due measure), is one of the hardest labours I know. It is a sign of a noble, and effect of an undaunted spirit, to know how to second, and how far forth he shall condescend to his childish proceedings, and how to guide them. As for myself, I can better and with more strength walk up than down a hill. Those who, according to our common fashion, undertake with one selfsame lesson, and like manner of education, to direct many spirits of divers forms and different humours, it is no marvel if among a multitude of children they scarce meet with two or three that reap any good fruit by their discipline, or that come to any perfection. I would not only have him to demand an account of the words contained in his lesson, but of the sense and substance thereof, and judge of the profit he hath made of it, not by the testimony of his memory, but by the witness of his life. That what he lately learned he causes him to set forth and portray the same into sundry shapes, and then to accommodate it to as many different and several subjects, whereby he shall perceive whether he have yet apprehended the same, and therein enfeoffed himself, at due times taking his instruction from the institution given by Plato. It is a sign of crudity and indigestion for a man to yield up his meat even as he swallowed the same; the stomach hath not wrought its full operation unless it has changed form and altered fashion of that which was given him to boil and concoct.

We see men gape after no reputation but learning, and when they say such a one is a learned man, they think they have said enough. Our mind doth move at others' pleasure, and tied and forced to serve the fantasies of others, being brought under by authority, and forced to stoop to the lure of their bare lesson; we have been so subjected to harp upon one string that we have no way left us to descant upon voluntary; our vigour and liberty are clean extinct. Nunquam tutelæ suæ fiunt—" They never come to their own tuition." It was my hap to be familiarly acquainted with an honest man at Pisa, but such an Aristotelian as he held this infallible position, that a conformity to Aristotle's doctrine was the true touchstone and square of all solid imaginations and perfect verity; for whatsoever had no coherency with it was but fond chimeras and idle humours; inasmuch as he had known all, seen all, and said all. This proposition of his being somewhat over-amply and injuriously interpreted by some made him a long time after to be troubled in the Inquisition of Rome. I would have him make his scholar narrowly to sift all things with discretion, and harbour nothing in his head by mere authority or upon trust. Aristotle's principles shall be no more axioms unto him than the Stoics or Epicureans. Let this diversity of judgments be proposed unto him: if he can, he shall be able to distinguish the truth from falsehood; if not, he will remain doubtful.

> Che non men che saper dubbiar m'aggrata.[2]
> " No less it pleaseth me
> To doubt, than wise to be."

For if by his own discourse he embrace the opinions of Xenophon or of Plato, they shall be no longer theirs, but his. He that merely followeth another traceth nothing, and seeketh nothing: Non sumus sub Rege, sibi quisque se vindicet [3]—" We are not under a king's command; every one may challenge himself, for let him at least know that he knoweth." It is requisite he endeavour as much to feed himself with their conceits as labour to learn their precepts; which, so he know how to apply, let him hardly forget where or whence he had them. Truth and reason are common to all, and are no more proper unto him that spake them heretofore than unto him that shall speak them

hereafter. And it is no more according to Plato's opinion than to mine, since both he and I understand and see alike. The bees do here and there suckle this and cull that flower, but afterward they produce the honey, which is peculiarly their own, then is it no more thyme or marjoram. So of pieces borrowed of others, he may lawfully alter, transform, and confound them, to shape out of them a perfect piece of work, altogether his own; always provided his judgment, his travel, study, and institution tend to nothing but to frame the same perfect. Let him hardly conceal where or whence he hath had any help, and make no show of anything, but of that which he hath made himself. Pirates, pilchers, and borrowers make a show of their purchases and buildings, but not of that which they have taken from others: you see not the secret fees or bribes lawyers take of their clients, but you shall manifestly discover the alliances they make, the honours they get for their children, and the goodly houses they build. No man makes open show of his receipts, but every one of his gettings. The good that comes of study (or at least should come) is to prove better, wiser, and honester. It is the understanding power (said Epicharmus) that seeth and heareth, it is it that profiteth all and disposeth all, that moveth, swayeth, and ruleth all: all things else are but blind, senseless, and without spirit. And truly in barring him of liberty to do anything of himself we make him thereby more servile and more coward. Who would ever inquire of his scholar what he thinketh of rhetoric, of grammar, of this or of that sentence of Cicero? Which things thoroughly feathered (as if they were oracles) are let fly into our memory; in which both letters and syllables are substantial parts of the subject. To know by rote is no perfect knowledge, but to keep what one hath committed to his memory's charge is commendable: what a man directly knoweth that will he dispose of, without turning still to his book or looking to his pattern. A mere bookish sufficiency is unpleasant. All I expect of it is an embellishing of my actions, and not a foundation of them, according to Plato's mind, who saith constancy, faith, and sincerity are true philosophy; as for other sciences, and tending elsewhere, they are but garish paintings. I would fain have Paluel or Pom-

pey, those two excellent dancers of our time, with all their nimbleness, teach any man to do their lofty tricks and high capers, only with seeing them done, and without stirring out of his place, as some pedantical fellows would instruct our minds without moving or putting it in practice. And glad would I be to find one that would teach us how to manage a horse, to toss a pike, to shoot off a piece, to play upon the lute, or to warble with the voice, without any exercise, as these kind of men would teach us to judge, and how to speak well, without any exercise of speaking or judging. In which kind of life, or, as I may term it, prenticeship, what action or object soever presents itself unto our eyes may serve us instead of a sufficient book. A pretty prank of a boy, a knavish trick of a page, a foolish part of a lackey, an idle tale, or any discourse else, spoken either in jest or earnest, at the table or in company, are even as new subjects for us to work upon: for furtherance whereof commerce or common society among men, visiting of foreign countries, and observing of strange fashions are very necessary, not only to be able (after the manner of our young gallants of France) to report how many paces the Church of Santa Rotonda is in length or breadth; or what rich garments the courtesan Signora Livia weareth, and the worth of her hosen; or, as some do, nicely to dispute how much longer or broader the face of Nero is which they have seen in some old ruins of Italy than that which is made for him in other old monuments elsewhere. But they should principally observe and be able to make certain relation of the humours and fashions of those countries they have seen, that they may the better know how to correct and prepare their wits by those of others. I would therefore have him begin even from his infancy to travel abroad; and first, that at one shoot he may hit two marks, he should see neighbour countries, namely, where languages are most different from ours; for unless a man's tongue be fashioned unto them in his youth, he shall never attain to the true pronunciation of them if he once grow in years. Moreover, we see it received as a common opinion of the wiser sort, that it agreeth not with reason that a child be always nuzzled, cockered, dandled, and brought up in his parents' lap or sight; forsomuch as their natural

kindness, or (as I may call it) tender fondness, causeth often even the wisest to prove so idle, so overnice, and so base-minded. For parents are not capable, neither can they find in their hearts to see them checked, corrected, or chastised, nor endure to see them brought up so meanly, and so far from daintiness, and many times so dangerously, as they must needs be. And it would grieve them to see their children come home from those exercises that a gentleman must necessarily acquaint himself with, sometimes all wet and bemired, other times sweaty and full of dust, and to drink being either extreme hot or exceeding cold; and it would trouble them to see him ride a rough, untamed horse, or with his weapon furiously encounter a skilful fencer, or to handle or shoot off a musket; against which there is no remedy, if he will make him prove a sufficient, complete, or honest man: he must not be spared in his youth; and it will come to pass that he shall many times have occasion and be forced to shock the rules of physic.

> Vitamque sub dio et trepidis agat
> In rebus.[4]
>
> "Lead he his life in open air,
> And in affairs full of despair."

It is not sufficient to make his mind strong, his muscles must also be strengthened: the mind is over-borne if it be not seconded; and it is too much for her alone to discharge two offices. I have a feeling how mine panteth, being joined to so tender and sensible a body, and that lieth so heavy upon it. And in my lecture I often perceive how my authors in their writings sometimes commend examples for magnanimity and force, that rather proceed from a thick skin and hardness of the bones. I have known men, women, and children born of so hard a constitution that a blow with a cudgel would less hurt them than a fillip would do me, and so dull and blockish that they will neither stir tongue nor eyebrows, beat them never so much. When wrestlers go about to counterfeit the philosophers' patience, they rather show the vigour of their sinews than of their heart. For the custom to bear travail is to tolerate grief: Labor callum obducit dolori [5]—"Labour worketh a hardness upon sorrow." He must be inured to suffer the pain and hardness of exercises that so he may be in-

duced to endure the pain of the colic, of cautery, of falls, of sprains, and other diseases incident to man's body: yea, if need require, patiently to bear imprisonment and other tortures, by which sufferance he shall come to be had in more esteem and account; for according to time and place the good as well as the bad man may haply fall into them; we have seen it by experience. Whosoever striveth against the laws threatens good men with mischief and extortion. Moreover, the authority of the tutor (who should be sovereign over him) is by the cockering and presence of the parents hindered and interrupted: besides the awe and respect which the household bears him, and the knowledge of the means, possibilities, and greatness of his house, are in my judgment no small lets in a young gentleman. In this school of commerce and society among men I have often noted this vice, that in lieu of taking acquaintance of others we only endeavour to make ourselves known to them; and we are more ready to utter such merchandise as we have than to engross and purchase new commodities. Silence and modesty are qualities very convenient to civil conversation. It is also necessary that a young man be rather taught to be discreetly sparing and close-handed than prodigally wasteful and lavish in his expenses, and moderate in husbanding his wealth when he shall come to possess it. And not to take pepper in the nose for every foolish tale that shall be spoken in his presence, because it is an uncivil importunity to contradict whatsoever is not agreeing to our humour: let him be pleased to correct himself. And let him not seem to blame that in others which he refuseth to do himself, nor go about to withstand common fashions, Licet sapere sine pompa, sine invidia [6]—"A man may be wise without ostentation, without envy." Let him avoid those imperious images of the world, those uncivil behaviours and childish ambition wherewith, God wot, too too many are possessed; that is, to make a fair show of that which is not in him; endeavouring to be reputed other than indeed he is; and as if reprehension and new devices were hard to come by, he would by that means acquire unto himself the name of some peculiar virtue. As it pertaineth but to great poets to use the liberty of arts, so is it tolerable but in

noble minds and great spirits to have a pre-eminence above ordinary fashions. Si quid Socrates et Aristippus contra morem et consuetudinem fecerunt, idem sibi ne arbitretur licere; Magis enim illi et divinis bonis hanc licentiam assequebantur [7]—" If Socrates and Aristippus have done aught against custom or good manner, let not a man think he may do the same; for they obtained this license by their great and excellent good part." He shall be taught not to enter rashly into discourse or contesting, but when he shall encounter with a champion worthy of his strength. And then would I not have him employ all the tricks that may fit his turn, but only such as may stand him in most stead. That he be taught to be curious in making choice of his reasons, loving pertinency, and by consequence brevity. That, above all, he be instructed to yield, yea, to quit his weapons unto truth, as soon as he shall discern the same, whether it proceed from his adversary or upon better advice from himself; for he shall not be preferred to any place of eminence above others for repeating of a prescribed part; and he is not engaged to defend any cause further than he may approve it; nor shall he be of that trade where the liberty for a man to repent and readvise himself is sold for ready money. Neque, ut omnia, que præscripta et imperata sint, defendat, necessitate ulla cogitur [8]—" Nor is he enforced by any necessity to defend and make good all that is prescribed and commanded him." If his tutor agree with my humour, he shall frame his affection to be a most loyal and true subject to his prince, and a most affectionate and courageous gentleman in all that may concern the honour of his sovereign or the good of his country, and endeavour to suppress in him all manner of affection to undertake any action otherwise than for a public good and duty. Besides many inconveniences, which greatly prejudice our liberty by reason of these particular bonds, the judgment of a man that is waged and bought, either it is less free and honest, or else it is blemished with oversight and ingratitude. A mere and precise courtier can neither have law nor will to speak or think otherwise than favourably of his master, who among so many thousands of his subjects hath made choice of him alone, to institute and bring him

up with his own hand. These favours, with the commodities that follow minion courtiers, corrupt (not without some colour of reason) his liberty and dazzle his judgment. It is therefore commonly seen that the courtier's language differs from other men's in the same state, and to be of no great credit in such matters. Let, therefore, his conscience and virtue shine in his speech, and reason be his chief direction. Let him be taught to confess such faults as he shall discover in his own discourses, albeit none other perceive them but himself; for it is an evident show of judgment and effect of sincerity which are the chiefest qualities he aimeth at. That wilfully to strive and obstinately to contest in words, are common qualities, most apparent in basest minds; that to readvise and correct himself, and when one is most earnest, to leave an ill opinion, are rare, noble, and philosophical conditions. Being in company, he shall be put in mind to cast his eyes round about and everywhere; for I note that the chief places are usually seized upon by the most unworthy and less capable, and that height of fortune is seldom joined with sufficiency. I have seen that while they at the upper end of a board were busy entertaining themselves with talking of the beauty of the hangings about a chamber, or of the taste of some good cup of wine, many good discourses at the lower end have utterly been lost. He shall weigh the carriage of every man in his calling, a herdsman, a mason, a stranger, or a traveller; all must be employed, every one according to his worth, for all help to make up a household; yea, the folly and the simplicity of others shall be as instructions to him. By controlling the graces and manners of others, he shall acquire unto himself envy of the good and contempt of the bad. Let him hardly be possessed with an honest curiosity to search out the nature and causes of all things; let him survey whatsoever is rare and singular about him; a building, a fountain, a man, a place where any battle hath been fought, or the passages of Cæsar or Charlemagne:

> Quæ tellus sit lenta gelu, quæ putris ab æstu,
> Ventus in Italiam quis bene vela ferat.[9]
>
> "What land is parched with heat, what clogged with frost,
> What wind drives kindly to th' Italian coast."

He shall endeavour to be familiarly acquainted with the customs, with the means, with the state, with the dependencies and alliances of all princes; they are things soon and pleasant to be learned, and most profitable to be known. In this acquaintance of men my intending is that he chiefly comprehend them that live but by the memory of books. He shall, by the help of histories, inform himself of the worthiest minds that were in the best ages. It is a frivolous study, if a man list, but of invaluable worth to such as can make use of it, and, as Plato saith, the only study the Lacedæmonians reserved for themselves. What profit shall he not reap, touching this point, reading the lives of our Plutarch? Always conditioned, the master bethinketh himself whereto his charge tendeth, and that he imprint not so much in his scholar's mind the date of the ruin of Carthage, as the manners of Hannibal and Scipio, nor so much where Marcellus died, as because he was unworthy of his devoir he died there; that he teach him not so much to know histories as to judge of them. It is among things that best agree with my humour, the subject to which our spirits do most diversely apply themselves. I have read in Titus Livius a number of things, which peradventure others never read, in whom Plutarch haply read a hundred more than ever I could read, and which perhaps the author himself did never intend to set down. To some kind of men it is a mere grammatical study, but to others a perfect anatomy of philosophy; by means whereof the secretest part of our nature is searched into. There are in Plutarch many ample discourses most worthy to be known; for in my judgment he is the chief work-master of such works, whereof there are a thousand, whereat he hath but slightly glanced; for with his finger he doth but point us out a way to walk in if we list; and is sometimes pleased to give but a touch at the quickest and main point of a discourse, from whence they are by diligent study to be drawn, and so brought into open market. As that saying of his, That the inhabitants of Asia served but one alone, because they could not pronounce one only syllable, which is Non, gave perhaps both subject and occasion to my friend Boëtie to compose his book of voluntary servitude.

If it were no more but to see Plutarch wrest a slight action to man's life, or a word that seemeth to bear no such sense, it will serve for a whole discourse. It is pity men of understanding should so much love brevity; without doubt their reputation is thereby better, but we the worse. Plutarch had rather we should commend him for his judgment than for his knowledge; he loveth better to leave a kind of longing desire in us of him than a satiety. He knew very well that even in good things too much may be said; and that Alexandridas did justly reprove him who spake very good sentences to the Ephores, but they were overtedious. "Oh, stranger," quoth he, "thou speakest what thou oughtest, otherwise than thou shouldest." Those that have lean and thin bodies stuff them up with bombasting. And such as have but poor matter will puff it up with lofty words. There is a marvellous clearness, or, as I may term it, an enlightening of man's judgment drawn from the commerce of men, and by frequenting abroad in the world; we are all so contrived and compact in ourselves that our sight is made shorter by the length of our nose. When Socrates was demanded whence he was, he answered, Not of Athens, but of the world; for he, who had his imagination more full and further stretching, embraced all the world for his native city, and extended his acquaintance, his society, and affections to all mankind; and not as we do, that look no farther than our feet. If the frost chance to nip the vines about my village, my priest doth presently argue that the wrath of God hangs over our head, and threateneth all mankind; and judgeth that the pip is already fallen upon the cannibals.

In viewing these intestine and civil broils of ours, who doth not exclaim that this world's vast frame is near unto a dissolution, and that the day of judgment is ready to fall on us? never remembering that many worse revolutions have been seen, and that while we are plunged in grief and overwhelmed in sorrow a thousand other parts of the world besides are blessed with happiness, and wallow in pleasures, and never think on us; whereas, when I behold our lives, our license, and impunity, I wonder to see them so mild and easy. He on whose head it haileth thinks all the hemisphere besides to be in a storm and tempest. And

as that dull-pated Savoyard said, that if the silly King of France could cunningly have managed his fortune, he might very well have made himself chief steward of his lord's household, whose imagination conceived no other greatness than his master's; we are all insensible of this kind of error, an error of great consequence and prejudice. But whosoever shall present unto his inward eyes, as it were in a table, the idea of the great image of our universal mother Nature, attired in her richest robes, sitting in the throne of her majesty, and in her visage shall read so general and so constant a variety; he that therein shall view himself, not himself alone, but a whole kingdom, to be in respect of a great circle but the smallest point that can be imagined, he only can value things according to their essential greatness and proportion. This great universe (which some multiply as species under one genus) is the true looking-glass wherein we must look if we will know whether we be of a good stamp or in the right bias. To conclude, I would have this world's frame to be my scholar's choice book. So many strange humours, sundry sects, varying judgments, divers opinions, different laws, and fantastical customs teach us to judge rightly of ours, and instruct our judgment to acknowledge his imperfections and natural weakness, which is no easy an apprenticeship. So many innovations of estates, so many falls of princes and changes of public fortune, may and ought to teach us not to make so great account of ours. So many names, so many victories, and so many conquests buried in dark oblivion, makes the hope to perpetuate our names but ridiculous, by the surprising of ten Argo-letters, or of a small cottage, which is known but by his fall. The pride and fierceness of so many strange and gorgeous shows; the pride-puffed majesty of so many courts, and of their greatness, ought to confirm and assure our sight, undauntedly to bear the affronts and thunder-claps of ours, without feeling our eyes. So many thousands of men, low-laid in their graves before us, may encourage us not to fear, or be dismayed to go meet so good company in the other world; and so of all things else. Our life (said Pythagoras) draws near unto the great and populous assemblies of the Olympic games, wherein some, to get the

glory and to win the goal of the games, exercise their bodies with all industry; others, for greediness of gain, bring thither merchandise to sell; others there are (and those be not the worst) that seek after no other good, but to mark how, wherefore, and to what end, all things are done; and to be spectators or observers of other men's lives and actions, that so they may the better judge and direct their own. Unto examples may all the most profitable discourses of philosophy be sorted, which ought to be the touchstone of human actions, and a rule to square them by, to whom may be said:

> ———quid fas optare, quid asper
> Utile nummus habet, patriæ charisque propinquis
> Quantum elargiri deceat, quem te Deus esse
> Iussit, et humana qua parte locatus es in re.[10]
> Quid sumus, aut quidnam victuri gignimur.[11]
>
> "What thou may'st wish, what profit may come clear,
> From new-stamped coin, to friends and country dear
> What thou ought'st give: whom God would have thee be,
> And in what part among men he placed thee,
> What we are, and wherefore,
> To live here we were born."

What it is to know, and not to know (which ought to be the scope of study), what valour, what temperance, and what justice is: what difference there is between ambition and avarice, bondage and freedom, subjection and liberty, by which marks a man may distinguish true and perfect contentment, and how far forth one ought to fear or apprehend death, grief, or shame:

> Et quo quemque modo fugiátque ferátque laborem.[12]
>
> "How ev'ry labour he may ply,
> And bear, or ev'ry labour fly."

What wards or springs move us, and the causes of so many motions in us. For meseemeth that the first discourses wherewith his conceit should be sprinkled, ought to be those that rule his manners and direct his sense; which will both teach him to know himself, and how to live and how to die well. Among the liberal sciences, let us begin with that which makes us free. Indeed, they may all in some sort stead us, as an instruction to our life, and use of it, as all other things else serve the same to some purpose or other. But let us make especial choice of

that which may directly and pertinently serve the same. If we could restrain and adapt the appurtenances of our life to their right bias and natural limits, we should find the best part of the sciences that now are in use, clean out of fashion with us; yea, and in those that are most in use, there are certain by-ways and deep-flows most profitable, which we should do well to leave, and, according to the institution of Socrates, limit the course of our studies in those where profit is wanting:

> ———sapere aude,
> Incipe: vivendi qui rectè prorogat horam,
> Rusticus expectat dum defluat amnis, at ille,
> Labitur, et labetur in omne volubilis ævum.[12]
>
> "Be bold to be wise: to begin, be strong,
> He that to live well doth the time prolong,
> Clown-like expects, till down the stream be run,
> That runs, and will run, till the world be done."

It is mere simplicity to teach our children,

> Quid moveant Pisces, animosaque signa Leonis,
> Lotus et Hesperia quid Capricornus aqua.[14]
>
> "What Pisces move, or hot breath'd Leos beams,
> Or Capricornus bathed in western streams,"

the knowledge of the stars, and the motion of the eighth sphere, before their own:

> Τί Πλειάδεσσι κἀμοί τί δ' ἀστράσι βοώτεω.[3]
>
> "What longs it to the seven stars, and me,
> Or those about Boötes be."

Anaximenes, writing to Pythagoras, saith, "With what sense can I amuse myself in the secrets of the stars, having continually death or bondage before mine eyes?" For at that time the Kings of Persia were making preparations to war against his country. All men ought to say so. Being beaten with ambition, with avarice, with rashness, and with superstition, and having such other enemies unto life within him. Wherefore shall I study and take care about the mobility and variation of the world? When he is once taught what is fit to make him better and wiser, he shall be entertained with logic, natural philosophy, geometry, and rhetoric, then having settled his judgment, look what science he doth most addict himself unto, he shall in short time attain to the perfection of it. His lec-

ture shall be sometimes by way of talk and sometimes by book; his tutor may now and then supply him with the same author, as an end and motive of his institution; sometimes giving him the pith and substance of it ready chewed. And if of himself he be not so thoroughly acquainted with books that he may readily find so many notable discourses as are in them to effect his purpose, it shall not be amiss that some learned man be appointed to keep him company, who at any time of need may furnish him with such munition as he shall stand in need of; that he may afterward distribute and dispense them to his best use. And that this kind of lesson be more easy and natural than that of Gaza, who will make question? Those are but harsh, thorny, and unpleasant precepts; vain, idle, and immaterial words, on which small hold may be taken; wherein is nothing to quicken the mind. In this the spirit findeth substance to bide and feed upon. A fruit without all comparison much better, and that will soon be ripe. It is a thing worthy consideration to see what state things are brought unto in this our age; and how philosophy, even to the wisest, and men of best understanding, is but an idle, vain, and fantastical name, of small use and less worth, both in opinion and effect. I think these sophistries are the cause of it, which have forestalled the ways to come unto it. They do very ill that go about to make it seem as it were inaccessible for children to come unto, setting it forth with a wrinkled, ghastly, and frowning visage; who hath masked her with so counterfeit, pale, and hideous a countenance? There is nothing more beauteous, nothing more delightful, nothing more gamesome; and, as I may say, nothing more fondly wanton: for she presenteth nothing to our eyes, and preacheth nothing to our ears, but sport and pastime. A sad and lowering look plainly declareth that that is not her haunt. Demetrius the grammarian, finding a company of philosophers sitting close together in the Temple of Delphos, said unto them, "Either I am deceived or by your plausible and pleasant looks you are not in any serious and earnest discourse among yourselves"; to whom one of them, named Heracleon the Megarian, answered: "That belongeth to them who busy themselves in seeking whether the future tense of the verb

βάλλω hath a double λ, or that labour to find the derivation of the comparatives χειρον, βελτιον, and of the superlatives χείριστον, βέλτιστον, it is they that must chafe in entertaining themselves with their science: as for discourses of philosophy they are wont to glad, rejoice, and not to vex and molest those that use them":

> Deprendas animi tormenta latentis in ægro
> Corpore, deprendas et gaudia; sumit utrumque
> Inde habitum facies.[16]
>
> "You may perceive the torments of the mind,
> Hid in sick body, you the joys may find;
> The face such habit takes in either kind."

That mind which harboureth philosophy ought by reason of her sound health make that body also sound and healthy; it ought to make her contentment to throughshine in all exterior parts; it ought to shapen and model all outward demeanours to the model of it; and by consequence arm him that doth possess it with a gracious stoutness and lively audacity, with an active and pleasing gesture, and with a settled and cheerful countenance. The most evident token and apparent sign of true wisdom is a constant and unconstrained rejoicing, whose estate is like unto all things above the moon, that is ever clear, always bright. It is Baroco and Baralipton that makes their followers prove so base and idle, and not philosophy; they know her not but by hearsay: what? Is it not she that cleareth all storms of the mind? And teacheth misery, famine, and sickness to laugh? Not by reason of some imaginary epicycles, but by natural and palpable reasons. She aimeth at nothing but virtue; it is virtue she seeks after; which, as the school saith, is not pitched on the top of a high, steepy, or inaccessible hill; for they that have come unto her affirm that clean contrary she keeps her stand, and holds her mansion in a fair, flourishing, and pleasant plain, whence, as from a high watch tower, she surveyeth all things, to be subject unto her, to whom any man may with great facility come if he but know the way or entrance to her palace; for the paths that lead unto her are certain fresh and shady green allies, sweet and flowery ways, whose ascent is even, easy, and nothing wearisome, like unto that of heaven's vaults. Forsomuch as they have

not frequented this virtue, who gloriously, as in a throne of majesty sits sovereign, goodly, triumphant, lovely, equally delicious and courageous, protesting herself to be a professed and irreconcilable enemy to all sharpness, austerity, fear, and compulsion; having Nature for her guide, fortune and voluptuousness for her companions; they according to their weakness have imaginarily fained her to have a foolish, sad, grim, quarrelous, spiteful, threatening, and disdainful visage, with a horrid and unpleasant look; and have placed her upon a craggy, sharp, and unfrequented rock, amid desert cliffs and uncouth crags, as a scarecrow, or bugbear, to affright the common people with. Now the tutor, which ought to know that he should rather seek to fill the mind and store the will of his disciple, as much, or rather more, with love and affection, than with awe, and reverence unto virtue, may show and tell him that poets follow common humours, making him plainly to perceive, and as it were palpably to feel, that the gods have rather placed labour and sweat at the entrances which lead to Venus's chambers than at the doors that direct to Pallas's cabinets.

And when he shall perceive his scholar to have a sensible feeling of himself, presenting Bradamant or Angelica before him, as a mistress to enjoy, embellished with a natural, active, generous, and unspotted beauty not ugly or giant-like, but blithe and lively, in respect of a wanton, soft, affected, and artificial flaring beauty; the one attired like unto a young man, coifed with a bright shining helmet, the other disguised and dressed about the head like unto an impudent harlot, with embroideries, frizzlings, and carcanets of pearls: he will no doubt deem his own love to be a man and no woman, if in his choice he differ from that effeminate shepherd of Phrygia. In this new kind of lesson he shall declare unto him that the prize, the glory, and height of true virtue consisted in the facility, profit, and pleasure of his exercises; so far from difficulty and incumbrances that children as well as men, the simple as soon as the wise, may come unto her. Discretion and temperance, not force or waywardness, are the instruments to bring him unto her. Socrates (virtue's chief favourite), that he might the better walk in the pleasant, natural, and

open path of her progresses, doth voluntarily and in good earnest quit all compulsion. She is the nurse and foster-mother of all human pleasures, who in making them just and upright she also makes them sure and sincere. By moderating them she keepeth them in ure and breath. In limiting and cutting them off whom she refuseth she whets us on toward those she leaveth unto us; and plenteously leaves us them which Nature pleaseth, and like a kind mother giveth us over unto satiety, if not unto wearisomeness, unless we will peradventure say that the rule and bridle which stayeth the drunkard before drunkenness, the glutton before surfeiting, and the letcher before the losing of his hair, be the enemies of our pleasures. If common fortune fail her, it clearly scapes her; or she cares not for her, or she frames another unto herself, altogether her own, not so fleeting nor so rowling. She knoweth the way how to be rich, mighty, and wise, and how to lie in sweet-perfumed beds. She loveth life; she delights in beauty, in glory, and in health. But her proper and particular office is, first to know how to use such goods temperately, and how to lose them constantly. An office much more noble than severe, without which all course of life is unnatural, turbulent, and deformed, to which one may lawfully join those rocks, those incumbrances, and hideous monsters. If so it happen that his disciple prove of so different a condition, that he rather love to give ear to an idle fable than to the report of some noble voyage, or other notable and wise discourse, when he shall hear it; that at the sound of a drum or clang of a trumpet, which are wont to rouse and arm the youthly heat of his companions, turneth to another that calleth him to see a play, tumbling, juggling tricks, or other idle lose-time sports; and who for pleasure's sake doth not deem it more delightsome to return all sweaty and weary from a victorious combat, from wrestling, or riding of a horse, than from a tennis-court or dancing-school, with the prize or honour of such exercises. The best remedy I know for such a one is, to put him prentice to some base occupation, in some good town or other, yea, were he the son of a duke; according to Plato's rule, who saith, " That children must be placed not according to their father's conditions, but the faculties of their mind."

Since it is Philosophy that teacheth us to live, and that infancy, as well as other ages, may plainly read her lessons in the same, why should it not be imparted unto young scholars?

> Udum et molle lutum est, nunc nunc properandus, et acri
> Fingendus sine fine rota.[17]
> " He's moist and soft mould, and must by-and-by
> Be cast, made up, while wheel whirls readily."

We are taught to live when our life is well-nigh spent. Many scholars have been infected with that loathsome and marrow-wasting disease before ever they came to read Aristotle's treatise of " Temperance." Cicero was wont to say, " That could he outlive the lives of two men, he should never find leisure to study the lyric poets." And I find these sophisters both worse and more unprofitable. Our child is engaged in greater matters, and but the first fifteen or sixteen years of his life are due unto pedantism, the rest unto action; let us therefore employ so short time as we have to live in more necessary instructions. It is an abuse; remove these thorny quiddities of logic, whereby our life can no whit be amended, and betake ourselves to the simple discourses of philosophy; know how to choose and fitly to make use of them: they are much more easy to be conceived than one of Boccaccio's tales. A child coming from nurse is more capable of them than he is to learn to read or write. Philosophy hath discourses, whereof infancy as well as decaying old age may make good use. I am of Plutarch's mind, which is, that Aristotle did not so much amuse his great disciple about the arts how to frame syllogisms, or the principles of geometry, as he endeavoured to instruct him with good precepts concerning valour, prowess, magnanimity, and temperance, and an undaunted assurance not to fear anything; and with such munition he sent him, being yet very young, to subdue the empire of the world, only with thirty thousand footmen, four thousand horsemen, and forty-two thousand crowns in money. As for other arts and sciences, he saith Alexander honoured them, and commended their excellency and comeliness; but for any pleasure he took in them, his affection could not easily be drawn to exercise them:

——petite hinc juvenesque senesque
Finem animo certum, miserisque viatica canis.[18]
"Young men and old, draw hence (in your affairs)
Your minds' set mark, provision for gray hairs."

It is that which Epicurus said in the beginning of his letter to Memiceus: "Neither let the youngest shun nor the oldest weary himself in philosophizing, for who doth otherwise seemeth to say, that either the season to live happily is not yet come, or is already past." Yet would I not have this young gentleman pent up, nor carelessly cast off to the heedless choler, or melancholy humour of the hasty schoolmaster. I would not have his budding spirit corrupted with keeping him fast tied, and, as it were, labouring fourteen or fifteen hours a day poring on his book, as some do, as if he were a day-labouring man; neither do I think it fit if at any time, by reason of some solitary or melancholy complexion, he should be seen with an over-indiscreet application given to his book, it should be cherished in him, for that doth often make him both inapt for civil conversation and distracts him from better employments. How many have I seen in my days, by an over-greedy desire of knowledge, become as it were foolish? Carneades was so deeply plunged and, as I may say, besotted in it, that he could never have leisure to cut his hair or pare his nails; nor would I have his noble manners obscured by the incivility and barbarism of others. The French wisdom hath long since proverbially been spoken of as very apt to conceive study in her youth, but most inapt to keep it long. In good truth, we see at this day that there is nothing lovelier to behold than the young children of France; but for the most part they deceive the hope which was fore-apprehended of them; for when they once become men there is no excellency at all in them. I have heard men of understanding hold this opinion, that the colleges to which they are sent (of which there are store) do thus besot them; whereas to our scholar, a cabinet, a garden, the table, the bed, a solitariness, a company, morning and evening, and all hours shall be alike unto him, all places shall be a study for him; for philosophy (as a former of judgments and modeller of customs) shall be his principal lesson, having the privilege to intermeddle herself

with all things and in all places. Isocrates the orator, being once requested at a great banquet to speak of his art, when all thought he had reason to answer, said: "It is not now time to do what I can, and what should now be done I can not do it; for to present orations, or to enter into disputation of rhetoric, before a company assembled together to be merry, and make good cheer, would be but a medley of harsh and jarring music." The like may be said of all other sciences. But touching Philosophy—namely, in that point where it treateth of man, and of his duties and offices —it hath been the common judgment of the wisest that in regard of the pleasantness of her conversation she ought not to be rejected, neither at banquets nor at sports. And Plato having invited her to his solemn feast, we see how kindly she entertaineth the company with a mild behaviour, fitly suiting herself to time and place, notwithstanding it be one of his most learned and profitable discourses.

> Æquè pauperibus prodest, locupletibus æquè,
> Et neglecta æquè pueris senibusque nocebit.[19]
>
> "Poor men alike, alike rich men it easeth,
> Alike it, scorned, old and young displeaseth."

So doubtless he shall less be idle than others; for even as the paces we bestow walking in a gallery, although they be twice as many more, weary us not so much as those we spend in going a set journey; so our lesson being passed over, as it were, by chance, or way of encounter, without strict observance of time or place, being applied to all our actions, shall be digested and never felt. All sports and exercises shall be a part of his study; running, wrestling, music, dancing, hunting, and managing of arms and horses. I would have the exterior demeanour or decency and the disposition of his person to be fashioned together with his mind; for it is not a mind, it is not a body that we erect, but it is a man, and we must not make two parts of him. And, as Plato saith, they must not be erected one without another, but equally be directed, no otherwise than a couple of horses matched to draw in one selfsame team. And to hear him, doth he not seem to employ more time and care in the exercises of his body; and to think that the mind is together with the same exercised, and not the contrary? As for other matters, this institution ought to be directed

by a sweet-severe mildness. Not as some do, who in lieu of gently bidding children to the banquet of letters, present them with nothing but horror and cruelty. Let me have this violence and compulsion removed, there is nothing that, in my seeming, doth more bastardize and dizzy a well-born and gentle nature. If you would have him stand in awe of shame and punishment, do not so much inure him to it; accustom him patiently to endure sweat and cold, the sharpness of the wind, the heat of the sun, and how to despise all hazards. Remove from him all niceness and quaintness in clothing, in lying, in eating, and in drinking; fashion him to all things, that he prove not a fair and wanton, puling boy, but a lusty and vigorous boy. When I was a child, when I became a man, and now when I am old, I have ever judged and believed the same. But among other things I could never away with this kind of discipline used in most of our colleges. It had peradventure been less hurtful if they had somewhat inclined to mildness or gentle entreaty. It is a very prison of captivated youth, and proves dissolute in punishing it before it be so. Come upon them when they are going to their lesson, and you hear nothing but whipping and brawling, both of children tormented and masters besotted with anger and chafing. How wide are they which go about to allure a child's mind to go to its book, being yet but tender and fearful, with a stern, frowning countenance, and with hands full of rods! Oh, wicked and pernicious manner of teaching! which Quintilian hath very well noted, that this imperious kind of authority—namely, this way of punishing of children—draws many dangerous inconveniences within. How much more decent were it to see their schoolhouses and forms strewed with green boughs and flowers than with bloody birchen twigs! If it lay in me I would do as the philosopher Speusippus did, who caused the pictures of Gladness and Joy, of Flora and of the Graces, to be set up round about his schoolhouse. Where their profit lieth, there should also be their recreation. Those meats ought to be sugared over that are healthful for children's stomachs, and those made bitter that are hurtful for them. It is strange to see how careful Plato showeth himself in framing of his laws about the recreation and pastime of the

youth of his city, and how far he extends himself about their exercises, sports, songs, leaping, and dancing, whereof he saith that severe antiquity gave the conduct and patronage unto the gods themselves—namely, to Apollo, to the Muses, and to Minerva. Mark but how far forth he endeavoureth to give a thousand precepts to be kept in his places of exercises both of body and mind. As for learned sciences, he stands not much upon them, and seemeth in particular to commend poesy but for music's sake. All strangeness and self-particularity in our manners and conditions is to be shunned as an enemy to society and civil conversation. Who would not be astonished at Demophon's complexion, chief steward of Alexander's household, who was wont to sweat in the shadow and quiver for cold in the sun? I have seen some to startle at the smell of an apple more than at the shot of a piece; some to be frighted with a mouse, some ready to cast their gorge at the sight of a mess of cream, and others to be scared with seeing a feather bed shaken; as Germanicus, who could not abide to see a cock or hear his crowing. There may haply be some hidden property of Nature which in my judgment might easily be removed if it were taken in time. Institution hath gotten this upon me (I must confess with much ado), for, except beer, all things else that are man's food agree indifferently with my taste. The body being yet supple, ought to be accommodated to all fashions and customs; and (always provided his appetites and desires be kept under) let a young man boldly be made fit for all nations and companies, yea, if need be, for all disorders and surfeitings; let him acquaint himself with all fashions, that he may be able to do all things, and love to do none but those that are commendable. Some strict philosophers commend not, but rather blame Calisthenes for losing the good favour of his master Alexander, only because he would not pledge him as much as he had drunk to him. He shall laugh, jest, dally, and debauch himself with his prince. And in his debauching I would have him outgo all his fellows in vigour and constancy, and that he omit not to do evil, neither for want of strength or knowledge, but for lack of will. Multum interest utrum peccare quis nolit, aut nesciat [20]—" There is a great difference, whether one

have no will or no wit to do amiss." I thought to have honoured a gentleman (as great a stranger, and as far from such riotous disorders as any is in France) by inquiring of him in very good company how many times in all his life he had been drunk in Germany during the time of his abode there, about the necessary affairs of our king; who took it even as I meant it, and answered three times, telling the time and manner how. I know some who for want of that quality have been much perplexed when they have had occasion to converse with that nation. I have often noted with great admiration that wonderful nature of Alcibiades, to see how easily he could suit himself to so divers fashions and different humours, without prejudice unto his health; sometimes exceeding the sumptuousness and pomp of the Persians, and now and then surpassing the austerity and frugality of the Lacedæmonians; as reformed in Sparta, as voluptuous in Ionia.

> Omnis Aristippum decuit color, et status, et res.[21]
> "All colours, states, and things are fit
> For courtly-Aristippus's wit."

Such a one would I frame my disciple:

> ———quem duplici panno patientia velat,
> Mirabor, vitæ via si conversa decebit.
> "Whom patience clothes with suits of double kind,
> I muse, if he another way will find."
>
> Personamque feret non inconcinnus utramque.[22]
> "He not unfitly may
> Both parts and persons play."

Lo, here my lessons, wherein he that acteth them profiteth more than he that but knoweth them, whom if you see you hear, and if you hear him you see him. God forbid, saith somebody in Plato, that to philosophize be to learn many things, and to exercise the arts. Hanc amplissimam omnium artium bene vivendi disciplinam, vita magis quam litteris persequnti sunt [23]—"This discipline of living well, which is the amplest of all other arts, they followed rather in their lives than in their learning or writing." Leo, Prince of the Phliasians, inquiring of Heraclides Ponticus what art he professed, he answered, "Sir, I profess neither art nor science, but I am a philosopher." Some reproved

Diogenes that, being an ignorant man, he did nevertheless meddle with philosophy; to whom he replied, "So much the more reason have I, and to greater purpose do I meddle with it." Hegesias prayed him upon a time to read some book unto him. "You are a merry man," said he; "as you choose natural and not painted right and not counterfeit figs to eat, why do you not likewise choose not the painted and written, but the true and natural exercises?" He shall not so much repeat as act his lesson. In his actions shall he make repetition of the same. We must observe whether there be wisdom in his enterprises, integrity in his demeanour, modesty in his gestures, justice in his actions, judgment and grace in his speech, courage in his sickness, moderation in his sports, temperance in his pleasures, order in the government of his house, and indifference in his taste, whether it be flesh, fish, wine, or water, or whatsoever he feedeth upon. Qui disciplinam suam non ostentationem scientiæ sed legem vitæ putet: quique obtemperet ipse sibi, et decretis pareat [24]—"Who thinks his learning not an ostentation of knowledge, but a law of life, and himself obeys himself, and doth what is decreed."

The true mirror of our discourses is the course of our lives. Zeuxidamus answered one that demanded of him why the Lacedæmonians did not draw into a book the ordinances of prowess, that so their young men might read them. "It is," saith he, "because they would rather accustom them to deeds and actions than to books and writings." Compare at the end of fifteen or sixteen years one of these collegial Latinizers, who hath employed all that while only in learning how to speak, to such a one as I mean. The world is nothing but babbling and words, and I never saw man that doth not rather speak more than he ought than less. Notwithstanding half our age is consumed that way. We are kept four or five years learning to understand bare words, and to join them into clauses, then as long in proportioning a great body extended into four or five parts; and five more at least ere we can succinctly know how to mingle, join, and interlace them handsomely into a subtle fashion and into one coherent orb. Let us leave it to those whose profession is to do nothing

else. Being once on my journey to Orleans, it was my chance to meet upon that plain that lieth on this side Clery with two masters of arts, travelling toward Bordeaux, about fifty paces one from another; far off behind them I descried a troop of horsemen, their master riding foremost, who was the Earl of Rochefoucauld; one of my servants inquiring of the first of those masters of arts what gentleman he was that followed him; supposing my servant had meant his fellow-scholar, for he had not yet seen the earl's train, answered pleasantly, " He is no gentleman, sir, but a grammarian, and I am a logician." Now we that contrariwise seek not to frame a grammarian, nor a logician, but a complete gentleman, let us give them leave to misspend their time; we have elsewhere, and somewhat else of more import to do. So that our disciple be well and sufficiently stored with matter, words will follow apace, and if they will not follow gently, he shall hail them on perforce. I hear some excuse themselves that they can not express their meaning, and make a semblance that their heads are so full stuffed with many goodly things, but for want of eloquence they can neither utter nor make show of them. It is a mere foppery. And will you know what, in my seeming, the cause is? They are shadows and chimeras, proceeding of some formless conceptions, which they can not distinguish or resolve within, and by consequence are not able to produce them inasmuch as they understand not themselves; and if you but mark their earnestness, and how they stammer and labour at the point of their delivery, you would deem that what they go withal is but a conceiving, and therefore nothing near downlying; and that they do but lick that imperfect and shapeless lump of matter. As for me, I am of opinion, and Socrates would have it so, that he who had a clear and lively imagination in his mind may easily produce and utter the same, although it be in Bergamasc or Welsh, and if he be dumb, by signs and tokens.

> Verbaque prævisam rem non invita sequentur.[25]
> " When matter we foreknow,
> Words voluntary flow."

As one said, as poetically in his prose, Cum res animum occupavere, verba ambiunt [26]—" When matter hath pos-

sessed their minds, they hunt after words"; and another: Ipsæ res verba rapiunt[27]—"Things themselves will catch and carry words." He knows neither ablative, conjunctive, substantive, nor grammar, no more doth his lackey, nor any oyster-wife about the streets, and yet if you have a mind to it he will entertain you your fill, and peradventure stumble as little and as seldom against the rules of his tongue as the best Master of Arts in France. He hath no skill in rhetoric, nor can he with a preface forestall and captivate the gentle reader's good-will; nor careth he greatly to know it. In good sooth, all this garish painting is easily defaced by the lustre of an inbred and simple truth; for these dainties and quaint devices serve but to amuse the vulgar sort, unapt and incapable to taste the most solid and firm meat; as Afer very plainly declareth in Cornelius Tacitus. The ambassadors of Samos being come to Cleomenes, King of Sparta, prepared with a long prolix oration to stir him up to war against the tyrant Policrates, after he had listened a good while upon them, his answer was: "Touching your exordium or beginning I have forgotten it; the middle I remember not; and for your conclusion I will do nothing in it." A fit and (to my thinking) a very good answer; and the orators were put to such a shift as they knew not what to reply. And what said another? The Athenians, from out two of their cunning architects, were to choose one to erect a notable great frame; the one of them more affected and self-presuming, presented himself before them, with a smooth fore-premeditated discourse about the subject of that piece of work, and thereby drew the judgments of the common people unto his liking; but the other in few words spake thus, "Lords of Athens, what this man hath said I will perform." In the greatest earnestness of Cicero's eloquence many were drawn into a kind of admiration; but Cato, jesting at it, said, "Have we not a pleasant consul?" A quick, cunning argument, and a witty saying, whether it go before or come after, it is never out of season. If it have no coherence with that which goeth before, nor with what cometh after, it is good and commendable in itself. I am none of those that think a good rhyme to make a good poem; let him hardly (if so he please) make a short

syllable long, it is no great matter; if the invention be rare and good, and his wit and judgment have cunningly played their part. I will say to such a one, he is a good poet but an ill versifier.

> Emunctæ naris, durus componere versus.[28]
> "A man whose sense could finely pierce,
> But harsh and hard to make a verse."

Let a man (saith Horace) make his work lose all seams, measures, and joints.

> Tempora certa modòsque, et quod prius, ordine verbum est.[29]

> Posterius facias, præponens ultima primis:
> Invenias etiam disjecti membra Poetæ.[30]
> "Set times and moods, make you the first word last,
> The last word first, as if they were new cast:
> Yet find th' unjointed poet's joints stand fast."

He shall for all that nothing gainsay himself, every piece will make a good show. To this purpose answered Menander those that chid him, the day being at hand in which he had promised a comedy, and had not begun the same. "Tut-tut!" said he, "it is already finished; there wanteth nothing but to add the verse unto it"; for, having ranged and cast the plot in his mind, he made small account of feet, of measures, or cadences of verses, which, indeed, are but of small import in regard of the rest. Since great Ronsard and learned Bellay have raised our French poesy unto that height of honour where it now is, I see not one of these petty ballad-makers, or prentice doggerel rhymers, that doth not bombast his labours with high-swelling and heaven-disembowelling words, and that doth not marshal his cadences very near as they do. Plus sonat quam valet[31]—"The sound is more than the weight or worth." And for the vulgar sort there were never so many poets and so few good; but as it hath been easy for them to represent their rhymes, so come they far short in imitating the rich descriptions of the one and rare inventions of the other. But what shall he do if he be urged with sophistical subtilties about a syllogism? A gammon of bacon makes a man drink, drinking quencheth a man's thirst; ergo, a gammon of bacon quencheth a man's thirst. Let him mock at it, it is more witty to be mocked at than to

be answered. Let him borrow this pleasant counter-craft of Aristippus, "Why shall I unbind that which, being bound, doth so much trouble me?" Some one proposed certain logical quiddities against Cleanthes, to whom Chrisippus said, "Use such juggling tricks to play with children, and divert not the serious thoughts of an aged man to such idle matters." If such foolish wiles, Contorta et aculeata sophismata [23]—"Intricate and stinged sophisms," must persuade a lie, it is dangerous; but if they prove void of any effect, and move him but to laughter, I see not why he shall beware of them. Some there are so foolish that will go a quarter of a mile out of the way to hunt after a quaint new word if they once get in chase: Aut qui non verba rebus aptant, sed res extrinsecus arcessunt, quibus verba conveniant—"Or such as fit not words to matter, but fetch matter from abroad, whereto words be fitted." And another, Qui alicujus verbi decore placentis, vocentur ad id quod non proposuerant scribere [33]—"Who are allured by the grace of some pleasing word to write what they intended not to write." I do more willingly wind up a witty notable sentence, that so I may sew it upon me, than unwind my thread to go fetch it. Contrariwise, it is for words to serve and wait upon the matter, and not for matter to attend upon words, and if the French tongue can not reach unto it, let the Gascony, or any other. I would have the matters to surmount, and so fill the imagination of him that hearkeneth, that he have no remembrance at all of the words. It is a natural, simple, and unaffected speech that I love, so written as it is spoken, and such upon the paper as it is in the mouth, a pithy, sinewy, full, strong, compendious and material speech, not so delicate and affected as vehement and piercing.

> Hæc demum sapiet dictio quæ feriet.[34]
> "In fine, that word is wisely fit
> Which strikes the fence, the mark doth hit."

Rather difficult than tedious, void of affection, free, loose, and bold, that every member of it seems to make a body; not pedantical, nor friar-like, nor lawyer-like, but rather downright, soldier-like. As Suetonius calleth that of Julius Cæsar, which I see no reason wherefore he call-

eth it. I have sometimes pleased myself in imitating that licentiousness or wanton humour of our youths, in wearing of their garments; as carelessly to let their cloaks hang down over one shoulder; to wear their cloaks scarf or bawdrikwise, and their stockings loose hanging about their legs. It represents a kind of disdainful fierceness of these foreign embellishments, and neglect carelessness of art. But I commend it more being employed in the course and form of speech. All manner of affectation, namely, in the liveliness and liberty of France, is unseemly in a courtier. And in a monarchy every gentleman ought to address himself unto a courtier's carriage. Therefore do we well somewhat to incline to a native and careless behaviour. I like not a contexture where the seams and pieces may be seen. As in a well-compact body, what need a man distinguish and number all the bones and veins severally? Quæ veritati operam dat oratio, incomposita sit et simplex.[35] Quis accurate loquitur nisi qui vult putide loqui? [36] "The speech that intendeth truth must be plain and unpolished: who speaketh elaborately but he that means to speak unfavourably?" That eloquence offereth injury unto things which altogether draws us to observe it. As in apparel it is a sign of pusillanimity for one to mark himself in some particular and unusual fashion, so likewise in common speech for one to hunt after new phrases and unaccustomed quaint words proceedeth from a scholastical and childish ambition. Let me use none other than are spoken in the halls of Paris. Aristophanes the grammarian was somewhat out of the way when he reproved Epicurus for the simplicity of his words, and the end of his art oratory which was only perspicuity in speech. The imitation of speech, by reason of the facility of it, followeth presently a whole nation. The imitation of judging and inventing comes more slow. The greater number of readers, because they have found one selfsame kind of gown, suppose most falsely to hold one like body. Outward garments and cloaks may be borrowed, but never the sinews and strength of the body. Most of those that converse with me speak like unto these essays; but I know not whether they think alike. The Athenians (as Plato averreth) have for their part great care to be fluent and eloquent in their speech;

the Lacedæmonians endeavour to be short and compendious; and those of Crete labour more to be plentiful in conceits than in language. And these are the best. Zeno was wont to say that he had two sorts of disciples: the one he called φιλολὸγους, curious to learn things, and those were his darlings; the other he termed λογοφίλους, who respected nothing more than the language. Yet can no man say but that to speak well is most gracious and commendable, but not so excellent as some make it; and I am grieved to see how we employ most part of our time about that only. I would first know mine own tongue perfectly, then my neighbours' with whom I have most commerce. I must needs acknowledge that the Greek and Latin tongues are great ornaments in a gentleman, but they are purchased at over-high a rate. Use it who list, I will tell you how they may be gotten better, cheaper, and much sooner than is ordinarily used, which was tried in myself. My late father having, by all the means and industry that is possible for a man, sought among the wisest and men of best understanding to find a most exquisite and ready way of teaching, being advised of the inconveniences then in use, was given to understand that the lingering while and best part of our youth that we employ in learning the tongues, which cost them nothing, is the only cause we can never attain to that absolute perfection of skill and knowledge of the Greeks and Romans. I do not believe that to be the only cause. But so it is, the expedient my father found out was this: that being yet at nurse, and before the first loosing of my tongue, I was delivered to a German, who died since (a most excellent physician in France), he being then altogether ignorant of the French tongue, but exquisitely ready and skilful in the Latin. This man, whom my father had sent for the purpose, and to whom he gave very great entertainment, had me continually in his arms, and was mine only overseer. There were also joined unto him two of his countrymen, but not so learned, whose charge was to attend and now and then to play with me; and all these together did never entertain me with other than the Latin tongue. As for others of his household, it was an inviolable rule that neither himself, nor my mother, nor man- nor maid-servant, were suf-

fered to speak one word in my company except such Latin words as every one had learned to chat and prattle with me. It were strange to tell how every one in the house profited therein. My father and my mother learned so much Latin that for a need they could understand it when they heard it spoken, even so did all the household servants, namely, such as were nearest and most about me. To be short, we were all so Latinized that the towns round about us had their share of it; insomuch as even at this day many Latin names, both of workmen and of their tools, are yet in use among them. And as for myself, I was about six years old, and could understand no more French or Périgordine than Arabic; and that without art, without books, rules, or grammar, without whipping or whining, I had gotten as pure a Latin tongue as my master could speak, the rather because I could neither mingle nor confound the same with other tongues. If for an essay they would give me a theme, whereas the fashion in colleges is to give it in French, I had it in bad Latin, to reduce the same into good. And Nicolas Grouchy, who hath written "De comitiis Romanorum"; William Guerente, who hath commented Aristotle; George Buchanan, that famous Scottish poet; and Mark Antony Muret, whom (while he lived) both France and Italy to this day acknowledge to have been the best orator—all which have been my familiar tutors, have often told me that in mine infancy I had the Latin tongue so ready and so perfect that themselves feared to take me in hand. And Buchanan, who afterward I saw attending on the Marshal of Brissac, told me he was about to write a treatise of the institution of children, and that he took the model and pattern from mine; for at that time he had the charge and bringing up of the young Earl of Brissac, whom since we have seen prove so worthy and so valiant a captain. As for the Greek, wherein I have but small understanding, my father purposed to make me learn it by art; but by new and unaccustomed means—that is, by way of recreation and exercise. We did toss our declinations and conjugations to and fro, as they do who by way of a certain game at tables learn both arithmetic and geometry. For, among other things, he had especially been persuaded to make me taste and apprehend

the fruits of duty and science by an unforced kind of will, and of mine own choice, and without any compulsion or rigour to bring me up in all mildness and liberty; yea, with such kind of superstition that, whereas some are of opinion that suddenly to awaken young children, and as it were by violence to startle and fright them out of their dead sleep in a morning (wherein they are more heavy and deeper plunged than we), doth greatly trouble and distemper their brains, he would every morning cause me to be awakened by the sound of some instrument; and I was never without a servant who to that purpose attended upon me. This example may serve to judge of the rest; as also to commend the judgment and tender affection of so careful and loving a father: who is not to be blamed, though he reaped not the fruits answerable to his exquisite toil and painful manuring. Two things hindered the same: first, the barrenness and unfit soil; for howbeit I were of a sound and strong constitution, and of a tractable and yielding condition, yet was I so heavy, so sluggish, and so dull that I could not be roused (yea, were it to go to play) from out mine idle drowsiness. What I saw I saw it perfectly; and under this heavy and, as it were, Lethe complexion did I breed hardy imaginations and opinions far above my years. My spirit was very slow, and would go no further than it was led by others; my apprehension blockish, my invention poor; and, besides, I had a marvellous defect in my weak memory: it is therefore no wonder if my father could never bring me to any perfection. Secondly, as those that in some dangerous sickness, moved with a kind of hopeful and greedy desire of perfect health again, give ear to every leech or empiric, and follow all counsels, the good man being exceedingly fearful to commit any oversight, in a matter he took so to heart, suffered himself at last to be led away by the common opinion which, like unto the cranes, followeth over those that go before, and yielded to custom, having those no longer about him that had given him his first directions, and which they had brought out of Italy. Being but six years old, I was sent to the College of Guienne, then most flourishing and reputed the best in France, where it is impossible to add anything to the great care he had both to

choose the best and most sufficient masters that could be found to read unto me, as also for all other circumstances pertaining to my education; wherein, contrary to usual customs of colleges, he observed many particular rules. But so it is, it was ever a college. My Latin tongue was forthwith corrupted, whereof by reason of discontinuance I afterward lost all manner of use; which new kind of institution stood me in no other stead but that at my first admittance it made me to overskip some of the lower forms and to be placed in the highest. For at thirteen years of age, that I left the college, I had read over the whole course of philosophy (as they call it), but with so small profit that I can now make no account of it. The first taste or feeling I had of books was of the pleasure I took in reading the fables of Ovid's "Metamorphoses"; for, being but seven or eight years old, I would steal and sequester myself from all other delights, only to read them: forasmuch as the tongue wherein they were written was to me natural; and it was the easiest book I knew, and by reason of the matter therein contained most agreeing with my young age. For of King Arthur, of Launcelot du Lake, of Amadis, of Huon of Bordeaux, and such idle time-consuming and wit-besotting trash of books wherein youth doth commonly amuse itself, I was not so much as acquainted with their names, and to this day know not their bodies nor what they contain, so exact was my discipline. Whereby I became more careless to study my other prescribed lessons. And well did it fall out for my purpose that I had to deal with a very discreet master, who out of his judgment could with such dexterity wink at and second my untowardness, and such other faults that were in me. For by that means I read over Virgil's "Æneados," Terence, Plautus, and other Italian comedies, allured thereunto by the pleasantness of their several subjects. Had he been so foolishly severe or so severely froward as to cross this course of mine, I think verily I had never brought anything from the college but the hate and contempt of books, as doth the greatest part of our nobility. Such was his discretion, and so warily did he behave himself that he saw and would not see: he would foster and increase my longing, suffering me but

by stealth and by snatches to glut myself with those books, holding ever a gentle hand over me concerning other regular studies. For the chiefest thing my father required at their hands (unto whose charge he had committed me) was a kind of well-conditioned mildness and facility of complexion. And, to say truth, mine had no other fault but a certain dull languishing and heavy slothfulness. The danger was not, I should do ill, but that I should do nothing.

No man did ever suspect I would prove a bad but an unprofitable man, foreseeing in me rather a kind of idleness than a voluntary craftiness. I am not so self-conceited but I perceive what hath followed. The complaints that are daily buzzed in mine ears are these: that I am idle, cold, and negligent in offices of friendship and duty to my parents and kinsfolks; and touching public offices, that I am over-singular and disdainful. And those that are most injurious can not ask, wherefore I have taken, and why I have not paid? but may rather demand, why I do not quit, and wherefore I do not give? I would take it as a favour they should wish such effects of supererogation in me. But they are unjust and over-partial that will go about to exact that from me which I owe not with more rigour than they will exact from themselves that which they owe; wherein if they condemn me they utterly cancel both the gratifying of the action and the gratitude which thereby would be due to me. Whereas the active well-doing should be of more consequence, proceeding from my hand, in regard I have no passive at all. Wherefore I may so much the more freely dispose of my fortune, by how much more it is mine, and of myself that am most mine own. Notwithstanding, if I were a great blazoner of mine own actions, I might peradventure bar such reproaches, and justly upbraid some, that they are not so much offended because I do not enough as for that I may, and it lies in my power to do much more than I do. Yet my mind ceased not at the same time to have peculiar unto itself well-settled motions, true and open judgments concerning the objects which it knew; which alone, and without any help or communication, it would digest. And among other things I verily believe

it would have proved altogether incapable and unfit to yield unto force or stoop unto violence. Shall I account or relate this quality of my infancy, which was a kind of boldness in my looks, and gentle softness in my voice, and affability in my gestures, and a dexterity in conforming myself to the parts I undertook? for before the age of the

> Alter ab undecimo tum me vix ceperat annus.[37]
> "Years had I (to make even)
> Scarce two above eleven."

I have undergone and represented the chiefest parts in the Latin tragedies of Buchanan, Guerente, and of Muret, which in great state were acted and played in our College of Guienne; wherein Andreas Goveanus, our rector principal, who, as in all other parts belonging to his charge, was without comparison the chiefest rector of France, and myself (without ostentation be it spoken) was reputed, if not a chief master, yet a principal actor in them. It is an exercise I rather commend than disallow in young gentlemen; and have seen some of our princes (in imitation of some of former ages), both commendably and honestly, in their proper persons act and play some parts in tragedies. It hath heretofore been esteemed a lawful exercise and a tolerable profession in men of honour, namely, in Greece. Aristoni tragico actori rem aperit: huic et genus et fortuna honesta erant: nec ars, quia nihil tale apud Græcos pudori est, ea deformabat[38]—"He imparts the matter to Ariston, a player of tragedies, whose progeny and fortune were both honest; nor did his profession disgrace them, because no such matter is a disparagement among the Grecians."

And I have ever accused them of impertinency that condemn and disallow such kinds of recreations, and blame those of injustice that refuse good and honest comedians, or (as we call them) players, to enter our good towns, and grudge the common people such public sports. Politic and well-ordered commonwealths endeavour rather carefully to unite and assemble their citizens together; as in serious offices of devotion, so in honest exercises of recreation. Common society and loving friendship is thereby cherished and increased. And, besides, they can not have

more formal and regular pastimes allowed them than such as are acted and represented in open view of all, and in the presence of the magistrates themselves. And if I might bear sway, I would think it reasonable that princes should sometimes, at their proper charges, gratify the common people with them, as an argument of a fatherly affection and loving goodness toward them; and that in populous and frequented cities there should be theatres and places appointed for such spectacles, as a diverting of worse inconveniences and secret actions. But to come to my intended purpose, there is no better way to allure the affection and to entice the appetite; otherwise a man shall breed but asses laden with books. With jerks of rods they have their satchels full of learning given them to keep. Which to do well one must not only harbour in himself, but wed and marry the same with his mind.

NOTES

[1] Cic., " De Nat.," l. i.
[2] Dante, " Inferno," cant. xi, 93.
[3] Sen., " Epist.," xxxiii.
[4] Hor., l. i, " Od.," ii, 4.
[5] Cic., " Tusc. Qu.," l. ii.
[6] Sen., " Epist.," ciii, f.
[7] Cic., " Off.," l. i.
[8] Cic., " Acad. Qu.," l. iv.
[9] Prop., l. iv, " El.," iii, 39.
[10] Pers., " Sat.," iii, 69.
[11] Ibid., 67.
[12] Virg., " Æn.," l. iii, 853.
[13] Hor., l. i, " Epist.," ii, 40.
[14] Prop., l. iv, " El.," i, 85.
[15] Anacr., " Od.," xvii, 10, 11.
[16] Juven., " Sat.," ix, 18.
[17] Pers., " Sat.," iii, 23.
[18] Pers., " Sat.," v, 64.
[19] Hor., l. i, " Epist.," cxxv.
[20] Hor., " Epist.," xvii, 23.
[21] Hor., " Epist.," xvii, 25.
[22] Ibid., 29.
[23] Cic., " Tusc. Qu.," l. iv.
[24] Cic., " Tusc. Qu.," l. ii.
[25] Hor., " Art. Poet.," 311.
[26] Sen., " Controv.," l. vii, proæ.
[27] Cic., " De Fin.," l. iii, c. 5.
[28] Hor., l. i, " Sat.," iv, 8.
[29] Hor., l. i, " Sat.," iv, 58.
[30] Ibid., 62.
[31] Sen., " Epist.," xl.
[32] Cic., " Acad. Qu.," l. iv.
[33] Sen., " Epist.," liii.
[34] " Epitaph on Lucan," 6.
[35] Sen., " Epist.," xl.
[36] Ibid., " Epist.," lxxv.
[37] Virg., " Buc.," Ecl. viii, 39.
[38] Liv., " Deo.," iii, l. iv.

THE DEFENCE OF POESY

BY

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY

Sir Philip Sidney was born in Penshurst, Kent, November 29, 1554. The scenery about his birthplace is described in Ben Jonson's "Forest." His father, Sir Henry Sidney, was ambassador of Edward VI at the French court. His friend and biographer, Fulke Greville, Lord Brooke, says of Sir Philip: "Of his youth I will report no other wonder but this, that though I lived with him and knew him from a child, yet I never knew him other than a man; with such staidness of mind, lovely and familiar gravity, as carried grace and reverence above greater years. His talk ever of knowledge, and his very play tending to enrich his mind." He was educated at Oxford, and then travelled in France, Germany, and Italy. On his return, he became a familiar character at the court of Elizabeth, where his uncle, the Earl of Leicester, was for a time powerful. Sidney was ambassador first to Rudolph II of Austria, and then to William of Orange. He retired to Wilton in 1580, and there wrote his "Arcadia" and his "Defence of Poesy"—at first entitled "Apology for Poetry"—which was not published till 1591. He returned to court in 1583, was knighted, and married a daughter of Sir Francis Walsingham. He accompanied his uncle, who commanded the forces sent to the Netherlands to take part in the war against the Spaniards, and in an action at Zutphen, October 2, 1586, received a mortal wound, of which he died on the 17th. Besides the works mentioned above, Sidney wrote a poem in sonnets, entitled "Astrophel and Stella." Charles Lamb devotes one of his essays to these sonnets, which he greatly admired. Sidney stands as the historical model for a perfect gentleman, and his character is universally admired. His biography has been written over and over again. Some lines in an elegy on him by his friend Mathew Roydon are famous:

"A sweet, attractive kind of grace,
A full assurance given by looks,
Continual comfort in a face,
The lineaments of Gospel books—
I trow that countenance can not lie
Whose thoughts are legible in the eye."

THE DEFENCE OF POESY

WHEN the right virtuous E. W.[1] and I were at the emperor's court together we gave ourselves to learn horsemanship of Gio. Pietro Pugliano; one that, with great commendation, had the place of an esquire in his stable: and he, according to the fertileness of the Italian wit, did not only afford us the demonstration of his practice, but sought to enrich our minds with the contemplation therein, which he thought most precious. But with none, I remember, mine ears were at any time more laden than when (either angered with slow payment or moved with our learner-like admiration) he exercised his speech in the praise of his faculty.

He said soldiers were the noblest estate of mankind, and horsemen the noblest of soldiers. He said they were the masters of war and ornaments of peace, speedy goers, and strong abiders, triumphers both in camps and courts: nay, to so unbelieved a point he proceeded as that no earthly thing bred such wonder to a prince as to be a good horseman: skill of government was but a "pedanteria" in comparison. Then would he add certain praises, by telling what a peerless beast the horse was, the only serviceable courtier, without flattery, the beast of most beauty, faithfulness, courage, and such more that if I had not been a piece of a logician before I came to him I think he would have persuaded me to have wished myself a horse. But thus much, at least, with his no few words he drove into me that self-love is better than any gilding to make that seem gorgeous wherein ourselves be parties.

Wherein, if Pugliano's strong affection and weak arguments will not satisfy you, I will give you a nearer example of myself, who, I know not by what mischance, in these my not old years and idlest times, having slipped

into the title of a poet, am provoked to say something unto you in the defence of that my unelected vocation; which if I handle with more good-will than good reasons bear with me, since the scholar is to be pardoned that followeth the steps of his master.

And yet I must say that, as I have more just cause to make a pitiful defence of poor poetry, which, from almost the highest estimation of learning, is fallen to be the laughing-stock of children; so have I need to bring some more available proofs, since the former is by no man barred of his deserved credit, whereas the silly latter hath had even the names of philosophers used to the defacing of it, with great danger of civil war among the Muses.

And first, truly, to all them that, professing learning, inveigh against poetry, may justly be objected that they go very near to ungratefulness to seek to deface that which, in the noblest nations and languages that are known, hath been the first light-giver to ignorance, and first nurse, whose milk, by little and little, enabled them to feed afterward of tougher knowledges. And will you play the hedge-hog that, being received into the den, drove out his host? or rather the vipers, that with their birth kill their parents?

Let learned Greece, in any of her manifold sciences, be able to show me one book before Musæus, Homer, and Hesiod, all three nothing else but poets. Nay, let any history be brought that can say any writers were there before them if they were not men of the same skill, as Orpheus, Linus, and some others are named, who, having been the first of that country that made pens deliverers of their knowledge to posterity, may justly challenge to be called their fathers in learning. For not only in time they had this priority (although in itself antiquity be venerable), but went before them, as causes to draw, with their charming sweetness, the wild untamed wits to an admiration of knowledge. So as Amphion was said to move stones with his poetry to build Thebes, and Orpheus to be listened to by beasts; indeed, stony and beastly people: so among the Romans were Livius Andronicus and Ennius: so in the Italian language, the first that made it to aspire

to be a treasure-house of science were the poets Dante, Boccace, and Petrarch: so in our English were Gower and Chaucer; after whom, encouraged and delighted with their excellent foregoing, others have followed to beautify our mother tongue, as well in the same kind as other arts.

This did so notably show itself that the philosophers of Greece durst not a long time appear to the world but under the mask of poets: so Thales, Empedocles, and Parmenides sang their natural philosophy in verses: so did Pythagoras and Phocylides their moral counsels; so did Tyrtæus in war matters; and Solon in matters of policy; or rather they, being poets, did exercise their delightful vein in those points of highest knowledge which before them lay hidden to the world: for that wise Solon was directly a poet it is manifest, having written, in verse, the notable fable of the Atlantic island, which was continued by Plato. And, truly, even Plato, whosoever well considereth, shall find that in the body of his work, though the inside and strength were philosophy, the skin, as it were, and beauty, depended most of poetry. For all stands upon dialogues; wherein he feigns many honest burgesses of Athens speaking of such matters that if they had been set on the rack they would never have confessed them: besides, his poetical describing the circumstances of their meetings, as the well ordering of a banquet, the delicacy of a walk, with interlacing mere tales, as Gyges's "Ring," and others; which who knows not to be flowers of poetry did never walk into Apollo's garden.

And even historiographers, although their lips sound of things done, and verity be written in their foreheads, have been glad to borrow both fashion and, perchance, weight of the poets: so Herodotus entitled the books of his history by the names of the nine Muses; and both he, and all the rest that followed him, either stole or usurped, of poetry, their passionate describing of passions, the many particularities of battle which no man could affirm; or, if that be denied me, long orations, put in the mouths of great kings and captains, which it is certain they never pronounced.

So that, truly, neither philosopher nor historiographer could, at the first, have entered into the gates of popular

judgments if they had not taken a great disport of poetry; which in all nations, at this day, where learning flourisheth not, is plain to be seen; in all which they have some feeling of poetry. In Turkey, besides their lawgiving divines they have no other writers but poets. In our neighbour-country Ireland, where, truly, learning goes very bare, yet are their poets held in a devout reverence. Even among the most barbarous and simple Indians, where no writing is, yet have they their poets, who make and sing songs, which they call "arentos," both of their ancestors' deeds and praises of their gods. A sufficient probability that if ever learning come among them it must be by having their hard, dull wits softened and sharpened with the sweet delight of poetry; for until they find a pleasure in the exercise of the mind great promises of much knowledge will little persuade them that know not the fruits of knowledge. In Wales the true remnant of the ancient Britons, as there are good authorities to show the long time they had poets, which they called bards, so through all the conquests of Romans, Saxons, Danes, and Normans, some of whom did seek to ruin all memory of learning from among them, yet do their poets, even to this day, last; so as it is not more notable in the soon beginning than in long continuing.

But since the authors of most of our sciences were the Romans, and, before them, the Greeks, let us a little stand upon their authorities, but even so far as to see what names they have given unto this now scorned skill. Among the Romans a poet was called "vates," which is as much as a diviner, foreseer, or prophet, as by his conjoined words "vaticinium" and "vaticinari" is manifest, so heavenly a title did that excellent people bestow upon this heart-ravishing knowledge! And so far were they carried into the admiration thereof that they thought in the changeable hitting upon any such verses great foretokens of their following fortunes were placed. Whereupon grew the word of "sortes Virgilianæ"; when, by sudden opening of Virgil's book, they lighted upon some verse, as it is reported by many, whereof the histories of the emperors' lives are full: as of Albinus, the governor of our island, who, in his childhood, met with this verse:

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY

From an engraving after a painting by Isaac Oliver

" Arma amens capio, nec sat rationis in armis ";

and in his age performed it. Although it were a very vain and godless superstition; as also it was to think spirits were commanded by such verses: whereupon this word charms, derived of " carmina," cometh, so yet serveth it to show the great reverence those wits were held in; and altogether not without ground, since both the oracles of Delphi and the Sibyl's prophecies were wholly delivered in verses; for that same exquisite observing of number and measure in the words, and that high-flying liberty of conceit proper to the poet did seem to have some divine force in it.

And may not I presume a little further to show the reasonableness of this word " vates," and say that the holy David's Psalms are a divine poem? If I do, I shall not do it without the testimony of great learned men, both ancient and modern. But even the name of Psalms will speak for me, which, being interpreted, is nothing but songs: then, that it is fully written in metre, as all learned Hebricians agree, although the rules be not yet fully found. Lastly, and principally, his handling his prophecy, which is merely poetical. For what else is the awakening his musical instruments; the often and free changing of persons; his notable prosopopœias, when he maketh you, as it were, see God coming in his majesty; his telling of the beasts' joyfulness, and hills leaping, but a heavenly poesy; wherein almost he showeth himself a passionate lover of that unspeakable and everlasting beauty, to be seen by the eyes of the mind, only cleared by faith? But, truly, now, having named him, I fear I seem to profane that holy name, applying it to poetry, which is, among us, thrown down to so ridiculous an estimation. But they that, with quiet judgments, will look a little deeper into it, shall find the end and working of it such as, being rightly applied, deserveth not to be scourged out of the church of God.

But now let us see how the Greeks have named it, and how they deemed of it. The Greeks named him *ποιητὴν*, which name hath, as the most excellent, gone through other languages; it cometh of this word *ποιεῖν*, which is " to make "; wherein, I know not whether by luck or wisdom, we Englishmen have met with the Greeks in calling

him "a maker," which name, how high and incomparable a title it is, I had rather were known by marking the scope of other sciences than by any partial allegation. There is no art delivered unto mankind that hath not the works of Nature for his principal object, without which they could not consist, and on which they so depend, as they become actors and players, as it were, of what Nature will have set forth. So doth the astronomer look upon the stars, and by that he seeth set down what order Nature hath taken therein. So doth the geometrician and arithmetician in their diverse sorts of quantities. So doth the musician in times tell you, which by Nature agree, which not. The natural philosopher thereon hath his name; and the moral philosopher standeth upon the natural virtues, vices, or passions of man: and follow Nature, saith he, therein, and thou shalt not err. The lawyer saith what men have determined. The historian, what men have done. The grammarian speaketh only of the rules of speech; and the rhetorician and logician, considering what in Nature will soonest prove and persuade, thereon give artificial rules, which still are compassed within the circle of a question, according to the proposed matter. The physician weigheth the nature of man's body, and the nature of things helpful and hurtful unto it. And the metaphysic, though it be in the second and abstract notions, and therefore be counted supernatural, yet doth he, indeed, build upon the depth of Nature. Only the poet, disdaining to be tied to any such subjection, lifted up with the vigour of his own invention, doth grow, in effect, into another nature: in making things either better than Nature bringeth forth, or quite anew; forms such as never were in Nature, as the heroes, demi-gods, cyclops, chimeras, furies, and such like; so as he goeth hand in hand with Nature, not inclosed within the narrow warrant of her gifts, but freely ranging within the zodiac of his own wit. Nature never set forth the earth in so rich tapestry as divers poets have done; neither with so pleasant rivers, fruitful trees, sweet-smelling flowers, nor whatsoever else may make the too-much-loved earth more lovely; her world is brazen, the poets only deliver a golden.

But let those things alone, and go to man; for whom

as the other things are, so it seemeth in him her uttermost cunning is employed; and know, whether she have brought forth so true a lover as Theagenes; so constant a friend as Pylades; so valiant a man as Orlando; so right a prince as Xenophon's Cyrus; and so excellent a man every way as Virgil's Æneas? Neither let this be jestingly conceived, because the works of the one be essential, the other in imitation or fiction; for every understanding knoweth the skill of each artificer standeth in that idea, or foreconceit of the work, and not in the work itself. And that the poet hath that idea is manifest by the delivering them forth in such excellency as he had imagined them: which delivering forth, also, is not wholly imaginative, as we are wont to say by them that build castles in the air; but so far substantially it worketh not only to make a Cyrus, which had been but a particular excellency, as Nature might have done; but to bestow a Cyrus upon the world to make many Cyruses; if they will learn aright, why and how that maker made him. Neither let it be deemed too saucy a comparison to balance the highest point of man's wit with the efficacy of Nature; but rather give right honour to the heavenly Maker of that maker, who, having made man to his own likeness, set him beyond and over all the works of that second nature; which in nothing he showeth so much as in poetry; when, with the force of a divine breath, he bringeth things forth surpassing her doings, with no small arguments to the incredulous of that first accursed fall of Adam; since our erected wit maketh us know what perfection is, and yet our infected will keepeth us from reaching unto it. But these arguments will by few be understood, and by fewer granted: thus much I hope will be given me that the Greeks, with some probability of reason, gave him the name above all names of learning.

Now let us go to a more ordinary opening of him, that the truth may be the more palpable; and so, I hope, though we get not so unmatched a praise as the etymology of his names will grant, yet his very description, which no man will deny, shall not justly be barred from a principal commendation.

Poesy, therefore, is an art of imitation; for so Aristotle

termeth it in the word μιμησις; that is to say, a representing, counterfeiting, or figuring forth: to speak metaphorically, a speaking picture; with this end to teach and delight.

Of this have been three general kinds: the chief, both in antiquity and excellency, were they that did imitate the inconceivable excellencies of God: such were David in his Psalms; Solomon in his Song of Songs, in his Ecclesiastes, and Proverbs; Moses and Deborah in their hymns; and the writer of Job; which, beside others, the learned Emanuel Tremellius and Fr. Junius do entitle the poetical part of the Scripture: against these none will speak that hath the Holy Ghost in due holy reverence. In this kind, though in a wrong divinity, were Orpheus, Amphion, Homer in his hymns, and many others, both Greeks and Romans. And this poesy must be used by whosoever will follow St. Paul's counsel, in singing psalms when they are merry; and I know is used with the fruit of comfort by some when, in sorrowful pangs of their death-bringing sins, they find the consolation of the never-leaving goodness.

The second kind is of them that deal with matters philosophical; either moral, as Tyrtæus, Phocylides, Cato; or natural, as Lucretius, Virgil's "Georgics"; or astronomical, as Manilius and Pontanus; or historical, as Lucan: which who mislike the fault is in their judgment, quite out of taste, and not in the sweet food of sweetly uttered knowledge.

But because this second sort is wrapped within the fold of the proposed subject, and takes not the free course of his own invention; whether they properly be poets, or no, let grammarians dispute, and go to the third, indeed right poets, of whom chiefly this question ariseth: betwixt whom and these second is such a kind of difference as betwixt the meaner sort of painters, who counterfeit only such faces as are set before them; and the more excellent, who having no law but wit, bestow that in colours upon you which is fittest for the eye to see; as the constant, though lamenting look of Lucretia, when she punished in herself another's fault: wherein he painteth not Lucretia, whom he never saw, but painteth the outward beauty of

such a virtue. For these three be they which most properly do imitate to teach and delight; and to imitate, borrow nothing of what is, hath been, or shall be; but range only, reined with learned discretion, into the divine consideration of what may be and should be. These be they that, as the first and most noble sort, may justly be termed "vates": so these are waited on in the excellentest languages and best understandings, the fore-described name of poets. For these, indeed, do merely make to imitate, and imitate both to delight and teach, and delight to move men to take that goodness in hand which, without delight, they would fly as from a stranger; and teach to make them know that goodness whereunto they are moved: which being the noblest scope to which ever any learning was directed, yet want there not idle tongues to bark at them.

These be subdivided into sundry more special denominations: the most notable be the heroic, lyric, tragic, comic, satiric, iambic, elegiac, pastoral, and certain others; some of these being termed according to the matter they deal with; some by the sort of verse they liked best to write in; for indeed the greatest part of poets have apparelled their poetical inventions in that numerous kind of writing which is called verse. Indeed but apparelled verse, being but an ornament, and no cause to poetry, since there have been many most excellent poets that never versified, and now swarm many versifiers that need never answer to the name of poets. For Xenophon, who did imitate so excellently as to give us "effigiem justi imperii," the portraiture of a just empire, under the name of Cyrus, as Cicero saith of him, made therein an absolute heroical poem. So did Heliodorus, in his sugared invention of that picture of love in "Theagenes and Chariclea"; and yet both these wrote in prose; which I speak to show that it is not rhyming and versing that maketh a poet (no more than a long gown maketh an advocate, who, though he pleaded in armour, should be an advocate and no soldier); but it is that, feigning notable images of virtues, vices, or what else, with that delightful teaching, which must be the right describing note to know a poet by. Although, indeed, the senate of poets have chosen verse as their fittest raiment; meaning, as in matter they passed all in all,

so in manner to go beyond them; not speaking, table-talk fashion, or like men in a dream, words as they chanceably fall from the mouth, but piecing each syllable of each word by just proportion, according to the dignity of the subject.

Now, therefore, it shall not be amiss, first, to weigh this latter sort of poetry by his works, and then by his parts; and if in neither of these anatomies he be commendable, I hope we shall receive a more favourable sentence. This purifying of wit, this enriching of memory, enabling of judgment, and enlarging of conceit, which commonly we call learning, under what name soever it come forth, or to what immediate end soever it be directed; the final end is, to lead and draw us to as high a perfection as our degenerate souls, made worse by their clay lodgings, can be capable of. This, according to the inclination of man, bred many formed impressions: for some that thought this felicity principally to be gotten by knowledge, and no knowledge to be so high or heavenly as to be acquainted with the stars, gave themselves to astronomy; others, persuading themselves to be demi-gods if they knew the causes of things, became natural and supernatural philosophers. Some an admirable delight drew to music; and some the certainty of demonstrations to the mathematics; but all, one and other, having this scope, to know, and by knowledge to lift up the mind from the dungeon of the body to the enjoying his own divine essence. But when, by the balance of experience, it was found that the astronomer, looking to the stars, might fall in a ditch; that the inquiring philosopher might be blind in himself; and the mathematician might draw forth a straight line with a crooked heart; then lo! did proof, the overruler of opinions, make manifest that all these are but serving sciences, which, as they have a private end in themselves, so yet are they all directed to the highest end of the mistress-knowledge, by the Greeks called ἀρχιτεκτονική, which stands, as I think, in the knowledge of a man's self; in the ethic and politic consideration, with the end of well-doing, and not of well-knowing only: even as the saddler's next end is to make a good saddle, but his further end to serve a nobler faculty, which is horsemanship; so the horseman's to soldiery; and the soldier not only to have the skill, but to

perform the practice of a soldier. So that the ending end of all earthly learning being virtuous action, those skills that most serve to bring forth that have a most just title to be princes over all the rest; wherein, if we can show it rightly, the poet is worthy to have it before any other competitors.

Among whom principally to challenge it, step forth the moral philosophers; whom, methinks, I see coming toward me with a sullen gravity (as though they could not abide vice by daylight), rudely clothed, for to witness outwardly their contempt of outward things, with books in their hands against glory, whereto they set their names; sophistically speaking against subtlety, and angry with any man in whom they see the foul fault of anger. These men, casting largesses as they go, of definitions, divisions, and distinctions, with a scornful interrogative do soberly ask, Whether it be possible to find any path so ready to lead a man to virtue as that which teacheth what virtue is; and teacheth it not only by delivering forth his very being, his causes and effects; but also by making known his enemy, vice, which must be destroyed, and his cumbersome servant, passion, which must be mastered; by showing the generalities that contain it, and the specialities that are derived from it: lastly, by plain setting down how it extends itself out of the limits of a man's own little world, to the government of families, and maintaining of public societies?

The historian scarcely gives leisure to the moralist to say so much, but that he, laden with old mouse-eaten records, authorizing himself, for the most part, upon other histories, whose greatest authorities are built upon the notable foundation of hearsay; having much ado to accord differing writers, and to pick truth out of partiality; better acquainted with a thousand years ago than with the present age, and yet better knowing how this world goes than how his own wit runs; curious for antiquities, and inquisitive of novelties, a wonder to young folks, and a tyrant in table-talk, denieth, in a great chafe, that any man for teaching of virtue and virtuous actions is comparable to him. I am "testis temporum, lux veritatis, vita memoriæ, magistra vitæ, nuncia vetustatis." The philosopher, saith

he, teacheth a disputative virtue, but I do an active; his virtue is excellent in the dangerless academy of Plato, but mine showeth forth her honourable face in the battles of Marathon, Pharsalia, Poitiers, and Agincourt: he teacheth virtue by certain abstract considerations; but I only bid you follow the footing of them that have gone before you: old-aged experience goeth beyond the fine-witted philosopher; but I give the experience of many ages: lastly, if he make the song-book, I put the learner's hand to the lute; and if he be the guide, I am the light. Then would he allege you innumerable examples, confirming story by stories, how much the wisest senators and princes have been directed by the credit of history, as Brutus, Alphonsus of Aragon (and who not, if need be?). At length, the long line of their disputation makes a point in this, that the one giveth the precept, and the other the example.

Now whom shall we find, since the question standeth for the highest form in the school of learning, to be moderator? Truly, as me seemeth, the poet; and if not a moderator, even the man that ought to carry the title from them both, and much more from all other serving sciences. Therefore compare we the poet with the historian, and with the moral philosopher; and if he go beyond them both, no other human skill can match him: for as for the divine, with all reverence, he is ever to be excepted, not only for having his scope as far beyond any of these, as eternity exceedeth a moment, but even for passing each of these in themselves: and for the lawyer, though "Jus" be the daughter of Justice, the chief of virtues, yet because he seeks to make men good rather "formidine pœnæ" than "virtutis amore," or, to say righter, doth not endeavour to make men good, but that their evil hurt not others, having no care, so he be a good citizen, how bad a man he be: therefore, as our wickedness maketh him necessary, and necessity maketh him honourable, so is he not in the deepest truth to stand in rank with these, who all endeavour to take naughtiness away, and plant goodness even in the secretest cabinet of our souls. And these four are all that any way deal in the consideration of men's manners, which being the supreme knowledge, they that best breed it deserve the best commendation.

The philosopher, therefore, and the historian are they which would win the goal, the one by precept, the other by example; but both, not having both, do both halt. For the philosopher, setting down with thorny arguments the bare rule, is so hard of utterance, and so misty to be conceived, that one that hath no other guide but him shall wade in him until he be old, before he shall find sufficient cause to be honest. For his knowledge standeth so upon the abstract and general that happy is that man who may understand him, and more happy that can apply what he doth understand. On the other side, the historian, wanting the precept, is so tied not to what should be, but to what is, to the particular truth of things, and not to the general reason of things, that his example draweth no necessary consequence, and therefore a less fruitful doctrine.

Now doth the peerless poet perform both; for whatsoever the philosopher saith should be done, he giveth a perfect picture of it, by some one by whom he presupposeth it was done, so as he coupleth the general notion with the particular example. A perfect picture, I say; for he yieldeth to the powers of the mind an image of that whereof the philosopher bestoweth but a wordish description, which doth neither strike, pierce, nor possess the sight of the soul, so much as that other doth. For as, in outward things, to a man that had never seen an elephant or a rhinoceros, who should tell him most exquisitely all their shape, colour, bigness, and particular marks; or of a gorgeous palace, in architecture, who, declaring the full beauties, might well make the hearer able to repeat, as it were, by rote, all he had heard, yet should never satisfy his inward conceit, with being witness to itself of a true living knowledge: but the same man, as soon as he might see those beasts well painted, or that house well in model, should straightway grow, without need of any description, to a judicial comprehending of them: so, no doubt, the philosopher, with his learned definitions, be it of virtues or vices, matters of public policy or private government, replenisheth the memory with many infallible grounds of wisdom, which, notwithstanding, lie dark before the imaginative and judging power, if they be not illuminated or figured forth by the speaking picture of poesy.

Tully taketh much pains, and many times not without poetical helps, to make us know the force love of our country hath in us. Let us but hear old Anchises, speaking in the midst of Troy's flames, or see Ulysses, in the fulness of all Calypso's delights, bewail his absence from barren and beggarly Ithaca. Anger, the Stoics said, was a short madness; let but Sophocles bring you Ajax on a stage, killing or whipping sheep and oxen, thinking them the army of Greeks, with their chieftains Agamemnon and Menelaus; and tell me if you have not a more familiar insight into anger than finding in the schoolmen his genius and difference? See whether wisdom and temperance in Ulysses and Diomedes, valour in Achilles, friendship in Nisus and Euryalus, even to an ignorant man, carry not an apparent shining; and contrarily, the remorse of conscience in Œdipus; the soon-repenting pride in Agamemnon; the self-devouring cruelty in his father Atreus; the violence of ambition in the two Theban brothers; the sour sweetness of revenge in Medea; and, to fall lower, the Terentian Gnatho, and our Chaucer's Pandar, so expressed, that we now use their names to signify their trades: and, finally, all virtues, vices, and passions so in their own natural states laid to the view that we seem not to hear of them, but clearly to see through them?

But even in the most excellent determination of goodness what philosopher's counsel can so readily direct a prince as the feigned Cyrus in Xenophon? Or a virtuous man in all fortunes, as Æneas in Virgil? Or a whole commonwealth, as the way of Sir Thomas More's "Utopia"? I say the way, because where Sir Thomas More erred it was the fault of the man, and not of the poet: for that way of patterning a commonwealth was most absolute, though he, perchance, hath not so absolutely performed it. For the question is, whether the feigned image of poetry, or the regular instruction of philosophy, hath the more force in teaching. Wherein, if the philosophers have more rightly showed themselves philosophers than the poets have attained to the high top of their profession (as in truth,

"Mediocribus esse poetis
Non Dii, non homines, non concessêre columnæ"),

it is, I say again, not the fault of the art, but that by few men that art can be accomplished. Certainly even our Saviour Christ could as well have given the moral commonplaces of uncharitableness and humbleness as the divine narration of Dives and Lazarus; or of disobedience and mercy as the heavenly discourse of the lost child and the gracious father; but that his thorough searching wisdom knew the estate of Dives burning in hell, and of Lazarus in Abraham's bosom, would more constantly, as it were, inhabit both the memory and judgment. Truly, for myself (meseems), I see before mine eyes the lost child's disdainful prodigality turned to envy a swine's dinner: which, by the learned divines, are thought not historical acts, but instructing parables.

For conclusion, I say the philosopher teacheth, but he teacheth obscurely, so as the learned only can understand him; that is to say, he teacheth them that are already taught. But the poet is the food for the tenderest stomachs; the poet is, indeed, the right popular philosopher. Whereof Æsop's tales give good proof; whose pretty allegories, stealing under the formal tales of beasts, make many, more beastly than beasts, begin to hear the sound of virtue from those dumb speakers.

But now may it be alleged that if this managing of matters be so fit for the imagination, then must the historian needs surpass, who brings you images of true matters, such as, indeed, were done, and not such as fantastically or falsely may be suggested to have been done. Truly Aristotle himself, in his "Discourse of Poesy," plainly determineth this question, saying that poetry is *φιλοσοφώτερον καὶ σπουδαιότερον*—that is to say, it is more philosophical and more ingenious than history. His reason is, because poesy dealeth with *καθόλου*, that is to say, with the universal consideration, and the history *καθ' ἕκαστον*, the particular. "Now," saith he, "the universal weighs what is fit to be said or done, either in likelihood or necessity; which the poesy considereth in his imposed names: and the particular only marks whether Alcibiades did or suffered this or that": thus far Aristotle. Which reason of his, as all his, is most full of reason. For, indeed, if the question were, whether it were better to have a particular

act truly or falsely set down, there is no doubt which is to be chosen, no more than whether you had rather have Vespasian's picture right as he was, or, at the painter's pleasure, nothing resembling. But if the question be, for your own use and learning, whether it be better to have it set down as it should be, or as it was, then, certainly, is more doctrinable the feigned Cyrus in Xenophon than the true Cyrus in Justin; and the feigned Æneas in Virgil than the right Æneas in Dares Phrygius: as to a lady that desired to fashion her countenance to the best grace, a painter should more benefit her, to portrait a most sweet face, writing Canidia upon it, than to paint Canidia as she was, who, Horace sweareth, was full ill favoured. If the poet do his part aright, he will show you in Tantalus, Atreus, and such like, nothing that is not to be shunned; in Cyrus, Æneas, Ulysses, each thing to be followed: where the historian, bound to tell things as things were, can not be liberal, without he will be poetical, of a perfect pattern; but, as in Alexander, or Scipio himself, show doings, some to be liked, some to be misliked; and then how will you discern what to follow, but by your own discretion, which you had, without reading Q. Curtius? And whereas a man may say, though in universal consideration of doctrine, the poet prevaileth, yet that the history, in his saying such a thing was done, doth warrant a man more in that he shall follow; the answer is manifest: that if he stand upon that was, as if he should argue, because it rained yesterday therefore it should rain to-day; then, indeed, hath it some advantage to a gross conceit. But if he know an example only enforms a conjectured likelihood, and so go by reason, the poet doth so far exceed him, as he is to frame his example to that which is most reasonable, be it in warlike, politic, or private matters; where the historian in his bare was hath many times that which we call fortune to overrule the best wisdom. Many times he must tell events whereof he can yield no cause; or if he do, it must be poetically.

For that a feigned example hath as much force to teach as a true example (for as for to move, it is clear, since the feigned may be tuned to the highest key of passion), let us take one example wherein a historian and a poet did

concur. Herodotus and Justin do both testify that Zopyrus, King Darius's faithful servant, seeing his master long resisted by the rebellious Babylonians, feigned himself in extreme disgrace of his king; for verifying of which, he caused his own nose and ears to be cut off, and so flying to the Babylonians, was received; and, for his known valour, so far credited, that he did find means to deliver them over to Darius. Much-like matters doth Livy record of Tarquinius and his son. Xenophon excellently feigned such another stratagem, performed by Abradates in Cyrus's behalf. Now would I fain know, if occasion be presented unto you, to serve your prince by such an honest dissimulation, why do you not as well learn it of Xenophon's fiction as of the others' verity? and, truly, so much the better, as you shall save your nose by the bargain; for Abradates did not counterfeit so far. So, then, the best of the historians is subject to the poet; for, whatsoever action or faction, whatsoever counsel, policy, or war stratagem the historian is bound to recite, that may the poet, if he list, with his imitation, make his own, beautifying it both for further teaching and more delighting, as it please him; having all, from Dante's heaven to his hell, under the authority of his pen. Which if I be asked, What poets have done so? as I might well name some, so yet, say I, and say again, I speak of the art, and not of the artificer.

Now, to that which commonly is attributed to the praise of history, in respect of the notable learning which is got by marking the success, as though therein a man should see virtue exalted and vice punished: truly, that commendation is peculiar to poetry, and far off from history; for, indeed, poetry ever sets virtue so out in her best colours making fortune her well-waiting handmaid that one must needs be enamoured of her. Well may you see Ulysses in a storm, and in other hard plights; but they are but exercises of patience and magnanimity, to make them shine the more in the near following prosperity. And, on the contrary part, if evil men come to the stage, they ever go out (as the tragedy writer answered to one that misliked the show of such persons) so manacled, as they little animate folks to follow them. But history being captived to the truth of a foolish world, is

many times a terror from well-doing, and an encouragement to unbridled wickedness. For see we not valiant Miltiades rot in his fetters? The just Phocion and the accomplished Socrates put to death like traitors? The cruel Severus live prosperously? The excellent Severus miserably murdered? Sylla and Marius dying in their beds? Pompey and Cicero slain then when they would have thought exile a happiness? See we not virtuous Cato driven to kill himself, and rebel Cæsar so advanced that his name yet, after sixteen hundred years, lasteth in the highest honour? And mark but even Cæsar's own words of the forenamed Sylla (who in that only did honestly to put down his dishonest tyranny), "literas nescivit": as if want of learning caused him to do well. He meant it not by poetry, which, not content with earthly plagues, deviseth new punishments in hell for tyrants: nor yet by philosophy, which teacheth "occidentes esse": but, no doubt, by skill in history; for that, indeed, can afford you Cypselus, Periander, Phalaris, Dionysius, and I know not how many more of the same kennel, that sped well enough in their abominable injustice of usurpation.

I conclude, therefore, that he excelleth history not only in furnishing the mind with knowledge, but in setting it forward to that which deserves to be called and accounted good: which setting forward, and moving to well-doing, indeed, setteth the laurel crown upon the poets as victorious, not only of the historian, but over the philosopher, howsoever, in teaching, it may be questionable. For suppose it be granted that which I suppose, with great reason, may be denied, that the philosopher, in respect of his methodical proceeding, teach more perfectly than the poet, yet do I think that no man is so much φιλοφιλόσοφος as to compare the philosopher in moving with the poet. And that moving is of a higher degree than teaching, it may by this appear, that it is well-nigh both the cause and effect of teaching; for who will be taught if he be not moved with desire to be taught? And what so much good doth that teaching bring forth (I speak still of moral doctrine) as that it moveth one to do that which it doth teach? For as Aristotle saith, it is not γνῶσις but πρᾶξις must be the fruit: and how πρᾶξις can be, without being moved to

practise, it is no hard matter to consider. The philosopher showeth you the way, he informeth you of the particularities, as well of the tediousness of the way and of the pleasant lodging you shall have when your journey is ended, as of the many by-turnings that may divert you from your way; but this is to no man but to him that will read him, and read him with attentive, studious painfulness; which constant desire whosoever hath in him hath already passed half the hardness of the way, and therefore is beholden to the philosopher but for the other half. Nay, truly, learned men have learnedly thought that where once reason hath so much overmastered passion as that the mind hath a free desire to do well, the inward light each mind hath in itself is as good as a philosopher's book: since in Nature we know it is well to do well, and what is well and what is evil, although not in the words of art which philosophers bestow upon us; for out of natural conceit the philosophers drew it: but to be moved to do that which we know, or to be moved with desire to know, "hoc opus, hic labor est."

Now, therein, of all sciences (I speak still of human, and according to the human conceit) is our poet the monarch. For he doth not only show the way, but giveth so sweet a prospect into the way as will entice any man to enter into it: nay, he doth, as if your journey should lie through a fair vineyard, at the very first give you a cluster of grapes, that full of that taste you may long to pass further. He beginneth not with obscure definitions, which must blur the margin with interpretations, and load the memory with doubtfulness, but he cometh to you with words set in delightful proportion, either accompanied with or prepared for the well-enchanting skill of music; and with a tale, forsooth, he cometh unto you, with a tale which holdeth children from play and old men from the chimney-corner;[2] and, pretending no more, doth intend the winning of the mind from wickedness to virtue; even as the child is often brought to take most wholesome things, by hiding them in such other as have a pleasant taste: which, if one should begin to tell them the nature of the aloes or rhubarbarum they should receive, would sooner take their physic at their ears than at their mouth: so is it in men

(most of whom are childish in the best things, till they be cradled in their graves); glad they will be to hear the tales of Hercules, Achilles, Cyrus, Æneas; and hearing them, must needs hear the right description of wisdom, valour, and justice; which, if they had been barely (that is to say, philosophically) set out, they would swear they be brought to school again. That imitation whereof poetry is hath the most conveniency to Nature of all other: insomuch that, as Aristotle saith, those things which in themselves are horrible, as cruel battles, unnatural monsters, are made, in poetical imitation, delightful. Truly, I have known men that even with reading Amadis de Gaul, which, God knoweth, wanteth much of a perfect poesy, have found their hearts moved to the exercise of courtesy, liberality, and especially courage. Who readeth Æneas carrying old Anchises on his back, that wisheth not it were his fortune to perform so excellent an act? Whom doth not those words of Turnus move (the tale of Turnus having planted his image in the imagination):

> ——— "fugientem hæc terra videbit?
> Usque adeone mori miserum est?" (Virgil.)

Where the philosophers (as they think) scorn to delight, so much they be content little to move, saving wrangling whether "virtus" be the chief or the only good; whether the contemplative or the active life do excel: which Plato and Boethius well knew; and therefore made Mistress Philosophy very often borrow the masking raiment of poesy. For even those hard-hearted evil men, who think virtue a school name, and know no other good but "indulgere genio," and therefore despise the austere admonitions of the philosopher, and feel not the inward reason they stand upon; yet will be content to be delighted, which is all the good-fellow poet seems to promise; and so steal to see the form of goodness, which seen, they can not but love, ere themselves be aware, as if they took a medicine of cherries.

Infinite proofs of the strange effects of this poetical invention might be alleged; only two shall serve, which are so often remembered as, I think, all men know them. The one of Menenius Agrippa, who, when the whole peo-

ple of Rome had resolutely divided themselves for the Senate, with apparent show of utter ruin, though he were, for that time, an excellent orator, came not among them upon trust either of figurative speeches or cunning insinuations, and much less with far-fetched maxims of philosophy, which, especially if they were Platonic, they must have learned geometry before they could have conceived: but, forsooth, he behaveth himself like a homely and familiar poet. He telleth them a tale that there was a time when all the parts of the body made a mutinous conspiracy against the belly, which they thought devoured the fruits of each other's labour: they concluded they would let so unprofitable a spender starve. In the end, to be short (for the tale is notorious, and as notorious that it was a tale), with punishing the belly they plagued themselves. This, applied by him, wrought such effect in the people as I never read that only words brought forth; but then so sudden, and so good an alteration, for upon reasonable conditions a perfect reconcilement ensued.

The other is of Nathan the prophet, who, when the holy David had so far forsaken God as to confirm adultery with murder, when he was to do the tenderest office of a friend, in laying his own shame before his eyes, being sent by God to call again so chosen a servant, how doth he it but by telling of a man whose beloved lamb was ungratefully taken from his bosom? The application most divinely true, but the discourse itself feigned; which made David (I speak of the second and instrumental cause) as in a glass see his own filthiness, as that heavenly psalm of mercy well testifieth.

By these, therefore, examples and reasons, I think it may be manifest that the poet, with that same hand of delight, doth draw the mind more effectually than any other art doth. And so a conclusion not unfitly ensues; that as virtue is the most excellent resting place for all worldly learning to make his end of, so poetry, being the most familiar to teach it, and most princely to move toward it, in the most excellent work is the most excellent workman.

But I am content not only to decipher him by his works (although works in commendation and dispraise must ever

hold a high authority), but more narrowly will examine his parts; so that (as in a man) though all together may carry a presence full of majesty and beauty, perchance in some one defectuous piece we may find blemish.

Now, in his parts, kinds, or species, as you list to term them, it is to be noted that some poesies have coupled together two or three kinds; as the tragical and comical, whereupon is risen the tragi-comical; some, in the manner, have mingled prose and verse, as Sannazzaro and Boethius; some have mingled matters heroical and pastoral; but that cometh all to one in this question; for, if severed they be good, the conjunction can not be hurtful. Therefore, perchance, forgetting some, and leaving some as needless to be remembered, it shall not be amiss, in a word, to cite the special kinds, to see what faults may be found in the right use of them.

Is it then the pastoral poem which is misliked? (For, perchance, where the hedge is lowest they will soonest leap over.) Is the poor pipe disdained which sometimes, out of Mælibeus's mouth, can show the misery of people under hard lords and ravening soldiers? and again, by Tityrus, what blessedness is derived to them that lie lowest from the goodness of them that sit highest; sometimes under the pretty tales of wolves and sheep can include the whole considerations of wrong-doing and patience; sometimes show that contentions for trifles can get but a trifling victory; where, perchance, a man may see, that even Alexander and Darius, when they strove who should be cock of this world's dunghill, the benefit they got was, that the after-livers may say:

> "Hæc memini et victum frustra contendere Thyrsim;
> Ex illo Corydon, Corydon est tempore nobis." (Virgil.)

Or is it the lamenting elegiac, which, in a kind heart, would move rather pity than blame; who bewaileth, with the great philosopher Heraclitus, the weakness of mankind and the wretchedness of the world; who, surely, is to be praised, either for compassionately accompanying just causes of lamentations or for rightly painting out how weak be the passions of woefulness?

Is it the bitter but wholesome iambic, who rubs the

galled mind, making shame the trumpet of villainy, with bold and open crying out against naughtiness?

Or the satiric? who,

" Omne vafer vitium ridenti tangit amico ";

who sportingly never leaveth, until he make a man laugh at folly, and, at length, ashamed to laugh at himself, which he can not avoid without avoiding the folly; who, while " circum præcordia ludit," giveth us to feel how many headaches a passionate life bringeth us to; who when all is done,

" Est Ulubris, animus si nos non deficit æquus."

No, perchance it is the comic; whom naughty play-makers and stage-keepers have justly made odious. To the arguments of abuse I will after answer; only thus much now is to be said that the comedy is an imitation of the common errors of our life, which he representeth in the most ridiculous and scornful sort that may be; so as it is impossible that any beholder can be content to be such a one. Now, as in geometry, the oblique must be known as well as the right, and in arithmetic the odd as well as the even; so in the actions of our life, who seeth not the filthiness of evil, wanteth a great foil to perceive the beauty of virtue. This doth the comedy handle so, in our private and domestical matters, as, with hearing it, we get, as it were, an experience of what is to be looked for, of a niggardly Demea, of a crafty Davus, of a flattering Gnatho, of a vainglorious Thraso; and not only to know what effects are to be expected, but to know who be such, by the signifying badge given them by the comedian. And little reason hath any man to say that men learn the evil by seeing it so set out; since, as I said before, there is no man living, but by the force truth hath in Nature, no sooner seeth these men play their parts, but wisheth them in " pistrinum "; although perchance the sack of his own faults lie so behind his back that he seeth not himself to dance the same measure, whereto yet nothing can more open his eyes than to see his own actions contemptibly set forth, so that the right use of comedy will, I think, by nobody be blamed.

And much less of the high and excellent tragedy that

openeth the greatest wounds, and showeth forth the ulcers that are covered with tissue; that maketh kings fear to be tyrants, and tyrants to manifest their tyrannical humours; that with stirring the effects of admiration and commiseration teacheth the uncertainty of this world, and upon how weak foundations gilded roofs are builded: that maketh us know, " qui sceptra sævus duro imperio regit, timet timentes, metus in authorem redit." But how much it can move, Plutarch yieldeth a notable testimony of the abominable tyrant Alexander Pheræus; from whose eyes a tragedy, well made and represented, drew abundance of tears, who without all pity had murdered infinite numbers, and some of his own blood; so as he that was not ashamed to make matters for tragedies, yet could not resist the sweet violence of a tragedy. And if it wrought no further good in him, it was that he, in despite of himself, withdrew himself from hearkening to that which might mollify his hardened heart. But it is not the tragedy they do mislike, for it were too absurd to cast out so excellent a representation of whatsoever is most worthy to be learned.

Is it the lyric that most displeaseth, who with his tuned lyre and well-accorded voice giveth praise, the reward of virtue, to virtuous acts; who giveth moral precepts and natural problems; who sometimes raiseth up his voice to the height of the heavens, in singing the lauds of the immortal God? Certainly I must confess mine own barbarousness; I never heard the old song of " Percy and Douglas " [3] that I found not my heart moved more than with a trumpet; and yet it is sung but by some blind crowder, with no rougher voice than rude style; which being so evil apparelled in the dust and cobweb of that uncivil age, what would it work, trimmed in the gorgeous eloquence of Pindar? In Hungary I have seen it the manner at all feasts, and all other such-like meetings, to have songs of their ancestors' valour, which that right soldier-like nation think one of the chiefest kindlers of brave courage. The incomparable Lacedæmonians did not only carry that kind of music ever with them to the field, but even at home, as such songs were made, so were they all content to be singers of them; when the lusty men were to tell what they did, the old men what they had done, and the young

what they would do. And where a man may say that Pindar many times praiseth highly victories of small moment, rather matters of sport than virtue; as it may be answered, it was the fault of the poet, and not of the poetry; so, indeed, the chief fault was in the time and custom of the Greeks, who set those toys at so high a price that Philip of Macedon reckoned a horse-race won at Olympus among his three fearful felicities. But as the inimitable Pindar often did, so is that kind most capable, and most fit, to awake the thoughts from the sleep of idleness, to embrace honourable enterprises.

There rests the heroical, whose very name, I think, should daunt all backbiters. For by what conceit can a tongue be directed to speak evil of that which draweth with him no less champions than Achilles, Cyrus, Æneas, Turnus, Tydeus, Rinaldo? who doth not only teach and move to truth, but teacheth and moveth to the most high and excellent truth; who maketh magnanimity and justice shine through all misty fearfulness and foggy desires; who, if the saying of Plato and Tully be true, that who could see Virtue, would be wonderfully ravished with the love of her beauty; this man setteth her out to make her more lovely, in her holiday apparel, to the eye of any that will deign not to disdain until they understand. But if anything be already said in the defence of sweet poetry, all concurreth to the maintaining the heroical, which is not only a kind, but the best and most accomplished kind of poetry. For, as the image of each action stirreth and instructeth the mind, so the lofty image of such worthies most inflameth the mind with desire to be worthy, and informs with counsel how to be worthy. Only let Æneas be worn in the tablet of your memory—how he governeth himself in the ruin of his country; in the preserving his old father, and carrying away his religious ceremonies; in obeying God's commandments, to leave Dido, though not only all passionate kindness, but even the human consideration of virtuous gratefulness, would have craved other of him; how in storms, how in sports, how in war, how in peace, how a fugitive, how victorious, how besieged, how besieging, how to strangers, how to allies, how to enemies, how to his own; lastly, how in his inward self, and how in his outward gov-

ernment; and I think, in a mind most prejudiced with a prejudicating humour, he will be found in excellency fruitful. Yea, as Horace saith, "melius Chrysippo et Crantore." But, truly, I imagine it falleth out with these poet-whippers as with some good women who often are sick, but in faith they can not tell where. So the name of poetry is odious to them, but neither his cause nor effects, neither the sum that contains him, nor the particularities descending from him, give any fast handle to their carping dispraise.

Since, then, poetry is of all human learnings the most ancient, and of most fatherly antiquity, as from whence other learnings have taken their beginnings; since it is so universal that no learned nation doth despise it, nor barbarous nation is without it; since both Roman and Greek gave such divine names unto it, the one of "prophesying," the other of "making," and that indeed that name of "making" is fit for him, considering, that where all other arts retain themselves within their subject, and receive, as it were, their being from it, the poet only, only bringeth his own stuff, and doth not learn a conceit out of a matter, but maketh matter for a conceit; since neither his description nor end containeth any evil, the thing described can not be evil; since his effects be so good as to teach goodness, and delight the learners of it; since therein (namely, in moral doctrine, the chief of all knowledges) he doth not only far pass the historian, but, for instructing, is well-nigh comparable to the philosopher, for moving, leaveth him behind him; since the holy scripture (wherein there is no uncleanliness) hath whole parts in it poetical, and that even our Saviour Christ vouchsafed to use the flowers of it; since all his kinds are not only in their united forms, but in their several dissections fully commendable; I think, and think I think rightly, the laurel crown appointed for triumphant captains, doth worthily, of all other learnings, honour the poet's triumph.

But because we have ears as well as tongues, and that the lightest reasons that may be will seem to weigh greatly if nothing be put in the counter-balance, let us hear, and, as well as we can, ponder what objections be made against this art, which may be worthy either of yielding or answering.

First, truly, I note, not only in these *μισομούσοι*, poet-haters, but in all that kind of people who seek a praise by dispraising others, that they do prodigally spend a great many wandering words in quips and scoffs, carping and taunting at each thing, which, by stirring the spleen, may stay the brain from a thorough beholding the worthiness of the subject. Those kind of objections, as they are full of a very idle easiness (since there is nothing of so sacred a majesty, but that an itching tongue may rub itself upon it), so deserve they no other answer, but, instead of laughing at the jest, to laugh at the jester. We know a playing wit can praise the discretion of an ass, the comfortableness of being in debt, and the jolly commodities of being sick of the plague; so, of the contrary side, if we will turn Ovid's verse:

"Ut lateat virtus proximitate mali,"

"that good lies hid in nearness of the evil," Agrippa will be as merry in the showing the vanity of science, as Erasmus was in the commending of folly; neither shall any man or matter escape some touch of these smiling railers. But for Erasmus and Agrippa, they had another foundation than the superficial part would promise. Marry, these other pleasant fault-finders, who will correct the verb before they understand the noun, and confute others' knowledge before they confirm their own; I would have them only remember that scoffing cometh not of wisdom; so as the best title in true English they get with their merriments is to be called good fools, for so have our grave forefathers ever termed that humorous kind of jesters.

But that which giveth greatest scope to their scorning humour is rhyming and versing. It is already said, and, as I think, truly said, it is not rhyming and versing that maketh poesy; one may be a poet without versing, and a versifier without poetry. But yet, presuppose it were inseparable, as, indeed, it seemeth Scaliger judgeth truly, it were an inseparable commendation: for if "oratio" next to "ratio," speech next to reason, be the greatest gift bestowed upon mortality, that can not be praiseless which doth most polish that blessing of speech; which considereth each word, not only as a man may say by his forcible quality, but by his best measured quantity; carrying even in

themselves a harmony; without, perchance, number, measure, order, proportion be in our time grown odious.

But lay aside the just praise it hath, by being the only fit speech for music—music, I say, the most divine striker of the senses; thus much is undoubtedly true, that if reading be foolish without remembering, memory being the only treasure of knowledge, those words which are fittest for memory are likewise most convenient for knowledge. Now that verse far exceedeth prose in the knitting up of the memory, the reason is manifest: the words, besides their delight, which hath a great affinity to memory, being so set as one can not be lost but the whole work fails; which, accusing itself, calleth the remembrance back to itself, and so most strongly confirmeth it. Besides, one word so, as it were, begetting another, as, be it in rhyme or measured verse, by the former a man shall have a near guess to the follower. Lastly, even they that have taught the art of memory, have showed nothing so apt for it as a certain room divided into many places, well and thoroughly known; now that hath the verse in effect perfectly, every word having his natural seat, which seat must needs make the word remembered. But what needs more in a thing so known to all men? Who is it, that ever was a scholar, that doth not carry away some verses of Virgil, Horace, or Cato, which in his youth he learned, and even to his old age serve him for hourly lessons? as:

"Percontatorem fugito: nam garrulus idem est."
"Dum sibi quisque placet, credula turba sumus."

But the fitness it hath for memory is notably proved by all delivery of arts, wherein, for the most part, from grammar to logic, mathematics, physic, and the rest, the rules chiefly necessary to be borne away, are compiled in verses. So that verse being in itself sweet and orderly, and being best for memory, the only handle of knowledge, it must be in jest that any man can speak against it.

Now, then, go we to the most important imputations laid to the poor poets; for aught I can yet learn, they are these:

First, that there being many other more fruitful knowledges, a man might better spend his time in them than in this.

Secondly, that it is the mother of lies.

Thirdly, that it is the nurse of abuse, infecting us with many pestilent desires, with a siren sweetness drawing the mind to the serpent's tail of sinful fancies; and herein especially, comedies give the largest field to ear,[4] as Chaucer saith; how, both in other nations and ours, before poets did soften us, we were full of courage, given to martial exercises, the pillars of manlike liberty, and not lulled asleep in shady idleness with poets' pastimes.

And lastly, and chiefly, they cry out with open mouth, as if they had overshot Robin Hood, that Plato banished them out of his commonwealth. Truly, this is much, if there be much truth in it.

First, to the first, that a man might better spend his time, is a reason indeed; but it doth, as they say, but "petere principium." For if it be, as I affirm, that no learning is so good as that which teacheth and moveth to virtue, and that none can both teach and move thereto so much as poesy, then is the conclusion manifest, that ink and paper can not be to a more profitable purpose employed. And certainly, though a man should grant their first assumption, it should follow, methinks, very unwillingly, that good is not good, because better is better. But I still and utterly deny that there is sprung out of earth a more fruitful knowledge.

To the second, therefore, that they should be the principal liars, I answer paradoxically, but truly, I think truly, that of all writers under the sun the poet is the least liar; and though he would, as a poet, can scarcely be a liar. The astronomer, with his cousin the geometrician, can hardly escape when they take upon them to measure the height of the stars. How often, think you, do the physicians lie, when they aver things good for sicknesses, which afterward send Charon a great number of souls drowned in a potion before they come to his ferry? And no less of the rest which take upon them to affirm. Now for the poet: he nothing affirmeth, and therefore never lieth; for, as I take it, to lie is to affirm that to be true which is false; so as the other artists, and especially the historian, affirming many things, can, in the cloudy knowledge of mankind, hardly escape from many lies. But the poet, as

I said before, never affirmeth; the poet never maketh any circles about your imagination, to conjure you to believe for true what he writeth; he citeth not authorities of other histories, but even for his entry calleth the sweet Muses to inspire into him a good invention; in troth, not labouring to tell you what is or is not, but what should or should not be. And, therefore, though he recount things not true, yet because he telleth them not for true he lieth not; without we will say that Nathan lied in his speech, before alleged, to David; which, as a wicked man durst scarce say, so think I none so simple would say that Æsop lied in the tales of his beasts; for who thinketh that Æsop wrote it for actually true were well worthy to have his name chronicled among the beasts he writeth of. What child is there, that cometh to a play, and seeing Thebes written in great letters upon an old door, doth believe that it is Thebes? If, then, a man can arrive to the child's age, to know that the poets' persons and doings are but pictures what should be, and not stories what have been, they will never give the lie to things not affirmatively but allegorically and figurately written; and therefore, as in history, looking for truth, they may go away full fraught with falsehood, so in poesy, looking but for fiction, they shall use the narration but as an imaginative ground-plot of a profitable invention.

But hereto is replied that the poets give names to men they write of, which argueth a conceit of an actual truth, and so, not being true, proveth a falsehood. And doth the lawyer lie, then, when, under the names of John of the Stile, and John of the Nokes, he putteth his case? But that is easily answered: their naming of men is but to make their picture the more lively, and not to build any history. Painting men, they can not leave men nameless: we see we can not play at chess, but that we must give names to our chessmen; and yet, methinks, he were a very partial champion of truth that would say we lied for giving a piece of wood the reverend title of a bishop. The poet nameth Cyrus and Æneas no other way than to show what men of their fames, fortunes, and estates should do.

Their third is, how much it abuseth men's wit, training it to a wanton sinfulness and lustful love. For, indeed,

that is the principal if not only abuse I can hear alleged. They say the comedies rather teach than reprehend amorous conceits; they say the lyric is larded with passionate sonnets; the elegiac weeps the want of his mistress; and that even to the heroical Cupid hath ambitiously climbed. Alas! Love, I would thou couldst as well defend thyself as thou canst offend others! I would those on whom thou dost attend could either put thee away or yield good reason why they keep thee! But grant love of beauty to be a beastly fault, although it be very hard, since only man, and no beast, hath that gift to discern beauty; grant that lovely name of love to deserve all hateful reproaches, although even some of my masters the philosophers spent a good deal of their lamp oil in setting forth the excellency of it; grant, I say, what they will have granted, that not only love, but lust, but vanity, but, if they list, scurrility, possess many leaves of the poets' books; yet, think I, when this is granted, they will find their sentence may, with good manners, put the last words foremost; and not say that poetry abuseth man's wit, but that man's wit abuseth poetry. For I will not deny but that man's wit may make poesy, which should be φραστικὴ, which some learned have defined, figuring forth good things, to be φανταστικὴ, which doth contrariwise infect the fancy with unworthy objects; as the painter, who should give to the eye either some excellent perspective, or some fine picture fit for building or fortification, or containing in it some notable example, as Abraham sacrificing his son Isaac, Judith killing Holofernes, David fighting with Goliath, may leave those, and please an ill-pleased eye with wanton shows of better-hidden matters.

But what! shall the abuse of a thing make the right use odious? Nay, truly, though I yield that poesy may not only be abused, but that, being abused, by the reason of his sweet charming force, it can do more hurt than any other army of words, yet shall it be so far from concluding that the abuse shall give reproach to the abused, that, contrariwise, it is a good reason that whatsoever being abused doth most harm, being rightly used (and upon the right use each thing receives his title) doth most

good. Do we not see skill of physic, the best rampire to our often-assaulted bodies, being abused, teach poison, the most violent destroyer? Doth not knowledge of law, whose end is to even and right all things, being abused, grow the crooked fosterer of horrible injuries? Doth not (to go in the highest) God's word abused breed heresy, and his name abused become blasphemy? Truly, a needle can not do much hurt, and as truly (with leave of ladies be it spoken) it can not do much good. With a sword thou mayest kill thy father, and with a sword thou mayest defend thy prince and country; so that, as in their calling poets fathers of lies, they said nothing, so in this their argument of abuse they prove the commendation.

They allege herewith that before poets began to be in price, our nation had set their heart's delight upon action, and not imagination; rather doing things worthy to be written, than writing things fit to be done. What that before time was, I think scarcely Sphinx can tell, since no memory is so ancient that gives not the precedence to poetry. And certain it is that, in our plainest homeliness, yet never was the Albion nation without poetry. Marry, this argument, though it be levelled against poetry, yet is it indeed a chain-shot against all learning or bookishness, as they commonly term it. Of such mind were certain Goths, of whom it is written that, having in the spoil of a famous city taken a fair library, one hangman, belike fit to execute the fruits of their wits, who had murdered a great number of bodies, would have set fire in it. "No," said another, very gravely; "take heed what you do; for while they are busy about those toys we shall with more leisure conquer their countries." This, indeed, is the ordinary doctrine of ignorance, and many words sometimes I have heard spent in it; but because this reason is generally against all learning, as well as poetry, or rather all learning but poetry; because it were too large a digression to handle it, or at least too superfluous, since it is manifest that all government of action is to be gotten by knowledge, and knowledge best by gathering many knowledges, which is reading; I only say with Horace, to him that is of that opinion:

"Jubeo stultum esse libenter";

for as for poetry itself, it is the freest from this objection, for poetry is the companion of camps. I dare undertake Orlando Furioso, or honest King Arthur, will never displease a soldier; but the quiddity of "ens" and "prima materia," will hardly agree with a corselet. And, therefore, as I said in the beginning, even Turks and Tartars are delighted with poets. Homer, a Greek, flourished before Greece flourished; and if to a slight conjecture a conjecture may be opposed, truly it may seem that, as by him their learned men took almost their first light of knowledge, so their active men received their first motions of courage. Only Alexander's example may serve, who by Plutarch is accounted of such virtue, that fortune was not his guide, but his footstool; whose acts speak for him, though Plutarch did not; indeed, the phœnix of warlike princes. This Alexander left his schoolmaster, living Aristotle, behind him, but took dead Homer with him. He put the philosopher Callisthenes to death, for his seeming philosophical, indeed, mutinous, stubbornness; but the chief thing he was ever heard to wish for was that Homer had been alive. He well found he received more bravery of mind by the pattern of Achilles than by hearing the definition of fortitude. And, therefore, if Cato misliked Fulvius for carrying Ennius with him to the field, it may be answered, that if Cato misliked it the noble Fulvius liked it, or else he had not done it; for it was not the excellent Cato Uticensis, whose authority I would much more have reverenced, but it was the former, in truth, a bitter punisher of faults, but else a man that had never sacrificed to the Graces. He misliked and cried out against all Greek learning; and yet, being fourscore years old, began to learn it, belike fearing that Plato understood not Latin. Indeed, the Roman laws allowed no person to be carried to the wars but he that was in the soldiers' roll. And, therefore, though Cato misliked his unmustered person, he misliked not his work. And if he had, Scipio Nasica (judged by common consent the best Roman) loved him; both the other Scipio brothers, who had by their virtues no less surnames than of Asia and Afric, so loved him that they caused his body to be buried in their sepulture. So as Cato's authority being but

against his person, and that answered with so far greater than himself, is herein of no validity.

But now, indeed, my burden is great, that Plato's name is laid upon me, whom I must confess, of all philosophers, I have ever esteemed most worthy of reverence; and with good reason, since of all philosophers he is the most poetical. Yet if he will defile the fountain out of which his flowing streams have proceeded, let us boldly examine with what reason he did.

First, truly, a man might maliciously object that Plato, being a philosopher, was a natural enemy of poets; for, indeed, after the philosophers had picked out of the sweet mysteries of poetry the right discerning true points of knowledge, they forthwith, putting it in method, and making a school art of that which the poets did only teach by a divine delightfulness, beginning to spurn at their guides, like ungrateful apprentices, were not content to set up shop for themselves, but sought by all means to discredit their masters; which, by the force of delight being barred them, the less they could overthrow them the more they hated them; for, indeed, they found for Homer seven cities strove who should have him for their citizen, where many cities banished philosophers, as not fit members to live among them. For only repeating certain of Euripides's verses, many Athenians had their lives saved of the Syracusans, where the Athenians themselves thought many philosophers unworthy to live. Certain poets, as Simonides and Pindar, had so prevailed with Hiero the First that of a tyrant they made him a just king; where Plato could do so little with Dionysius that he himself, of a philosopher, was made a slave. But who should do thus, I confess, should requite the objections made against poets with like cavillations against philosophers; as likewise one should do that should bid one read Phædrus or Symposium in Plato, or the discourses of love in Plutarch, and see whether any poet do authorize abominable filthiness as they do.

Again, a man might ask out of what commonwealth Plato doth banish them. In sooth, thence where he himself alloweth community of women. So as belike this banishment grew not for effeminate wantonness, since little

should poetical sonnets be hurtful when a man might have what woman he listed. But I honour philosophical instructions, and bless the wits which bred them, so as they be not abused, which is likewise stretched to poetry. Saint Paul himself sets a watchword upon philosophy; indeed, upon the abuse. So doth Plato upon the abuse, not upon poetry. Plato found fault that the poets of his time filled the world with wrong opinions of the gods, making light tales of that unspotted essence, and, therefore, would not have the youth depraved with such opinions. Herein may much be said; let this suffice: the poets did not induce such opinions, but did imitate those opinions already induced. For all the Greek stories can well testify that the very religion of that time stood upon many and many-fashioned gods; not taught so by poets, but followed according to their nature of imitation. Who list may read in Plutarch the discourses of Isis and Osiris, of the cause why oracles ceased, of the divine providence, and see whether the theology of that nation stood not upon such dreams, which the poets indeed superstitiously observed; and truly, since they had not the light of Christ, did much better in it than the philosophers, who, shaking off superstition, brought in atheism.

Plato, therefore, whose authority I had much rather justly construe than unjustly resist, meant not in general of poets, in those words of which Julius Scaliger saith, "quâ authoritate barbari quidam atque insipidi abuti velint ad poetas e republicâ exigendos"; but only meant to drive out those wrong opinions of the Deity, whereof now, without further law, Christianity hath taken away all the hurtful belief, perchance as he thought, nourished by then esteemed poets. And a man need go no farther than to Plato himself to know his meaning; who, in his dialogue called Ion, giveth high and rightly divine commendation unto poetry. So as Plato, banishing the abuse, not the thing, not banishing it, but giving due honour to it, shall be our patron, and not our adversary. For, indeed, I had much rather, since truly I may do it, show their mistaking of Plato, under whose lion's skin they would make an ass-like braying against poesy, than go about to overthrow his authority; whom, the wiser a man is, the

more just cause he shall find to have in admiration, especially since he attributeth unto poesy more than myself do—namely, to be a very inspiring of a divine force, far above man's wit, as in the forenamed dialogue is apparent.

Of the other side, who would show the honours have been by the best sort of judgments granted them, a whole sea of examples would present themselves: Alexanders, Cæsars, Scipios, all favourers of poets; Lælius, called the Roman Socrates, himself a poet, so as part of "Heautontimoroumenos," in Terence, was supposed to be made by him. And even the Greek Socrates, whom Apollo confirmed to be the only wise man, is said to have spent part of his old time in putting Æsop's Fables into verse; and, therefore, full evil should it become his scholar, Plato, to put such words in his master's mouth against poets. But what needs more? Aristotle writes the Art of Poesy; and why, if it should not be written? Plutarch teacheth the use to be gathered of them; and how, if they should not be read? And who reads Plutarch's either history or philosophy shall find he trimmeth both their garments with gards of poesy.

But I list not to defend poesy with the help of his underling historiographer. Let it suffice to have showed it is a fit soil for praise to dwell upon, and what dispraise may be set upon it is either easily overcome or transformed into just commendation. So, that since the excellencies of it may be so easily and so justly confirmed, and the low, creeping objections so soon trodden down, it not being an art of lies, but of true doctrine; not of effeminateness, but of notable stirring of courage; not of abusing man's wit, but of strengthening man's wit; not banished, but honoured by Plato, let us rather plant more laurels for to ingarland the poets' heads (which honour of being laureate, as besides them only triumphant captains were, is a sufficient authority to show the price they ought to be held in) than suffer the ill-favoured breath of such wrong speakers once to blow upon the clear springs of poesy.

But since I have run so long a career in this matter, methinks, before I give my pen a full stop, it shall be but

a little more lost time to inquire why England, the mother of excellent minds, should be grown so hard a stepmother to poets, who, certainly, in wit ought to pass all others, since all only proceeds from their wit; being, indeed, makers of themselves, not takers of others. How can I but exclaim:

"Musa, mihi causas memora, quo numine læso!"

Sweet poesy! that hath anciently had kings, emperors, senators, great captains, such as, besides a thousand others, David, Adrian, Sophocles, Germanicus, not only to favour poets, but to be poets; and of our nearer times can present for her patrons a Robert, King of Sicily; the great King Francis of France; King James of Scotland; such cardinals as Bembus and Bibiena; such famous preachers and teachers as Beza and Melanchthon; so learned philosophers as Fracastorius and Scaliger; so great orators as Pontanus and Muretus; so piercing wits as George Buchanan; so grave counsellors as, besides many, but before all, that Hospital of France, than whom, I think, that realm never brought forth a more accomplished judgment more firmly builded upon virtue; I say these, with numbers of others, not only to read others' poesies, but to poetize for others' reading; that poesy, thus embraced in all other places, should only find, in our time, a hard welcome in England, I think the very earth laments it, and therefore decks our soil with fewer laurels than it was accustomed. For heretofore poets have in England also flourished; and, which is to be noted, even in those times when the trumpet of Mars did sound loudest. And now, that an over-faint quietness should seem to strew the house for poets, they are almost in as good reputation as the mountebanks at Venice. Truly, even that, as of the one side it giveth great praise to poesy, which, like Venus (but to better purpose), had rather be troubled in the net with Mars, than enjoy the homely quiet of Vulcan; so serveth it for a piece of a reason why they are less grateful to idle England, which now can scarce endure the pain of a pen. Upon this necessarily followeth that base men, with servile wits, undertake it, who think it enough if they can be rewarded of the printer; and so as Epaminondas is said, with the hon-

our of his virtue, to have made an office, by his exercising it, which before was contemptible, to become highly respected, so these men, no more but setting their names to it, by their own disgracefulness disgrace the most graceful poesy. For now, as if all the Muses were got with child to bring forth bastard poets, without any commission they do post over the banks of Helicon, until they make their readers more weary than post-horses; while, in the meantime, they,

"Queis meliore luto finxit præcordia Titan,"

are better content to suppress the outflowings of their wit, than by publishing them to be accounted knights of the same order.

But I that, before ever I durst aspire unto the dignity, am admitted into the company of the paper-blurrers, do find the very true cause of our wanting estimation, is want of desert, taking upon us to be poets in despite of Pallas. Now, wherein we want desert were a thankworthy labour to express. But if I knew, I should have mended myself; but as I never desired the title, so have I neglected the means to come by it, only, overmastered by some thoughts, I yielded an inky tribute unto them. Marry, they that delight in poesy itself should seek to know what they do, and how they do especially look themselves in an unflattering glass of reason, if they be inclinable unto it.

For poesy must not be drawn by the ears; it must be gently led, or rather it must lead, which was partly the cause that made the ancient learned affirm it was a divine and no human skill, since all other knowledges lie ready for any that have strength of wit; a poet no industry can make if his own genius be not carried into it. And therefore is an old proverb, "Orator fit, poeta nascitur." Yet confess I always that, as the fertilest ground must be manured, so must the highest flying wit have a Dædalus to guide him. That Dædalus, they say, both in this and in other, hath three wings to bear itself up into the air of due commendation—that is, art, imitation, and exercise. But these, neither artificial rules nor imitative patterns, we much cumber ourselves withal. Exercise, indeed, we do, but that very forebackwardly; for where we should

exercise to know, we exercise as having known; and so is our brain delivered of much matter which never was begotten by knowledge, for, there being two principal parts, matter to be expressed by words, and words to express the matter, in neither we use art or imitation rightly. Our matter is "quodlibet," indeed, although wrongly performing Ovid's verse,

"Quicquid conabor dicere, versus erit";

never marshalling it into any assured rank, that almost the readers can not tell where to find themselves.

Chaucer, undoubtedly, did excellently in his "Troilus and Cressida"; of whom, truly, I know not whether to marvel more, either that he, in that misty time, could see so clearly, or that we, in this clear age, go so stumblingly after him. Yet had he great wants, fit to be forgiven in so reverend antiquity. I account the "Mirror of Magistrates" [5] meetly furnished of beautiful parts. And in the Earl of Surrey's Lyrics,[6] many things tasting of a noble birth, and worthy of a noble mind. The "Shepherds' Kalendar" [7] hath more poesy in his eclogues, indeed, worthy the reading, if I be not deceived. That same framing of his style to an old rustic language I dare not allow, since neither Theocritus in Greek, Virgil in Latin, nor Sannazaro in Italian, did affect it. Besides these I do not remember to have seen but few (to speak boldly) printed that have poetical sinews in them. For proof whereof, let but most of the verses be put in prose and then ask the meaning, and it will be found that one verse did but beget another, without ordering, at the first, what should be at the last, which becomes a confused mass of words, with a tinkling sound of rhyme, barely accompanied with reason.

Our tragedies and comedies, not without cause, are cried out against, observing rules neither of honest civility nor skilful poetry. Excepting "Gorboduc" [8] (again I say of those that I have seen), which notwithstanding, as it is full of stately speeches and well-sounding phrases, climbing to the height of Seneca his style, and as full of notable morality, which it doth most delightfully teach, and so obtain the very end of poesy; yet, in truth, it is very de-

fectuous in the circumstances, which grieves me, because it might not remain as an exact model of all tragedies. For it is faulty both in place and time, the two necessary companions of all corporal actions. For where the stage should always represent but one place, and the uttermost time presupposed in it should be, both by Aristotle's precept and common reason, but one day, there is both many days and many places inartificially imagined.

But if it be so in "Gorboduc," how much more in all the rest? where you shall have Asia of the one side, and Afric of the other, and so many other under kingdoms, that the player when he comes in must ever begin with telling where he is, or else the tale will not be conceived. Now shall you have three ladies walk to gather flowers, and then we must believe the stage to be a garden. By-and-by we hear news of shipwreck in the same place; then we are to blame if we accept it not for a rock. Upon the back of that comes a hideous monster with fire and smoke, and then the miserable beholders are bound to take it for a cave; while, in the meantime, two armies fly in, represented with four swords and bucklers, and then, what hard heart will not receive it for a pitched field?

Now of time they are much more liberal, for ordinary it is that two young princes fall in love; after many traverses she is got with child; delivered of a fair boy; he is lost, groweth a man, falleth in love, and is ready to get another child; and all this in two hours' space, which, how absurd it is in sense, even sense may imagine, and art hath taught, and all ancient examples justified, and at this day the ordinary players in Italy will not err in. Yet will some bring in an example of the "Eunuch" in Terence, that containeth matter of two days, yet far short of twenty years. True it is, and so was it to be played in two days, and so fitted to the time it set forth. And though Plautus have in one place done amiss, let us hit it with him, and not miss with him. But they will say, How then shall we set forth a story which contains both many places and many times? And do they not know that a tragedy is tied to the laws of poesy, and not of history; not bound to follow the story, but having liberty either to feign a quite new matter, or to frame the history to the most tragical

convenience? Again, many things may be told which can not be showed, if they know the difference betwixt reporting and representing. As, for example, I may speak, though I am here, of Peru, and in speech digress from that to the description of Calicut; but in action I can not represent it without Pacolet's horse. And so was the manner the ancients took by some "Nuntius," to recount things done in former time, or other place.

Lastly, if they will represent a history, they must not, as Horace saith, begin "ab ovo," but they must come to the principal point of that one action which they will represent. By example this will be best expressed: I have a story of young Polydorus, delivered, for safety's sake, with great riches, by his father Priamus, to Polymnestor, King of Thrace, in the Trojan war time. He, after some years, hearing of the overthrow of Priamus, for to make the treasure his own, murdereth the child; the body of the child is taken up: Hecuba, she, the same day, findeth a sleight to be revenged most cruelly of the tyrant. Where now would one of our tragedy-writers begin but with the delivery of the child? Then should he sail over into Thrace, and so spend I know not how many years, and travel numbers of places. But where doth Euripides? Even with the finding of the body, leaving the rest to be told by the spirit of Polydorus. This needs no further to be enlarged; the dullest wit may conceive it.

But besides these gross absurdities, how all their plays be neither right tragedies nor right comedies, mingling kings and clowns, not because the matter so carrieth it, but thrust in the clown by head and shoulders to play a part in majestical matters, with neither decency nor discretion; so as neither the admiration and commiseration, nor the right sportfulness, is by their mongrel tragi-comedy obtained. I know Apuleius did somewhat so, but that is a thing recounted with space of time, not represented in one moment; and I know the ancients have one or two examples of tragi-comedies, as Plautus hath "Amphytrio." But, if we mark them well, we shall find that they never, or very daintily, match hornpipes and funerals. So falleth it out that, having indeed no right comedy in that comical part of our tragedy, we have nothing but scurrility, un-

worthy of any chaste ears; or some extreme show of doltishness, indeed, fit to lift up a loud laughter, and nothing else; where the whole tract of a comedy should be full of delight, as the tragedy should be still maintained in a well-raised admiration.

But our comedians think there is no delight without laughter, which is very wrong, for though laughter may come with delight, yet cometh it not of delight as though delight should be the cause of laughter; but well may one thing breed both together. Nay, in themselves they have, as it were, a kind of contrariety. For delight we scarcely do, but in things that have a conveniency to ourselves, or to the general nature; laughter almost ever cometh of things most disproportioned to ourselves and nature. Delight hath a joy in it either permanent or present; laughter hath only a scornful tickling. For example, we are ravished with delight to see a fair woman, and yet are far from being moved to laughter; we laugh at deformed creatures, wherein certainly we can not delight; we delight in good chances, we laugh at mischances; we delight to hear the happiness of our friends and country, at which he were worthy to be laughed at that would laugh; we shall, contrarily, sometimes laugh to find a matter quite mistaken, and go down the hill against the bias, in the mouth of some such men, as for the respect of them, one shall be heartily sorry he can not choose but laugh, and so is rather pained than delighted with laughter. Yet deny I not but that they may go well together; for, as in Alexander's picture well set out, we delight without laughter, and in twenty mad antics we laugh without delight; so in Hercules, painted with his great beard and furious countenance, in a woman's attire, spinning at Omphale's commandment, it breeds both delight and laughter, for the representing of so strange a power in love procures delight, and the scornfulness of the action stirreth laughter.

But I speak to this purpose that all the end of the comical part be not upon such scornful matters as stir laughter only, but mix with it that delightful teaching which is the end of poesy. And the great fault, even in that point of laughter, and forbidden plainly by Aristotle,

is that they stir laughter in sinful things, which are rather execrable than ridiculous; or in miserable, which are rather to be pitied than scorned. For what is it to make folks gape at a wretched beggar, and a beggarly clown; or, against the law of hospitality, to jest at strangers because they speak not English so well as we do? what do we learn, since it is certain,

> "Nil habet infelix paupertas durius in se,
> Quam quod ridiculos homines facit?"

But rather a busy, loving courtier, and a heartless, threatening Thraso; a self-wise, seeming schoolmaster; a wry-transformed traveller; these, if we saw walk in stage names, which we play naturally, therein were delightful laughter and teaching delightfulness; as in the other, the tragedies of Buchanan do justly bring forth a divine admiration.

But I have lavished out too many words of this play matter; I do it because, as they are excelling parts of poesy, so is there none so much used in England, and none can be more pitifully abused; which, like an unmannerly daughter showing a bad education, causeth her mother Poesy's honesty to be called in question.

Other sorts of poetry, almost, have we none, but that lyrical kind of songs and sonnets, which, if the Lord gave us so good minds, how well it might be employed, and with how heavenly fruits, both private and public, in singing the praises of the immortal beauty, the immortal goodness of that God, who giveth us hands to write, and wits to conceive; of which we might well want words, but never matter; of which we could turn our eyes to nothing, but we should ever have new budding occasions.

But, truly, many of such writings as come under the banner of unresistible love, if I were a mistress, would never persuade me they were in love; so coldly they apply fiery speeches, as men that had rather read lovers' writings, and so caught up certain swelling phrases, which hang together like a man that once told me "the wind was at northwest and by south," because he would be sure to name winds enough; than that, in truth, they feel those passions, which easily, as I think, may be bewrayed by

that same forcibleness, or "energia" (as the Greeks call it) of the writer. But let this be a sufficient, though short note, that we miss the right use of the material point of poesy.

Now for the outside of it, which is words, or (as I may term it) diction, it is even well worse; so is that honey-flowing matron eloquence, apparelled, or rather disguised, in a courtesanlike painted affectation: one time with so far-fetched words that many seem monsters, but most seem strangers to any poor Englishman; another time with coursing of a letter, as if they were bound to follow the method of a dictionary; another time with figures and flowers, extremely winter-starved.

But I would this fault were only peculiar to versifiers, and had not as large possession among prose-printers, and, which is to be marvelled, among many scholars, and, which is to be pitied, among some preachers. Truly, I could wish (if at least I might be so bold to wish, in a thing beyond the reach of my capacity) the diligent imitators of Tully and Demosthenes, most worthy to be imitated, did not so much keep Nizolian paper-books of their figures and phrases, as by attentive translation, as it were, devour them whole, and make them wholly theirs. For now they cast sugar and spice upon every dish that is served at the table; like those Indians, not content to wear ear-rings at the fit and natural place of the ears, but they will thrust jewels through their nose and lips, because they will be sure to be fine. Tully, when he was to drive out Catiline, as it were with a thunderbolt of eloquence, often useth the figure of repetition, as "Vivit et vincit, imo in senatum venit, imo in senatum venit," etc. Indeed, inflamed with a well-grounded rage, he would have his words, as it were, double out of his mouth; and so do that artificially, which we see men in choler do naturally. And we, having noted the grace of those words, hale them in sometimes to a familiar epistle, when it were too much choler to be choleric.

How well store of "similiter cadences" doth sound with the gravity of the pulpit I would but invoke Demosthenes's soul to tell, who with a rare daintiness useth them. Truly, they have made me think of the sophister, that with

too much subtlety would prove two eggs three, and though he might be counted a sophister, had none for his labour. So these men, bringing in such kind of eloquence, well may they obtain an opinion of a seeming fineness, but persuade few, which should be the end of their fineness.

Now for similitudes in certain printed discourses, I think all herbalists, all stories of beasts, fowls, and fishes are rifled up, that they may come in multitudes to wait upon any of our conceits, which certainly is as absurd a surfeit to the ears as is possible. For the force of a similitude not being to prove anything to a contrary disputer, but only to explain to a willing hearer; when that is done, the rest is a most tedious prattling, rather overswaying the memory from the purpose whereto they were applied than any whit informing the judgment, already either satisfied, or by similitudes not to be satisfied.

For my part, I do not doubt, when Antonius and Crassus, the great forefathers of Cicero in eloquence, the one (as Cicero testifieth of them) pretended not to know art, the other not to set by it, because with a plain sensibleness they might win credit of popular ears, which credit is the nearest step to persuasion (which persuasion is the chief mark of oratory), I do not doubt, I say, but that they used these knacks very sparingly; which who doth generally use, any man may see, doth dance to his own music; and so to be noted by the audience, more careful to speak curiously than truly. Undoubtedly (at least to my opinion undoubtedly) I have found in divers small-learned courtiers, a more sound style, than in some professors of learning; of which I can guess no other cause but that the courtier, following that which by practice he findeth fittest to Nature, therein (though he know it not) doth according to art, though not by art; where the other, using art to show art, and not hide art (as in these cases he should do), flieth from Nature, and indeed abuseth art.

But what! methinks I deserve to be pounded for straying from poetry to oratory; but both have such an affinity in the wordish considerations that I think this digression will make my meaning receive the fuller understanding, which is not to take upon me to teach poets how they should do, but only finding myself sick among the rest, to

show some one or two spots of the common infection grown among the most part of writers; that, acknowledging ourselves somewhat awry, we may bend to the right use both of matter and manner, whereto our language giveth us great occasion, being, indeed, capable of any excellent exercising of it. I know some will say it is a mingled language; and why not so much the better, taking the best of both the other? Another will say it wanteth grammar. Nay, truly, it hath that praise, that it wants not grammar, for grammar it might have, but needs it not, being so easy in itself, and so void of those cumbersome differences of cases, genders, moods, and tenses; which, I think, was a piece of the tower of Babylon's curse, that a man should be put to school to learn his mother tongue. But for the uttering sweetly and properly the conceit of the mind, which is the end of speech, that hath it equally with any other tongue in the world, and is particularly happy in compositions of two or three words together, near the Greek, far beyond the Latin; which is one of the greatest beauties can be in a language.

Now, of versifying there are two sorts, the one ancient, the other modern; the ancient marked the quantity of each syllable, and according to that framed his verse; the modern observing only number, with some regard of the accent, the chief life of it standeth in that like sounding of the words, which we call rhyme. Whether of these be the more excellent would bear many speeches; the ancient, no doubt, more fit for music, both words and time observing quantity, and more fit lively to express divers passions by the low or lofty sound of the well-weighed syllable. The latter, likewise, with his rhyme striketh a certain music to the ear; and, in fine, since it doth delight, though by another way, it obtaineth the same purpose; there being in either, sweetness, and wanting in neither, majesty. Truly, the English, before any vulgar language I know, is fit for both sorts; for, for the ancient, the Italian is so full of vowels that it must ever be cumbered with elisions; the Dutch so, of the other side, with consonants that they can not yield the sweet sliding fit for a verse. The French, in his whole language, hath not one word that hath his accent in the last syllable saving two, called antepenultima, and little

more hath the Spanish; and therefore very gracelessly may they use dactyles. The English is subject to none of these defects.

Now for rhyme, though we do not observe quantity, yet we observe the accent very precisely, which other languages either can not do, or will not do so absolutely. That "cæsura," or breathing-place, in the midst of the verse, neither Italian nor Spanish have, the French and we never almost fail of. Lastly, even the very rhyme itself the Italian can not put in the last syllable, by the French named the masculine rhyme, but still in the next to the last, which the French call the female; or the next before that, which the Italian calls "sdrucciola": [9] the example of the former is, "buono," "suono"; of the "sdrucciola" is, "femina," "semina." The French, of the other side, hath both the male, as "bon," "son," and the female, as "plaise," "taise"; but the "sdrucciola" he hath not; where the English hath all three, as "due," "true," "father," "rather," motion," "potion"; with much more which might be said, but that already I find the trifling of this discourse is much too much enlarged.

So that since the ever-praiseworthy poesy is full of virtue, breeding delightfulness, and void of no gift that ought to be in the noble name of learning, since the blames laid against it are either false or feeble; since the cause why it is not esteemed in England is the fault of poet-apes, not poets; since, lastly, our tongue is most fit to honour poesy and to be honoured by poesy, I conjure you all that have had the evil luck to read this ink-wasting toy of mine, even in the name of the nine Muses, no more to scorn the sacred mysteries of poesy; no more to laugh at the name of poets as though they were next inheritors to fools; no more to jest at the reverend title of "a rhymer"; but to believe with Aristotle that they were the ancient treasurers of the Grecians' divinity; to believe, with Bembus, that they were the first bringers-in of all civility; to believe, with Scaliger, that no philosopher's precepts can sooner make you an honest man than the reading of Virgil; to believe, with Clauserus, the translator of Cornutus, that it pleased the heavenly deity by Hesiod and Homer, under the veil of fables, to give us all knowledge, logic, rhetoric,

philosophy, natural and moral, and "quid non?" to believe, with me, that there are many mysteries contained in poetry which of purpose were written darkly, lest by profane wits it should be abused; to believe, with Landin, that they are so beloved of the gods that whatsoever they write proceeds of a divine fury; lastly, to believe themselves, when they tell you they will make you immortal by their verses.

Thus doing, your names shall flourish in the printers' shops; thus doing, you shall be of kin to many a poetical preface; thus doing, you shall be most fair, most rich, most wise, most all, you shall dwell upon superlatives; thus doing, though you be "libertino patre natus," you shall suddenly grow "Herculea proles,"

"Si quid mea carmina possunt":

thus doing, your soul shall be placed with Dante's Beatrix, or Virgil's Anchises.

But if (fie of such a but!) you be born so near the dull-making cataract of Nilus that you can not hear the planet-like music of poetry; if you have so earth-creeping a mind that it can not lift itself up to look to the sky of poetry, or rather, by a certain rustical disdain, will become such a mome as to be a Momus of poetry, then, though I will not wish unto you the ass's ears of Midas, nor to be driven by a poet's verses, as Bubonax was, to hang himself; nor to be rhymed to death, as is said to be done in Ireland; yet thus much curse I must send you in the behalf of all poets: that while you live, you live in love, and never get favour, for lacking skill of a sonnet; and when you die, your memory die from the earth for want of an epitaph.

NOTES

[1] This was Edward, the elder brother of Sir Henry Wotton. His name appeared at full length in the first edition of the "Defence," and the initials were only substituted in the second, which accompanied the Arcadia.

[2] This is conceived to have suggested Shakespeare's exquisite description:

"That aged ears played truant at his tales,
And younger hearings were quite ravished;
So sweet and voluble was his discourse," etc.
("Love's Labour's Lost," act ii, scene 1.)

[3] Ben Jonson, charmed with the beauties of this old song of Chevy Chase, was wont to say that he would rather have been the

author of that little poem than of all his own works. The ballad, on which there is a beautiful critique in the "Spectator," Nos. 70 and 74, is conjectured to have been written after this eulogium of Mr. Sidney, who probably had in contemplation a poem of an older date, which is inserted in Percy's "Reliques of Ancient English Poetry." (Dr. Zouch.)

[4] "To ear" or "ere" is "to till" or "plough," and is a verb sometimes used by Shakespeare, Fletcher, and many others of the old writers. In the present case the expression "comedies give the largest field to ear" probably means that they afford the largest matter for discourse. It is in this sense, according to Urry, that the phrase is employed by Chaucer in the passage referred to. ("Ch. Prol.," v, 888.)

[5] The "Mirror for Magistrates" was the joint production of Thomas Sackville, Lord Buckhurst and Earl of Dorset, and other ingenious persons of less note, his contemporaries and friends. It first appeared in print in 1559. Buckhurst contributed the "Induction," which has ever been esteemed one of the most vigorous remnants of old English poetry. Walpole styles him "the patriarch of a race of genius and wit."

[6] Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, was the son of Thomas, Duke of Norfolk. He was the author of several minor poems, of much elegance and spirit; and he afforded the earliest specimen of blank verse in our language in his translation of the fourth book of the "Æneid." The jealousy of Henry VIII brought him to the scaffold in 1546–'47.

[7] Written by Spenser, and dedicated "to the noble and virtuous gentleman, most worthy of all titles both of learning and chivalry, Master Philip Sidney."

[8] This play was written by Lord Buckhurst and Mr. Thomas Norton. It was first printed in the year 1565, under the title of "Ferrex and Porrex," but in 1590 its name was changed to that of the "Tragedy of Gorboduc." It was represented before Queen Elizabeth by the gentlemen of the Inner Temple. The first three acts were the composition of Norton, and the fourth and fifth of Lord Buckhurst.

[9] That is, the easy sliding of words of three or more syllables.

AREOPAGITICA

A SPEECH FOR THE LIBERTY OF UNLICENSED PRINTING

BY

JOHN MILTON

JOHN MILTON was born in London, December 9, 1608. His father, a scrivener, was author of several successful musical compositions. The family were Puritans. The son was carefully educated, first by private tutors and then at Cambridge. The father acquired a fortune and retired to a home in Horton, Buckinghamshire, where the son, on his return from college, also settled, and deliberately took up the task of making a poet of himself. He had produced creditable verses at school, and he now wrote his "Hymn on the Nativity," "L'Allegro" and "Penseroso," Latin poems, and "Comus." He wrote "Lycidas" in his thirtieth year. In considering Milton as a poet, the reader must skip from this time to his last years, when he wrote "Paradise Lost" (completed in 1663), "Paradise Regained," and "Samson Agonistes" (1671). These, with occasional sonnets, sum up his poetical work. But meanwhile he had been active in politics, and had published a great deal of prose, some of which still survives. He was travelling in Italy when the uprising against Charles I occurred, and hurried home. He defended the execution of Charles in pamphlets entitled "The Tenure of Kings and Magistrates" and "Pro Populo Anglicano Defensio," and under the Commonwealth held the office of Secretary of Foreign Tongues. At the Restoration he necessarily retired from politics. He had become blind at the age of forty-six. Milton was married three times. His first wife, Mary Powell, soon left him and retired to her father's house, where she remained two years, and then returned and lived with him seven years, till her death in 1652. She left three daughters. During the separation he wrote several pamphlets in advocacy of divorce, for which he was attacked by the Presbyterians and threatened with prosecution by a committee of Parliament. He had some trouble in getting these tracts published, on account of the censorship of the press, and this was the occasion of his writing (1644) the "Areopagitica," now universally acknowledged to be his masterpiece in prose. In all his political writing he had boldly taken the side of popular liberty, even advocating abolition of royalty and the House of Lords; and this plea for freedom of the press was consistent with his whole record as a publicist. He died November 8, 1674.

AREOPAGITICA

THEY who to states and governors of the commonwealth direct their speech, High Court of Parliament, or, wanting such access in a private condition, write that which they foresee may advance the public good, I suppose them, as at the beginning of no mean endeavour, not a little altered and moved inwardly in their minds: some with doubt of what will be the success, others with fear of what will be the censure; some with hope, others with confidence of what they have to speak. And me perhaps each of these dispositions, as the subject was whereon I entered, may have at other times variously affected; and likely might in these foremost expressions now also disclose which of them swayed most, but that the very attempt of this address thus made, and the thought of whom it hath recourse to, hath got the power within me to a passion, far more welcome than incidental to a preface. Which though I stay not to confess ere any ask, I shall be blameless, if it be no other than the joy and gratulation which it brings to all who wish and promote their country's liberty; whereof this whole discourse proposed will be a certain testimony, if not a trophy. For this is not the liberty which we can hope, that no grievance ever should arise in the commonwealth, that let no man in this world expect; but when complaints are freely heard, deeply considered, and speedily reformed, then is the utmost bound of civil liberty attained that wise men look for. To which if I now manifest by the very sound of this which I shall utter that we are already in good part arrived, and yet from such a steep disadvantage of tyranny and superstition grounded into our principles as was beyond the manhood of a Roman recovery, it will be attributed first, as is most due, to the strong assistance

of God our deliverer, next to your faithful guidance and undaunted wisdom, Lords and Commons of England. Neither is it in God's esteem the diminution of his glory when honourable things are spoken of good men and worthy magistrates; which if I now first should begin to do, after so fair a progress of your laudable deeds, and such a long obligement upon the whole realm to your indefatigable virtues, I might be justly reckoned among the tardiest and the unwillingest of them that praise ye. Nevertheless, there being three principal things, without which all praising is but courtship and flattery: first, when that only is praised which is solidly worth praise; next, when greatest likelihoods are brought that such things are truly and really in those persons to whom they are ascribed; the other, when he who praises, by showing that such his actual persuasion is of whom he writes, can demonstrate that he flatters not. The former two of these I have heretofore endeavoured, rescuing the employment from him who went about to impair your merits with a trivial and malignant encomium; the latter as belonging chiefly to mine own acquittal, that whom I so extolled I did not flatter, hath been reserved opportunely to this occasion. For he who freely magnifies what hath been nobly done, and fears not to declare as freely what might be done better, gives ye the best covenant of his fidelity, and that his loyalest affection and his hope waits on your proceedings. His highest praising is not flattery, and his plainest advice is a kind of praising; for though I should affirm and hold by argument that it would fare better with truth, with learning, and the commonwealth, if one of your published orders, which I should name, were called in, yet at the same time it could not but much redound to the lustre of your mild and equal Government, when as private persons are hereby animated to think ye better pleased with public advice than other statists have been delighted heretofore with public flattery. And men will then see what difference there is between the magnanimity of a triennial Parliament and that jealous haughtiness of prelates and cabin counsellors that usurped of late, when as they shall observe ye in the midst of your victories and successes more gently brooking written exceptions against a voted

order than other courts, which had produced nothing worth memory but the weak ostentation of wealth, would have endured the least signified dislike at any sudden proclamation. If I should thus far presume upon the meek demeanour of your civil and gentle greatness, Lords and Commons, as what your published order hath directly said, that to gainsay, I might defend myself with ease, if any should accuse me of being new or insolent, did they but know how much better I find ye esteem it to imitate the old and elegant humanity of Greece than the barbaric pride of a Hunnish and Norwegian stateliness. And out of those ages, to whose polite wisdom and letters we owe that we are not yet Goths and Jutlanders, I could name him who from his private house wrote that discourse to the Parliament of Athens, that persuades them to change the form of democracy which was then established. Such honour was done in those days to men who professed the study of wisdom and eloquence, not only in their own country, but in other lands, that cities and seignories heard them gladly and with great respect, if they had aught in public to admonish the state. Thus did Dion Prusæus, a stranger and a private orator, counsel the Rhodians against a former edict; and I abound with other like examples, which to set here would be superfluous. But if from the industry of a life wholly dedicated to studious labours, and those natural endowments haply not the worst for two-and-fifty degrees of northern latitude, so much must be derogated as to count me not equal to any of those who had this privilege, I would obtain to be thought not so inferior as yourselves are superior to the most of them who recived their counsel; and how far you excel them, be assured, Lords and Commons, there can no greater testimony appear than when your prudent spirit acknowledges and obeys the voice of reason from what quarter soever it be heard speaking, and renders ye as willing to repeal any act of your own setting forth as any set forth by your predecessors.

If ye be thus resolved, as it were injury to think ye were not, I know not what should withhold me from presenting ye with a fit instance wherein to show both that love of truth which ye eminently profess, and that upright-

ness of your judgment which is not wont to be partial to yourselves, by judging over again that order which ye have ordained "to regulate printing: that no book, pamphlet, or paper shall be henceforth printed, unless the same be first approved and licensed by such," or at least one of such as shall be thereto appointed. For that part which preserves justly every man's copy to himself, or provides for the poor, I touch not, only wish they be not made pretences to abuse and persecute honest and painful men, who offend not in either of these particulars. But that other clause of licensing books, which we thought had died with his brother quadragesimal and matrimonial when the prelates expired, I shall now attend with such a homily as shall lay before ye, first the inventors of it to be those whom ye will be loath to own; next, what is to be thought in general of reading, whatever sort the books be; and that this order avails nothing to the suppressing of scandalous, seditious, and libellous books, which were mainly intended to be suppressed; last, that it will be primely to the discouragement of all learning and the stop of truth, not only by the disexercising and blunting our abilities in what we know already, but by hindering and cropping the discovery that might be yet further made both in religious and civil wisdom.

I deny not but that it is of greatest concernment in the Church and commonwealth to have a vigilant eye how books demean themselves as well as men; and thereafter to confine, imprison, and do sharpest justice on them as malefactors: for books are not absolutely dead things, but do contain a potency of life in them to be as active as that soul was whose progeny they are; nay, they do preserve as in a vial the purest efficacy and extraction of that living intellect that bred them. I know they are as lively and as vigorously productive as those fabulous dragons' teeth; and, being sown up and down, may chance to spring up armed men. And yet, on the other hand, unless wariness be used, as good almost kill a man as kill a good book; who kills a man kills a reasonable creature, God's image, but he who destroys a good book kills reason itself, kills the image of God, as it were, in the eye. Many a man lives a burden to the earth, but a good book is the

precious life-blood of a master spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life. 'Tis true, no age can restore a life, whereof perhaps there is no great loss; and revolutions of ages do not oft recover the loss of a rejected truth, for the want of which whole nations fare the worse. We should be wary, therefore, what persecution we raise against the living labours of public men, how we spill that seasoned life of man preserved and stored up in books; since we see a kind of homicide may be thus committed, sometimes a martyrdom, and, if it extend to the whole impression, a kind of massacre, whereof the execution ends not in the slaying of an elemental life, but strikes at that ethereal and fifth essence, the breath of reason itself, slays an immortality rather than a life. But lest I should be condemned of introducing license while I oppose licensing, I refuse not the pains to be so much historical as will serve to show what hath been done by ancient and famous commonwealths against this disorder, till the very time that this project of licensing crept out of the Inquisition, was caught up by our prelates, and hath caught some of our presbyters.

In Athens, where books and wits were ever busier than in any other part of Greece, I find but only two sorts of writings which the magistrate cared to take notice of: those either blasphemous and atheistical, or libellous. Thus the books of Protagoras were by the judges of "Areopagus" commanded to be burned, and himself banished the territory, for a discourse begun with his confessing not to know "whether there were gods, or whether not." And against defaming, it was decreed that none should be traduced by name, as was the manner of Vetus Comœdia, whereby we may guess how they censured libelling; and this course was quick enough, as Cicero writes, to quell both the desperate wits of other atheists, and the open way of defaming, as the event showed. Of other sects and opinions, though tending to voluptuousness and the denying of Divine Providence, they took no heed. Therefore, we do not read that either Epicurus, or that libertine school of Cyrene, or what the Cynic impudence uttered, was ever questioned by the laws. Neither is it recorded that the

writings of those old comedians were suppressed, though the acting of them were forbid; and that Plato commended the reading of Aristophanes, the loosest of them all, to his royal scholar Dionysius, is commonly known, and may be excused, if holy Chrysostom, as is reported, nightly studied so much the same author and had the art to cleanse a scurrilous vehemence into the style of a rousing sermon. That other leading city of Greece, Lacedæmon, considering that Lycurgus their lawgiver was so addicted to elegant learning as to have been the first that brought out of Ionia the scattered works of Homer, and sent the poet Thales from Crete to prepare and mollify the Spartan surliness with his smooth songs and odes, the better to plant among them law and civility, it is to be wondered how museless and unbookish they were, minding naught but the feats of war. There needed no licensing of books among them, for they disliked all but their own laconic apophthegms, and took a slight occasion to chase Archilochus out of their city, perhaps for composing in a higher strain than their own soldierly ballads and roundels could reach to; or if it were for his broad verses, they were not therein so cautious, but they were as dissolute in their promiscuous conversing; whence Euripides affirms, in "Andromache," that their women were all unchaste. Thus much may give us light after what sort books were prohibited among the Greeks. The Romans, also, for many ages trained up only to a military roughness, resembling most of the Lacedæmonian guise, knew of learning little but what their twelve tables and the Pontific College with their augurs and flamens taught them in religion and law, so unacquainted with other learning that when Carneades and Critolaus, with the Stoic Diogenes, coming ambassadors to Rome, took thereby occasion to give the city a taste of their philosophy, they were suspected for seducers by no less a man than Cato the Censor, who moved it in the Senate to dismiss them speedily, and to banish all such Attic babblers out of Italy. But Scipio and others of the noblest senators withstood him and his old Sabine austerity; honoured and admired the men; and the censor himself at last in his old age fell to the study of that whereof before he was so scrupulous. And yet

at the same time Nævius and Plautus, the first Latin comedians, had filled the city with all the borrowed scenes of Menander and Philemon. Then began to be considered there also what was to be done to libellous books and authors, for Nævius was quickly cast into prison for his unbridled pen, and released by the tribunes upon his recantation. We read also that libels were burned, and the makers punished by Augustus. The like severity no doubt was used if aught were impiously written against their esteemed gods. Except in these two points, how the world went in books the magistrate kept no reckoning. And, therefore, Lucretius without impeachment versifies his epicurism to Memmius, and had the honour to be set forth the second time by Cicero so great a father of the commonwealth, although himself disputes against that opinion in his own writings. Nor was the satirical sharpness or naked plainness of Lucilius, or Catullus, or Flaccus, by any order prohibited. And for matters of state, the story of Titius Livius, though it extolled that part which Pompey held, was not therefore suppressed by Octavius Cæsar of the other faction. But that Naso was by him banished in his old age for the wanton poems of his youth was but a mere covert of state over some secret cause; and besides the books were neither banished nor called in. From hence we shall meet with little else but tyranny in the Roman Empire, that we may not marvel if not so often bad as good books were silenced. I shall therefore deem to have been large enough in producing what among the ancients was punishable to write, save only which, all other arguments were free to treat on.

By this time the emperors were become Christians, whose discipline in this point I do not find to have been more severe than what was formerly in practice. The books of those whom they took to be grand heretics were examined, refuted, and condemned in the General Councils; and not till then were prohibited, or burned by authority of the emperor. As for the writings of heathen authors, unless they were plain invectives against Christianity, as those of Porphyrius and Proclus, they met with no interdict that can be cited till about the year 400 in a

Carthaginian council, wherein bishops themselves were forbid to read the books of Gentiles, but heresies they might read; while others long before them, on the contrary, scrupled more the books of heretics than of Gentiles. And that the primitive councils and bishops were wont only to declare what books were not commendable, passing no further, but leaving it to each one's conscience to read or to lay by, till after the year 800, is observed already by Padre Paolo, the great unmasker of the Trentine Council. After which time the Popes of Rome, engrossing what they pleased of political rule into their own hands, extended their dominion over men's eyes, as they had before over their judgments, burning and prohibiting to be read what they fancied not; yet sparing in their censures, and the books not many which they so dealt with, till Martin V by his bull not only prohibited, but was the first that excommunicated the reading of heretical books; for about that time Wyclif and Huss growing terrible, were they who first drove the Papal court to a stricter policy of prohibiting; which course Leo X and his successors followed, until the Council of Trent and the Spanish Inquisition engendering together brought forth or perfected those catalogues and expurging indexes that rake through the entrails of many an old good author with a violation worse than any could be offered to his tomb. Nor did they stay in matters heretical, but any subject that was not to their palate they either condemned in a prohibition, or had it straight into the new purgatory of an Index. To fill up the measure of encroachment, their last invention was to ordain that no book, pamphlet, or paper should be printed (as if St. Peter had bequeathed them the keys of the press also out of paradise) unless it were approved and licensed under the hands of two or three glutton friars. For example:

Let the Chancellor Cini be pleased to see if in this present work be contained aught that may withstand the printing.

VINCENT RABATTA,
Vicar of Florence.

I have seen this present work, and find nothing athwart the Catholic faith and good manners. In witness whereof I have given, etc. NICOLO CINI,

Chancellor of Florence.

Attending the precedent relation, it is allowed that this present work of Davanzati may be printed.

VINCENT RABATTA, etc.

It may be printed, July 15th.

Friar SIMON MOMPEI D'AMELIA,

Chancellor of the Holy Office in Florence.

Sure they have a conceit, if he of the bottomless pit had not long since broke prison, that this quadruple exorcism would bar him down. I fear their next design will be to get into their custody the licensing of that which they say Claudius intended, but went not through with. Vouchsafe to see another of their forms, the Roman stamp:

Imprimatur. If it seem good to the reverend Master of the Holy Palace. BELCASTRO,

Viceregent.

Imprimatur.

Friar NICOLO RODOLFI, Master of the Holy Palace.

Sometimes five imprimaturs are seen together dialoguewise in the piazza of one title-page, complimenting and ducking each to other with their shaven reverences, whether the author, who stands by in perplexity at the foot of his epistle, shall to the press or to the sponge. These are the pretty responsories, these are the dear antiphonies that so bewitched of late our prelates and their chaplains with the goodly echo they made, and besotted us to the gay imitation of a lordly imprimatur, one from Lambeth House, another from the west end of Paul's; so apishly Romanizing that the word of command still was set down in Latin, as if the learned grammatical pen that wrote it would cast no ink without Latin; or perhaps, as they thought, because no vulgar tongue was worthy to express the pure conceit of an imprimatur; but rather, as I hope, for that our English, the language of men ever famous

and foremost in the achievements of liberty, will not easily find servile letters enough to spell such a dictatory presumption English. And thus ye have the inventors and the original of book-licensing ripped up, and drawn as lineally as any pedigree. We have it not, that can be heard of, from any ancient state, or polity, or church, nor by any statute left us by our ancestors, elder or later; nor from the modern custom of any reformed city or church abroad; but from the most antichristian council, and the most tyrannous Inquisition that ever inquired. Till then books were ever as freely admitted into the world as any other birth; the issue of the brain was no more stifled than the issue of the womb; no envious Juno sat cross-legged over the nativity of any man's intellectual offspring; but if it proved a monster, who denies but that it was justly burned, or sunk into the sea? But that a book, in worse condition than a peccant soul, should be to stand before a jury ere it be born to the world, and undergo yet in darkness the judgment of Radamanth and his colleagues, ere it can pass the ferry backward into light, was never heard before, till that mysterious iniquity, provoked and troubled at the first entrance of reformation, sought out new limboes and new hells wherein they might include our books also within the number of their damned. And this was the rare morsel so officiously snatched up and so ill-favouredly imitated by our inquisiturient bishops and the attendant minorites their chaplains. That ye like not now these most certain authors of this licensing order, and that all sinister intention was far distant from your thoughts when ye were importuned the passing it all men who know the integrity of your actions, and how ye honour truth, will clear ye readily.

But some will say, What though the inventors were bad, the thing for all that may be good? It may be so; yet if that thing be no such deep invention, but obvious and easy for any man to light on, and yet best and wisest commonwealths through all ages and occasions have forborne to use it, and falsest seducers and oppressors of men were the first who took it up, and to no other purpose but to obstruct and hinder the first approach of reformation, I am of those who believe it will be a harder

alchemy than Lullius ever knew to sublimate any good use out of such an invention. Yet this only is what I request to gain from this reason, that it may be held a dangerous and suspicious fruit, as certainly it deserves, for the tree that bore it, until I can dissect one by one the properties it has. But I have first to finish as was propounded, what is to be thought in general of reading books, whatever sort they be, and whether be more the benefit or the harm that thence proceeds?

Not to insist upon the examples of Moses, Daniel, and Paul, who were skilful in all the learning of the Egyptians, Chaldeans, and Greeks, which could not probably be without reading their books of all sorts, in Paul especially, who thought it no defilement to insert into Holy Scripture the sentences of three Greek poets, and one of them a tragedian, the question was notwithstanding sometimes controverted among the primitive doctors, but with great odds on that side which affirmed it both lawful and profitable, as was then evidently perceived when Julian the Apostate and subtlest enemy to our faith made a decree forbidding Christians the study of heathen learning; for, said he, they wound us with our own weapons, and with our own arts and sciences they overcome us. And, indeed, the Christians were put so to their shifts by this crafty means, and so much in danger to decline into all ignorance, that the two Apollinarii were fain, as a man may say, to coin all the seven liberal sciences out of the Bible, reducing it into divers forms of orations, poems, dialogues, even to the calculating of a new Christian grammar. But saith the historian Socrates: The providence of God provided better than the industry of Apollinarius and his son by taking away that illiterate law with the life of him who devised it. So great an injury they then held it to be deprived of Hellenic learning, and thought it a persecution more undermining and secretly decaying the Church than the open cruelty of Decius or Diocletian. And perhaps it was with the same politic drift that the devil whipped St. Jerome in a lenten dream for reading Cicero; or else it was a phantasm bred by the fever which had then seized him. For had an angel been his discipliner, unless it were for dwelling too much upon Ciceronianisms, and had chastised

the reading, not the vanity, it had been plainly partial, first, to correct him for grave Cicero, and not for scurril Plautus whom he confesses to have been reading not long before; next, to correct him only, and let so many more ancient fathers wax old in those pleasant and florid studies without the lash of such a tutoring apparition; insomuch that Basil teaches how some good use may be made of "Margites," a sportful poem, not now extant, writ by Homer; and why not then of "Morgante," an Italian romance much to the same purpose? But if it be agreed we shall be tried by visions there is a vision recorded by Eusebius far ancienter than this tale of Jerome to the nun Eustochium, and besides has nothing of a fever in it. Dionysius Alexandrinus was about the year 240 a person of great name in the Church for piety and learning, who had wont to avail himself much against heretics by being conversant in their books; until a certain Presbyter laid it scrupulously to his conscience how he durst venture himself among those defiling volumes. The worthy man, loath to give offence, fell into a new debate with himself what was to be thought, when suddenly a vision sent from God—it is his own epistle that so avers it—confirmed him in these words: "Read any books whatever come to thy hands, for thou art sufficient both to judge aright and to examine each matter." To this revelation he assented the sooner, as he confesses, because it was answerable to that of the Apostle to the Thessalonians: "Prove all things; hold fast that which is good." And he might have added another remarkable saying of the same author, "To the pure all things are pure," not only meats and drinks, but all kind of knowledge whether of good or evil; the knowledge can not defile, nor consequently the books, if the will and conscience be not defiled. For books are as meats and viands are, some of good, some of evil substance; and yet God in that unapocryphal vision said, without exception, "Rise, Peter, kill and eat," leaving the choice to each man's discretion. Wholesome meats to a vitiated stomach differ little or nothing from unwholesome; and best books to a naughty mind are not unappliable to occasions of evil. Bad meats will scarce breed good nourishment in the healthiest concoction; but herein the difference is of bad

books, that they to a discreet and judicious reader serve in many respects to discover, to confute, to forewarn, and to illustrate. Whereof what better witness can ye expect I should produce than one of your own now sitting in Parliament, the chief of learned men reputed in this land, Mr. Selden, whose volume of natural and national laws proves, not only by great authorities brought together, but by exquisite reasons and theorems almost mathematically demonstrative, that all opinions, yea, errors, known, read, and collated, are of main service and assistance toward the speedy attainment of what is truest. I conceive, therefore, that when God did enlarge the universal diet of man's body, saving ever the rules of temperance, he then also, as before, left arbitrary the dieting and repasting of our minds; as wherein every mature man might have to exercise his own leading capacity. How great a virtue is temperance, how much of moment through the whole life of man! Yet God commits the managing so great a trust, without particular law or prescription, wholly to the demeanour of every grown man. And therefore, when He himself tabled the Jews from heaven, that omer which was every man's daily portion of manna is computed to have been more than might have well sufficed the heartiest feeder thrice as many meals. For those actions, which enter into a man rather than issue out of him and therefore defile not, God uses not to captivate under a perpetual childhood of prescription, but trusts him with the gift of reason to be his own chooser; there were but little work left for preaching if law and compulsion should grow so fast upon those things which heretofore were governed only by exhortation. Solomon informs us that much reading is a weariness to the flesh, but neither he nor other inspired author tells us that such or such reading is unlawful; yet certainly had God thought good to limit us herein, it had been much more expedient to have told us what was unlawful than what was wearisome. As for the burning of those Ephesian books by St. Paul's converts, it is replied the books were magic, the Syriac so renders them. It was a private act, a voluntary act, and leaves us to a voluntary imitation; the men in remorse burned those books which were their own; the magistrate by this example is not ap-

pointed; these men practised the books, another might perhaps have read them in some sort usefully. Good and evil we know in the field of this world grow up together almost inseparably, and the knowledge of good is so involved and interwoven with the knowledge of evil, and in so many cunning resemblances hardly to be discerned, that those confused seeds, which were imposed on Psyche as an incessant labour to cull out and sort asunder, were not more intermixed. It was from out the rind of one apple tasted that the knowledge of good and evil as two twins cleaving together leaped forth into the world. And perhaps this is that doom which Adam fell into of knowing good and evil; that is to say, of knowing good by evil. As, therefore, the state of man now is, what wisdom can there be to choose, what continence to forbear, without the knowledge of evil? He that can apprehend and consider vice with all her baits and seeming pleasures, and yet abstain, and yet distinguish, and yet prefer that which is truly better, he is the true warfaring Christian. I can not praise a fugitive and cloistered virtue, unexercised and unbreathed, that never sallies out and sees her adversary, but slinks out of the race, where that immortal garland is to be run for not without dust and heat. Assuredly we bring not innocence into the world, we bring impurity much rather; that which purifies us is trial, and trial is by what is contrary. That virtue, therefore, which is but a youngling in the contemplation of evil, and knows not the utmost that vice promises to her followers, and rejects it, is but a blank virtue, not a pure; her whiteness is but an excremental whiteness, which was the reason why our sage and serious poet Spenser, whom I dare be known to think a better teacher than Scotus or Aquinas, describing true temperance under the person of Guyon, brings him in with his palmer through the cave of Mammon and the bower of earthly bliss, that he might see and know, and yet abstain. Since, therefore, the knowledge and survey of vice is in this world so necessary to the constituting of human virtue, and the scanning of error to the confirmation of truth, how can we more safely and with less danger scout into the regions of sin and falsity than by reading all manner of tractates, and hearing all manner of reason? And

this is the benefit which may be had of books promiscuously read. But of the harm that may result hence three kinds are usually reckoned: First is feared the infection that may spread; but then all human learning and controversy in religious points must remove out of the world, yea, the Bible itself, for that ofttimes relates blasphemy not nicely—it describes the carnal sense of wicked men not unelegantly, it brings in holiest men passionately murmuring against Providence through all the arguments of Epicurus; in other great disputes it answers dubiously and darkly to the common reader; and ask a Talmudist what ails the modesty of his marginal Keri, that Moses and all the prophets can not persuade him to pronounce the textual Chetiv. For these causes we all know the Bible itself put by the Papist into the first rank of prohibited books. The ancientest Fathers must be next removed, as Clement of Alexandria, and that Eusebian book of Evangelic preparation, transmitting our ears through a hoard of heathenish obscenities to receive the Gospel. Who finds not that Irenæus, Epiphanius, Jerome, and others discover more heresies than they well confute, and that oft for heresy which is the truer opinion? Nor boots it to say for these, and all the heathen writers of greatest infection, if it must be thought so, with whom is bound up the life of human learning, that they wrote in an unknown tongue, so long as we are sure those languages are known as well to the worst of men, who are both most able and most diligent to instil the poison they suck, first into the courts of princes, acquainting them with the choicest delights and criticisms of sin—as perhaps did that Petronius whom Nero called his Arbiter, the master of his revels; and that notorious ribald of Arezzo, dreaded, and yet dear to the Italian courtiers. I name not him, for posterity's sake, whom Harry VIII named in merriment his Vicar of Hell. By which compendious way all the contagion that foreign books can infuse will find a passage to the people far easier and shorter than an Indian voyage, though it could be sailed either by the north of Cathay eastward or of Canada westward, while our Spanish licensing gags the English press never so severely. But, on the other side, that infection which is from books of controversy in re-

ligion is more doubtful and dangerous to the learned than to the ignorant; and yet those books must be permitted untouched by the licenser. It will be hard to instance where any ignorant man hath been ever seduced by Papistical book in English, unless it were commended and expounded to him by some of that clergy; and, indeed, all such tractates, whether false or true, are as the prophecy of Isaiah was to the eunuch, not to be "understood without a guide." But of our priests and doctors how many have been corrupted by studying the comments of Jesuits and Sorbonnists, and how fast they could transfuse that corruption into the people our experience is both late and sad. It is not forgot since the acute and distinct Arminius was perverted merely by the perusing of a nameless discourse written at Delft, which at first he took in hand to confute. Seeing, therefore, that those books, and those in great abundance, which are likeliest to taint both life and doctrine, can not be suppressed without the fall of learning and of all ability in disputation; and that these books of either sort are most and soonest catching to the learned, from whom to the common people whatever is heretical or dissolute may quickly be conveyed; and that evil manners are as perfectly learned without books a thousand other ways which can not be stopped, and evil doctrine not with books can propagate, except a teacher guide, which he might also do without writing and so beyond prohibiting, I am not able to unfold how this cautelous enterprise of licensing can be exempted from the number of vain and impossible attempts. And he who were pleasantly disposed could not well avoid to liken it to the exploit of that gallant man who thought to pound up the crows by shutting his park gate. Besides another inconvenience, if learned men be the first receivers out of books and dispreaders both of vice and error, how shall the licensers themselves be confided in, unless we can confer upon them, or they assume to themselves, above all others in the land, the grace of infallibility and uncorruptedness? And again, if it be true that a wise man like a good refiner can gather gold out of the drossiest volume, and that a fool will be a fool with the best book, yea, or without book, there is no reason that we should deprive a wise man of any ad-

vantage to his wisdom, while we seek to restrain from a fool that which being restrained will be no hindrance to his folly. For if there should be so much exactness always used to keep that from him which is unfit for his reading we should, in the judgment of Aristotle not only, but of Solomon and of our Saviour, not vouchsafe him good precepts, and by consequence not willingly admit him to good books, as being certain that a wise man will make better use of an idle pamphlet than a fool will do of sacred Scripture. 'Tis next alleged we must not expose ourselves to temptations without necessity, and next to that, not employ our time in vain things. To both these objections one answer will serve, out of the grounds already laid, that to all men such books are not temptations nor vanities, but useful drugs and materials wherewith to temper and compose effective and strong medicines, which man's life can not want. The rest, as children and childish men, who have not the art to qualify and prepare these working minerals, well may be exhorted to forbear, but hindered forcibly they can not be by all the licensing that sainted Inquisition could ever yet contrive, which is what I promised to deliver next: that this order of licensing conduces nothing to the end for which it was framed, and hath almost prevented me by being clear already while thus much hath been explaining. See the ingenuity of Truth, who, when she gets a free and willing hand, opens herself faster than the pace of method and discourse can overtake her. It was the task which I began with, to show that no nation or well-instituted state, if they valued books at all, did ever use this way of licensing; and it might be answered that this is a piece of prudence lately discovered; to which I return that, as it was a thing slight and obvious to think on, so if it had been difficult to find out there wanted not among them long since who suggested such a course, which they not following, leave us a pattern of their judgment, that it was not the not knowing, but the not approving, which was the cause of their not using it. Plato, a man of high authority indeed, but least of all for his commonwealth, in the book of his " Laws," which no city ever yet received, fed his fancy with making many edicts to his airy burgomasters which they who otherwise admire

him wish had been rather buried and excused in the genial cups of an academic night-sitting; by which laws he seems to tolerate no kind of learning but by unalterable decree, consisting most of practical traditions, to the attainment whereof a library of smaller bulk than his own " Dialogues " would be abundant. And there also enacts that no poet should so much as read to any private man what he had written until the judges and law-keepers had seen it and allowed it. But that Plato meant this law peculiarly to that commonwealth which he had imagined, and to no other, is evident. Why was he not else a lawgiver to himself, but a transgressor, and to be expelled by his own magistrates, both for the wanton epigrams and dialogues which he made, and his perpetual reading of Sophron Mimus and Aristophanes, books of grossest infamy, and also for commending the latter of them, though he were the malicious libeller of his chief friends, to be read by the tyrant Dionysius, who had little need of such trash to spend his time on? But that he knew this licensing of poems had reference and dependence to many other provisos there set down in his fancied republic, which in this world could have no place; and so neither he himself nor any magistrate or city ever imitated that course, which, taken apart from those other collateral injunctions, must needs be vain and fruitless. For if they fell upon one kind of strictness, unless their care were equal to regulate all other things of like aptness to corrupt the mind, that single endeavour they knew would be but a fond labour; to shut and fortify one gate against corruption, and be necessitated to leave others round about wide open. If we think to regulate printing, thereby to rectify manners, we must regulate all recreations and pastimes, all that is delightful to man. No music must be heard, no song be set or sung, but what is grave and Doric. There must be licensing dancers, that no gesture, motion, or deportment be taught our youth but what by their allowance shall be thought honest; for such Plato was provided of. It will ask more than the work of twenty licensers to examine all the lutes, the violins, and the guitars in every house; they must not be suffered to prattle as they do, but must be licensed what they may say. And who shall silence all the airs and madrigals that whis-

per softness in chambers? The windows also, and the balconies, must be thought on; there are shrewd books with dangerous frontispieces set to sale; who shall prohibit them? Shall twenty licensers? The villages also must have their visitors to inquire what lectures the bagpipe and the rebec reads, even to the ballatry and the gamut of every municipal fiddler, for these are the countryman's Arcadias and his Montemayors. Next, what more national corruption, for which England hears ill abroad, than household gluttony? Who shall be the rectors of our daily rioting? and what shall be done to inhibit the multitudes that frequent those houses where drunkenness is sold and harboured? Our garments also should be referred to the licensing of some more sober work-masters to see them cut into a less wanton garb. Who shall regulate all the mixed conversation of our youth, male and female together, as is the fashion of this country? who shall still appoint what shall be discoursed, what presumed, and no further? Lastly, who shall forbid and separate all idle resort, all evil company? These things will be, and must be; but how they shall be less hurtful, how less enticing, herein consists the grave and governing wisdom of a state. To sequester out of the world into Atlantic and Utopian polities which never can be drawn into use will not mend our condition; but to ordain wisely as in this world of evil, in the midst whereof God hath placed us unavoidably. Nor is it Plato's licensing of books will do this, which necessarily pulls along with it so many other kinds of licensing, as will make us all both ridiculous and weary, and yet frustrate; but those unwritten, or at least unconstraining laws of virtuous education, religious and civil nurture, which Plato there mentions as the bonds and ligaments of the commonwealth, the pillars and the sustainers of every written statute; these they be which will bear chief sway in such matters as these, when all licensing will be easily eluded. Impunity and remissness, for certain, are the bane of a commonwealth; but here the great art lies to discern in what the law is to bid restraint and punishment, and in what things persuasion only is to work. If every action which is good or evil in man at ripe years were to be under pittance and prescription and compulsion, what were

virtue but a name, what praise could be then due to well-doing, what gramercy to be sober, just, or continent? Many there be that complain of Divine Providence for suffering Adam to transgress. Foolish tongues! When God gave him reason he gave him freedom to choose, for reason is but choosing; he had been else a mere artificial Adam, such an Adam as he is in the motions. We ourselves esteem not of that obedience or love or gift which is of force: God therefore left him free, set before him a provoking object, ever almost in his eyes; herein consisted his merit, herein the right of his reward, the praise of his abstinence. Wherefore did he create passions within us, pleasures round about us, but that these rightly tempered are the very ingredients of virtue? They are not skilful considerers of human things who imagine to remove sin by removing the matter of sin; for, besides that it is a huge heap increasing under the very act of diminishing, though some part of it may for a time be withdrawn from some persons, it can not from all in such a universal thing as books are; and when this is done, yet the sin remains entire. Though ye take from a covetous man all his treasure, he has yet one jewel left: ye can not bereave him of his covetousness. Banish all objects of lust, shut up all youth into the severest discipline that can be exercised in any hermitage, ye can not make them chaste that came not thither so; such great care and wisdom is required to the right managing of this point. Suppose we could expel sin by this means: look how much we thus expel of sin, so much we expel of virtue, for the matter of them both is the same; remove that, and ye remove them both alike. This justifies the high providence of God, who though he command us temperance, justice, continence, yet pours out before us even to a profuseness all desirable things, and gives us minds that can wander beyond all limit and satiety. Why should we then affect a rigour contrary to the manner of God and of Nature, by abridging or scanting those means which books freely permitted are, both to the trial of virtue and the exercise of truth. It would be better done to learn that the law must needs be frivolous which goes to restrain things uncertainly and yet equally working to good and to evil. And were I the chooser, a dram of

well-doing should be preferred before many times as much the forcible hindrance of evil-doing. For God sure esteems the growth and completing of one virtuous person more than the restraint of ten vicious. And albeit whatever thing we hear or see, sitting, walking, travelling, or conversing, may be fitly called our book, and is of the same effect that writings are, yet grant the thing to be prohibited were only books, it appears that this order hitherto is far insufficient to the end which it intends. Do we not see, not once or oftener, but weekly, that continued court-libel against the Parliament and city, printed, as the wet sheets can witness, and dispersed among us for all that licensing can do? Yet this is the prime service a man would think, wherein this order should give proof of itself. If it were executed, you'll say. But certain, if execution be remiss or blindfold now and in this particular, what will it be hereafter and in other books? If, then, the order shall not be vain and frustrate, behold a new labour, Lords and Commons! Ye must repeal and proscribe all scandalous and unlicensed books already printed and divulged, after ye have drawn them up into a list, that all may know which are condemned and which not, and ordain that no foreign books be delivered out of custody till they have been read over. This office will require the whole time of not a few overseers, and those no vulgar men. There be also books which are partly useful and excellent, partly culpable and pernicious; this work will ask as many more officials to make expurgations and expunctions, that the commonwealth of learning be not damnified. In fine, when the multitude of books increase upon their hands, ye must be fain to catalogue all those printers who are found frequently offending, and forbid the importation of their whole suspected typography. In a word, that this your order may be exact, and not deficient, ye must reform it perfectly according to the model of Trent and Seville, which I know ye abhor to do. Yet though ye should condescend to this, which God forbid, the order still would be but fruitless and defective to that end whereto ye meant it. If to prevent sects and schisms, who is so unread or so uncatechised in story that hath not heard of many sects refusing books as a hindrance, and preserving their doctrine unmixed for many ages only

by unwritten traditions? The Christian faith, for that was once a schism, is not unknown to have spread all over Asia ere any Gospel or Epistle was seen in writing. If the amendment of manners be aimed at, look into Italy and Spain, whether those places be one scruple the better, the honester, the wiser, the chaster, since all the inquisitional rigour that hath been executed upon books.

Another reason whereby to make it plain that this order will miss the end it seeks, consider by the quality which ought to be in every licenser. It can not be denied but that he who is made judge to sit upon the birth or death of books, whether they may be wafted into this world or not, had need to be a man above the common measure, both studious, learned, and judicious; there may be else no mean mistakes in the censure of what is passable or not, which is also no mean injury. If he be of such worth as behooves him, there can not be a more tedious and unpleasing journey-work, a greater loss of time levied upon his head, than to be made the perpetual reader of unchosen books and pamphlets, ofttimes huge volumes. There is no book that is acceptable unless at certain seasons; but to be enjoined the reading of that at all times, and in a hand scarce legible, whereof three pages would not down at any time in the fairest print, is an imposition which I can not believe how he that values time and his own studies, or is but of a sensible nostril, should be able to endure. In this one thing I crave leave of the present licensers to be pardoned for so thinking, who doubtless took this office up looking on it through their obedience to the Parliament, whose command perhaps made all things seem easy and unlaborious to them; but that this short trial hath wearied them out already, their own expressions and excuses to them who make so many journeys to solicit their license are testimony enough. Seeing, therefore, those who now possess the employment by all evident signs wish themselves well rid of it, and that no man of worth, none that is not a plain unthrift of his own hours, is ever likely to succeed them except he mean to put himself to the salary of a press correcter, we may easily foresee what kind of licensers we are to expect

hereafter, either ignorant, imperious, and remiss, or basely pecuniary. This is what I had to show wherein this order can not conduce to that end whereof it bears the intention.

I lastly proceed from the no good it can do to the manifest hurt it causes, in being first the greatest discouragement and affront that can be offered to learning and to learned men. It was the complaint and lamentation of prelates upon every least breath of a motion to remove pluralities and distribute more equally church revenues, that then all learning would be forever dashed and discouraged. But as for that opinion, I never found cause to think that the tenth part of learning stood or fell with the clergy, nor could I ever but hold it for a sordid and unworthy speech of any churchman who had a competency left him. If, therefore, ye be loath to dishearten utterly and discontent, not the mercenary crew of false pretenders to learning, but the free and ingenuous sort of such as evidently were born to study and love learning for itself, not for lucre or any other end but the service of God and of truth, and perhaps that lasting fame and perpetuity of praise which God and good men have consented shall be the reward of those whose published labours advance the good of mankind, then know, that so far to distrust the judgment and the honesty of one who hath but a common repute in learning and never yet offended, as not to count him fit to print his mind without a tutor and examiner, lest he should drop a schism or something of corruption, is the greatest displeasure and indignity to a free and knowing spirit that can be put upon him. What advantage is it to be a man over it is to be a boy at school, if we have only escaped the ferule to come under the fescue of an imprimatur? if serious and elaborate writings, as if they were no more than the theme of a grammar lad under his pedagogue, must not be uttered without the cursory eyes of a temporizing and extemporizing licenser? He who is not trusted with his own actions, his drift not being known to be evil, and standing to the hazard of law and penalty, has no great argument to think himself reputed in the commonwealth wherein he was born for other than a fool or a foreigner. When a man writes to the world, he summons

up all his reason and deliberation to assist him; he searches, meditates, is industrious, and likely consults and confers with his judicious friends; after all which done he takes himself to be informed in what he writes as well as any that wrote before him. If in this the most consummate act of his fidelity and ripeness, no years, no industry, no former proof of his abilities can bring him to that state of maturity as not to be still mistrusted and suspected, unless he carry all his considerate diligence, all his midnight watchings, and expense of Palladian oil, to the hasty view of an unleisured licenser, perhaps much his younger, perhaps far his inferior in judgment, perhaps one who never knew the labour of book-writing, and if he be not repulsed or slighted, must appear in print like a puny with his guardian and his censor's hand on the back of his title to be his bail and surety that he is no idiot or seducer, it can not be but a dishonour and derogation to the author, to the book, to the privilege and dignity of learning. And what if the author shall be one so copious of fancy as to have many things well worth the adding come into his mind after licensing, while the book is yet under the press, which not seldom happens to the best and diligentest writers; and that perhaps a dozen times in one book? The printer dares not go beyond his licensed copy; so often, then, must the author trudge to his leave-giver, that those his new insertions may be viewed, and many a jaunt will be made ere that licenser, for it must be the same man, can either be found, or found at leisure; meanwhile either the press must stand still, which is no small damage, or the author lose his accuratest thoughts and send the book forth worse than he had made it, which to a diligent writer is the greatest melancholy and vexation that can befall. And how can a man teach with authority, which is the life of teaching, how can he be a doctor in his book as he ought to be, or else had better be silent, when as all he teaches, all he delivers, is but under the tuition, under the correction of his patriarchal licenser to blot or alter what precisely accords not with the hidebound humour which he calls his judgment; when every acute reader upon the first sight of a pedantic license will be ready with these like words to ding the book a quoit's distance from him: "I hate a pupil teacher, I

endure not an instructor that comes to me under the wardship of an overseeing fist; I know nothing of the licenser, but that I have his own hand here for his arrogance; who shall warrant me his judgment?" "The state, sir," replies the stationer; but has a quick return: "The state shall be my governors, but not my critics; they may be mistaken in the choice of a licenser as easily as this licenser may be mistaken in an author; this is some common stuff"; and he might add from Sir Francis Bacon that such authorized books are but the language of the times. For though a licenser should happen to be judicious more than ordinary, which will be a great jeopardy of the next succession, yet his very office and his commission enjoin him to let pass nothing but what is vulgarly received already. Nay, which is more lamentable, if the work of any deceased author, though never so famous in his lifetime and even to this day, come to their hands for license to be printed or reprinted, if there be found in his book one sentence of a venturous edge, uttered in the height of zeal, and who knows whether it might not be the dictate of a divine spirit, yet not suiting with every low decrepit humour of their own, though it were Knox himself, the reformer of a kingdom, that spake it, they will not pardon him their dash; the sense of that great man shall to all posterity be lost for the fearfulness or the presumptuous rashness of a perfunctory licenser. And to what an author this violence hath been lately done, and in what book of greatest consequence to be faithfully published, I could now instance, but shall forbear till a more convenient season. Yet if these things be not resented seriously and timely by them who have the remedy in their power, but that such iron moulds as these shall have authority to gnaw out the choicest periods of exquisitest books, and to commit such a treacherous fraud against the orphan remainders of worthiest men after death, the more sorrow will belong to that hapless race of men whose misfortune it is to have understanding. Henceforth let no man care to learn, or care to be more than worldly wise; for certainly in higher matters to be ignorant and slothful, to be a common steadfast dunce, will be the only pleasant life and only in request.

And as it is a particular disesteem of every knowing

person alive, and most injurious to the written labours and monuments of the dead, so to me it seems an undervaluing and vilifying of the whole nation. I can not set so light by all the invention, the art, the wit, the grave and solid judgment which is in England, as that it can be comprehended in any twenty capacities how good soever; much less that it should not pass except their superintendence be over it, except it be sifted and strained with their strainers, that it should be uncurrent without their manual stamp. Truth and understanding are not such wares as to be monopolized and traded in by tickets and statutes and standards. We must not think to make a staple commodity of all the knowledge in the land, to mark and license it like our broadcloth and our wool packs. What is it but a servitude like that imposed by the Philistines, not to be allowed the sharpening of our own axes and coulters, but we must repair from all quarters to twenty licensing forges. Had any one written and divulged erroneous things and scandalous to honest life, misusing and forfeiting the esteem had of his reason among men, if after conviction this only censure were adjudged him, that he should never henceforth write but what were first examined by an appointed officer, whose hand should be annexed to pass his credit for him that now he might be safely read, it could not be apprehended less than a disgraceful punishment. Whence to include the whole nation, and those that never yet thus offended, under such a diffident and suspectful prohibition, may plainly be understood what a disparagement it is; so much the more, when as debtors and delinquents may walk abroad without a keeper, but inoffensive books must not stir forth without a visible jailer in their title. Nor is it to the common people less than a reproach; for if we be so jealous over them as that we dare not trust them with an English pamphlet, what do we but censure them for a giddy, vicious, and ungrounded people, in such a sick and weak estate of faith and discretion as to be able to take nothing down but through the pipe of a licenser? That this is care or love of them we can not pretend, when as in those Popish places where the laity are most hated and despised, the same strictness is used over them. Wisdom we can not call it, because it stops but one breach of

license, nor that neither, when as those corruptions which it seeks to prevent break in faster at other doors which can not be shut.

And, in conclusion, it reflects to the disrepute of our ministers also, of whose labours we should hope better, and of the proficiency which their flock reaps by them, than that after all this light of the gospel which is, and is to be, and all this continual preaching, they should be still frequented with such an unprincipled, unedified, and laic rabble, as that the whiff of every new pamphlet should stagger them out of their catechism and Christian walking. This may have much reason to discourage the ministers when such a low conceit is had of all their exhortations and the benefiting of their hearers, as that they are not thought fit to be turned loose to three sheets of paper without a licenser; that all the sermons, all the lectures preached, printed, vented in such numbers and such volumes as have now well-nigh made all other books unsalable, should not be armour enough against one single enchiridion, without the Castle St. Angelo of an imprimatur.

And lest some should persuade ye, Lords and Commons, that these arguments of learned men's discouragement at this your order are mere flourishes and not real, I could recount what I have seen and heard in other countries, where this kind of inquisition tyrannizes; when I have sat among their learned men, for that honour I had, and been counted happy to be born in such a place of philosophic freedom as they supposed England was, while themselves did nothing but bemoan the servile condition into which learning among them was brought; that this was it which had damped the glory of Italian wits, that nothing had been there written now these many years but flattery and fustian. There it was that I found and visited the famous Galileo, grown old, a prisoner to the Inquisition for thinking in astronomy otherwise than the Franciscan and Dominican licensers thought. And though I knew that England then was groaning loudest under the prelatical yoke, nevertheless I took it as a pledge of future happiness that other nations were so persuaded of her liberty. Yet was it beyond my hope that those worthies were then breathing in her air who should be her leaders to such a

deliverance as shall never be forgotten by any revolution of time that this world hath to finish. When that was once begun it was as little in my fear that what words of complaint I heard among learned men of other parts uttered against the Inquisition, the same I should hear by as learned men at home uttered in time of Parliament against an order of licensing; and that so generally, that when I disclosed myself a companion of their discontent, I might say, if without envy, that he whom an honest quæstorship had endeared to the Sicilians was not more by them importuned against Verres than the favourable opinion which I had among many who honour ye and are known and respected by ye, loaded me with entreaties and persuasions, that I would not despair to lay together that which just reason should bring into my mind toward the removal of an undeserved thraldom upon learning. That this is not, therefore, the disburdening of a particular fancy, but the common grievance of all those who had prepared their minds and studies above the vulgar pitch, to advance truth in others and from others to entertain it, thus much may satisfy. And in their name I shall for neither friend nor foe conceal what the general murmur is; that if it come to inquisitioning again and licensing, and that we are so timorous of ourselves, and so suspicious of all men, as to fear each book, and the shaking of every leaf, before we know what the contents are, if some who but of late were little better than silenced from preaching, shall come now to silence us from reading except what they please, it can not be guessed what is intended by some but a second tyranny over learning; and will soon put it out of controversy that bishops and presbyters are the same to us, both name and thing. That those evils of prelacy, which before from five or six and twenty sees were distributively charged upon the whole people, will now light wholly upon learning, is not obscure to us, when as now the pastor of a small unlearned parish on the sudden shall be exalted archbishop over a large diocese of books, and yet not remove, but keep his other cure too, a mystical pluralist. He who but of late cried down the sole ordination of every novice bachelor of art, and denied sole jurisdiction over the simplest parishioner, shall now, at home in his private

chair, assume both these overworthiest and excellentest books and ablest authors that write them. This is not the covenants and protestations that we have made, this is not to put down Prelacy: this is but to chop an Episcopacy; this is but to translate the palace metropolitan from one kind of dominion into another; this is but an old canonical sleight of commuting our penance. To startle thus betimes at a mere unlicensed pamphlet will after a while be afraid of every conventicle, and a while after will make a conventicle of every Christian meeting. But I am certain that a state governed by the rules of justice and fortitude, or a church built and founded upon the rock of faith and true knowledge, can not be so pusillanimous. While things are yet not constituted in religion, that freedom of writing should be restrained by a discipline imitated from the prelates and learned by them from the Inquisition, to shut us up all again into the breast of a licenser, must needs give cause of doubt and discouragement to all learned and religious men, who can not but discern the fineness of this politic drift, and who are the contrivers: that while bishops were to be baited down, then all presses might be open; it was the people's birthright and privilege in time of Parliament, it was the breaking forth of light. But now the bishops abrogated and voided out of the Church, as if our reformation sought no more but to make room for others into their seats under another name, the Episcopal arts begin to bud again, the cruise of truth must run no more oil, liberty of printing must be enthralled again under a prelatical commission of twenty, the privilege of the people nullified, and, which is worse, the freedom of learning must groan again and to her old fetters, all this the Parliament yet sitting. Although their own late arguments and defences against the prelates might remember them that this obstructing violence meets for the most part with an event utterly opposite to the end which it drives at; instead of suppressing sects and schisms, it raises them and invests them with a reputation. "The punishing of wits enhances their authority," saith the Viscount St. Albans, "and a forbidden writing is thought to be a certain spark of truth that flies up in the faces of them who seek to tread it out." This order, therefore, may prove a nurs-

ing mother to sects, but I shall easily show how it will be a stepdame to truth: and first by disenabling us to the maintenance of what is known already.

Well knows he who uses to consider, that our faith and knowledge thrives by exercise as well as our limbs and complexion. Truth is compared in Scripture to a streaming fountain: if her waters flow not in a perpetual progression, they sicken into a muddy pool of conformity and tradition. A man may be a heretic in the truth, and if he believe things only because his pastor says so, or the assembly so determines, without knowing other reason, though his belief be true, yet the very truth he holds becomes his heresy. There is not any burden that some would gladlier post off to another than the charge and care of their religion. There be—who knows not that there be?—of Protestants and professors who live and die in as arrant an implicit faith as any lay Papist of Loretto. A wealthy man, addicted to his pleasure and to his profits, finds religion to be a traffic so entangled, and of so many peddling accounts, that of all mysteries he can not skill to keep a stock going upon that trade. What should he do? Fain he would have the name to be religious, fain he would bear up with his neighbours in that. What does he, therefore, but resolve to give over toiling, and to find himself out some factor to whose care and credit he may commit the whole managing of his religious affairs, some divine of note and estimation that must be. To him he adheres, resigns the whole warehouse of his religion, with all the locks and keys, into his custody; and, indeed, makes the very person of that man his religion, esteems his associating with him a sufficient evidence and commendatory of his own piety. So that a man may say his religion is now no more within himself, but is become a dividual movable, and goes and comes near him according as that good man frequents the house. He entertains him, gives him gifts, feasts him, lodges him; his religion comes home at night, prays, is liberally supped, and sumptuously laid to sleep; rises, is saluted, and after the malmsey, or some well-spiced brewage, and better breakfasted than he whose morning appetite would have gladly fed on green figs between Bethany and Jerusalem; his religion walks abroad at eight, and

leaves his kind entertainer in the shop trading all day without his religion.

Another sort there be who when they hear that all things shall be ordered, all things regulated and settled, nothing written but what passes through the custom-house of certain publicans that have the tunaging and the poundaging of all free-spoken truth, will straight give themselves up into your hands; make them and cut them out what religion ye please. There be delights, there be recreations and jolly pastimes that will fetch the day about from sun to sun, and rock the tedious year as in a delightful dream. What need they torture their heads with that which others have taken so strictly and so unalterably into their own purveying? These are the fruits which a dull ease and cessation of our knowledge will bring forth among the people. How goodly and how to be wished were such an obedient unanimity as this, what a fine conformity would it starch us all into! Doubtless a staunch and solid piece of framework as any January could freeze together.

Nor much better will be the consequence even among the clergy themselves. It is no new thing never heard of before for a parochial minister, who has his reward and is at his Hercules' Pillars in a warm benefice, to be easily inclinable, if he have nothing else that may rouse up his studies, to finish his circuit in an English concordance and a topic folio, the gatherings and savings of a sober graduateship, a harmony and a catena, treading the constant round of certain common doctrinal heads, attended with their uses, motives, marks and means, out of which as out of an alphabet or sol fa, by forming and transforming, joining and disjoining variously a little book-craft, and two hours' meditation might furnish him unspeakably to the performance of more than a weekly charge of sermoning, not to reckon up the infinite helps of interlinearies, breviaries, synopses, and other loitering gear. But as for the multitude of sermons ready printed and piled up, on every text that is not difficult, our London trading St. Thomas in his vestry, and add to boot St. Martin and St. Hugh, have not within their hallowed limits more vendible ware of all sorts ready made; so that penury he never need fear of pulpit provision, having where so plenteously to refresh

his magazine. But if his rear and flanks be not impaled, if his back door be not secured by the rigid licenser, but that a bold book may now and then issue forth, and give the assault to some of his old collections in their trenches, it will concern him then to keep waking, to stand in watch, to set good guards and sentinels about his received opinions, to walk the round and counter-round with his fellow-inspectors, fearing lest any of his flock be seduced, who also then would be better instructed, better exercised and disciplined. And God send that the fear of this diligence which must then be used, do not make us affect the laziness of a licensing church!

For if we be sure we are in the right, and do not hold the truth guiltily, which becomes not, if we ourselves condemn not our own weak and frivolous teaching, and the people for an untaught and irreligious gadding rout, what can be more fair than when a man—judicious, learned, and of a conscience, for aught we know, as good as theirs that taught us what we know—shall not privily from house to house, which is more dangerous, but openly by writing, publish to the world what his opinion is, what his reasons, and wherefore that which is now thought can not be sound? Christ urged it as wherewith to justify himself, that he preached in public; yet writing is more public than preaching, and more easy to refutation, if need be, there being so many whose business and profession merely it is to be the champions of truth, which, if they neglect, what can be imputed but their sloth or inability?

Thus much we are hindered and disinured by this course of licensing toward the true knowledge of what we seem to know. For how much it hurts and hinders the licensers themselves in the calling of their ministry, more than any secular employment, if they will discharge that office as they ought, so that of necessity they must neglect either the one duty or the other, I insist not, because it is a particular, but leave it to their own conscience, how they will decide it there.

There is yet behind of what I purposed to lay open, the incredible loss and detriment that this plot of licensing puts us to. More than if some enemy at sea should stop up all our havens and ports and creeks, it hinders and retards

the importation of our richest merchandise, truth; nay, it was first established and put in practice by antichristian malice and mystery on set purpose to extinguish, if it were possible, the light of reformation, and to settle falsehood, little differing from that policy wherewith the Turk upholds his Alcoran by the prohibition of printing. It is not denied, but gladly confessed, we are to send our thanks and vows to Heaven louder than most of nations for that great measure of truth which we enjoy, especially in those main points between us and the Pope with his appurtenances the prelates; but he who thinks we are to pitch our tent here, and have attained the utmost prospect of reformation that the mortal glass wherein we contemplate can show us, till we come to beatific vision, that man by this very opinion declares that he is yet far short of truth.

Truth, indeed, came once into the world with her Divine Master, and was a perfect shape most glorious to look on; but when he ascended, and his apostles after him were laid asleep, then straight arose a wicked race of deceivers, who, as that story goes of the Egyptian Typhon with his conspirators how they dealt with the good Osiris, took the virgin truth, hewed her lovely form into a thousand pieces, and scattered them to the four winds. From that time ever since, the sad friends of truth, such as dost appear, imitating the careful search that Isis made for the mangled body of Osiris, went up and down gathering up limb by limb still as they could find them. We have not yet found them all, Lords and Commons, nor ever shall do, till her Master's second coming; he shall bring together every joint and member, and shall mould them into an immortal feature of loveliness and perfection. Suffer not these licensing prohibitions to stand at every place of opportunity forbidding and disturbing them that continue seeking, that continue to do our obsequies to the torn body of our martyred saint. We boast our light, but if we look not wisely on the sun itself it smites us into darkness. Who can discern those planets that are oft combust, and those stars of brightest magnitude that rise and set with the sun, until the opposite motion of their orbs bring them to such a place in the firmament, where they may be seen evening or morning? The light which we have gained

was given us, not to be ever staring on, but by it to discover onward things more remote from our knowledge. It is not the unfrocking of a priest, the unmitring of a bishop, and the removing him from off the Presbyterian shoulders that will make us a happy nation; no, if other things as great in the Church and in the rule of life both economical and political be not looked into and reformed, we have looked so long upon the blaze that Zuinglius and Calvin hath beaconed up to us, that we are stark blind. There be who perpetually complain of schisms and sects, and make it such a calamity that any man dissents from their maxims. It is their own pride and ignorance which causes the disturbing, who neither will hear with meekness nor can convince; yet all must be suppressed which is not found in their syntagma. They are the troublers, they are the dividers of unity, who neglect and permit not others to unite those dissevered pieces which are yet wanting to the body of truth. To be still searching what we know not by what we know, still closing up truth to truth as we find it (for all her body is homogeneal and proportional), this is the golden rule in theology as well as in arithmetic, and makes up the best harmony in a church, not the forced and outward union of cold and neutral and inwardly divided minds.

Lords and Commons of England, consider what nation it is whereof ye are and whereof ye are the governors: a nation not slow and dull, but of a quick, ingenious, and piercing spirit, acute to invent, subtle and sinewy to discourse, not beneath the reach of any point the highest that human capacity can soar to. Therefore the studies of learning in her deepest sciences have been so ancient and so eminent among us, that writers of good antiquity and ablest judgment have been persuaded that even the school of Pythagoras and the Persian wisdom took beginning from the old philosophy of this island. And that wise and civil Roman, Julius Agricola, who governed once here for Cæsar, preferred the natural wits of Britain before the laboured studies of the French. Nor is it for nothing that the grave and frugal Transylvanian sends out yearly from as far as the mountainous borders of Russia and beyond the Hercynian wilderness, not their youth, but their staid

men, to learn our language and our theologic arts. Yet that which is above all this, the favour and the love of Heaven, we have great argument to think in a peculiar manner propitious and propending toward us. Why else was this nation chosen before any other, that out of her as out of Sion should be proclaimed and sounded forth the first tidings and trumpet of Reformation to all Europe? And had it not been the obstinate perverseness of our prelates against the divine and admirable spirit of Wickliff, to suppress him as a schismatic and innovator, perhaps neither the Bohemian Huss and Jerome, no, nor the name of Luther or of Calvin, had been ever known; the glory of reforming all our neighbours had been completely ours. But now, as our obdurate clergy have with violence demeaned the matter, we are become hitherto the latest and the backwardest scholars, of whom God offered to have made us the teachers. Now once again, by all concurrence of signs and by the general instinct of holy and devout men, as they daily and solemnly express their thoughts, God is decreeing to begin some new and great period in his Church, even to the reforming of reformation itself. What does he then but reveal himself to his servants, and as his manner is, first to his Englishmen; I say, as his manner is, first to us, though we mark not the method of his counsels and are unworthy? Behold now this vast city: a city of refuge, the mansion house of liberty, encompassed and surrounded with his protection; the shop of war hath not there more anvils and hammers waking, to fashion out the plates and instruments of armed justice in defence of beleaguered truth, than there be pens and heads there, sitting by their studious lamps, musing, searching, revolving new notions and ideas wherewith to present as with their homage and their fealty the approaching Reformation, others as fast reading, trying all things, assenting to the force of reason and convincement. What could a man require more from a nation so pliant and so prone to seek after knowledge? What wants there to such a towardly and pregnant soil but wise and faithful labourers, to make a knowing people, a nation of prophets, of sages, and of worthies? We reckon more than five months yet to harvest; there need not be five weeks; had we but eyes to

lift up, the fields are white already. Where there is much desire to learn, there of necessity will be much arguing, much writing, many opinions; for opinion in good men is but knowledge in the making. Under these fantastic terrors of sect and schism we wrong the earnest and zealous thirst after knowledge and understanding which God hath stirred up in this city. What some lament of we rather should rejoice at, should rather praise this pious forwardness among men to reassume the ill-deputed care of their religion into their own hands again. A little generous prudence, a little forbearance of one another and some grain of charity, might win all these diligences to join and unite in one general and brotherly search after truth, could we but forego this prelatical tradition of crowding free consciences and Christian liberties into canons and precepts of men. I doubt not, if some great and worthy stranger should come among us, wise to discern the mould and temper of a people and how to govern it, observing the high hopes and aims, the diligent alacrity of our extended thoughts and reasonings in the pursuance of truth and freedom, but that he would cry out as Pyrrhus did, admiring the Roman docility and courage: "If such were my Epirots, I would not despair the greatest design that could be attempted to make a church or kingdom happy." Yet these are the men cried out against for schismatics and sectaries; as if, while the Temple of the Lord was building, some cutting, some squaring the marble, others hewing the cedars, there should be a sort of irrational men who could not consider there must be many schisms and many dissections made in the quarry and in the timber, ere the house of God can be built. And when every stone is laid artfully together it can not be united into a continuity, it can but be contiguous in this world; neither can every piece of the building be of one form; nay, rather the perfection consists in this, that out of many moderate varieties and brotherly dissimilitudes that are not vastly disproportional arises the goodly and the graceful symmetry that commends the whole pile and structure. Let us therefore be more considerate builders, more wise in spiritual architecture, when great reformation is expected. For now the time seems come wherein Moses the great prophet

may sit in heaven rejoicing to see that memorable and glorious wish of his fulfilled, when not only our seventy elders but all the Lord's people are become prophets. No marvel then, though some men, and some good men too, perhaps, but young in goodness, as Joshua then was, envy them. They fret, and out of their own weakness are in agony, lest those divisions and subdivisions will undo us. The adversary again applauds, and waits the hour; when they have branched themselves out, saith he, small enough into parties and partitions, then will be our time. Fool! he sees not the firm root, out of which we all grow though into branches; nor will beware until he see our small divided maniples cutting through at every angle of his ill-united and unwieldy brigade. And that we are to hope better of all these supposed sects and schisms, and that we shall not need that solicitude, honest, perhaps, though over-timorous of them that vex in this behalf, but shall laugh in the end at those malicious applauders of our differences, I have these reasons to persuade me:

First, when a city shall be, as it were, besieged and blocked about, her navigable river infested, inroads and incursions round, defiance and battle oft rumoured to be marching up even to her walls and suburb trenches, that then the people, or the greater part, more than at other times, wholly taken up with the study of highest and most important matters to be reformed, should be disputing, reasoning, reading, inventing, discoursing, even to a rarity and admiration, things not before discoursed or written of, argues first a singular good-will, contentedness and confidence in your prudent foresight and safe government, Lords and Commons; and from thence derives itself to a gallant bravery and well-grounded contempt of their enemies, as if there were no small number of as great spirits among us as his was, who when Rome was nigh besieged by Hannibal, being in the city, bought that piece of ground at no cheap rate whereon Hannibal himself encamped his own regiment. Next, it is a lively and cheerful presage of our happy success and victory. For as in a body, when the blood is fresh, the spirits pure and vigorous, not only to vital but to rational faculties, and those in the acutest and the pertest operations of wit and subtlety,

it argues in what good plight and constitution the body is, so when the cheerfulness of the people is so sprightly up, as that it has not only wherewith to guard well its own freedom and safety but to spare, and to bestow upon the solidest and sublimest points of controversy and new invention, it betokens us not degenerated, nor drooping to a fatal decay, but casting off the old and wrinkled skin of corruption to outlive these pangs and wax young again, entering the glorious ways of truth and prosperous virtue, destined to become great and honourable in these latter ages. Methinks I see in my mind a noble and puissant nation rousing herself like a strong man after sleep, and shaking her invincible locks. Methinks I see her as an eagle mewing her mighty youth, and kindling her undazzled eyes at the full midday beam, purging and unscaling her long-abused sight at the fountain itself of heavenly radiance, while the whole noise of timorous and flocking birds, with those also that love the twilight, flutter about, amazed at what she means, and in their envious gabble would prognosticate a year of sects and schisms.

What should ye do then, should ye suppress all this flowery crop of knowledge and new light sprung up and yet springing daily in this city, should ye set an oligarchy of twenty ingrossers over it, to bring a famine upon our minds again, when we shall know nothing but what is measured to us by their bushel? Believe it, Lords and Commons, they who counsel ye to such a suppressing do as good as bid ye suppress yourselves; and I will soon show how. If it be desired to know the immediate cause of all this free writing and free speaking, there can not be assigned a truer than your own mild and free and human government; it is the liberty, Lords and Commons, which your own valorous and happy counsels have purchased us, liberty which is the nurse of all great wits; this is that which hath rarefied and enlightened our spirits like the influence of Heaven; this is that which hath enfranchised, enlarged and lifted up our apprehensions degrees above themselves. Ye can not make us now less capable, less knowing, less eagerly pursuing of the truth, unless ye first make yourselves, that made us so, less the lovers, less the founders of our true liberty. We can grow ignorant again,

brutish, formal, and slavish, as ye found us; but you then must first become that which ye can not be, oppressive, arbitrary, and tyrannous, as they were from whom ye have freed us. That our hearts are now more capacious, our thoughts more erected to the search and expectation of greatest and exactest things, is the issue of your own virtue propagated in us; ye can not suppress that unless ye re-enforce an abrogated and merciless law, that fathers may despatch at will their own children. And who shall then stick closest to ye, and excite others? Not he who takes up arms for cote and conduct and his four nobles of Danegelt. Although I dispraise not the defence of just immunities, yet love my peace better, if that were all. Give me the liberty to know, to utter, and to argue freely according to conscience, above all liberties.

What would be best advised then, if it be found so hurtful and so unequal to suppress opinions for the newness or the unsuitableness to a customary acceptance, will not be my task to say; I only shall repeat what I have learned from one of your own honourable number, a right noble and pious lord, who, had he not sacrificed his life and fortunes to the Church and commonwealth, we had not now missed and bewailed a worthy and undoubted patron of this argument. Ye know him, I am sure; yet I, for honour's sake, and may it be eternal to him, shall name him the Lord Brook. He, writing of Episcopacy, and by the way treating of sects and schisms, left ye his vote, or rather now the last words of his dying charge, which I know will ever be of dear and honoured regard with ye, so full of meekness and breathing charity, that next to his last testament, who bequeathed love and peace to his disciples, I can not call to mind where I have read or heard words more mild and peaceful. He there exhorts us to hear with patience and humility those, however they be miscalled, that desire to live purely, in such a use of God's ordinances as the best guidance of their conscience gives them, and to tolerate them, though in some disconformity to ourselves. The book itself will tell us more at large, being published to the world and dedicated to the Parliament by him who both for his life and for his death deserves that what advice he left be not laid by without perusal.

And now the time in special is by privilege to write and speak what may help to the further discussing of matters in agitation. The Temple of Janus with his two controversal faces might now not insignificantly be set open. And though all the winds of doctrine were let loose to play upon the earth, so truth be in the field, we do injuriously by licensing and prohibiting to misdoubt her strength. Let her and falsehood grapple; who ever knew truth put to the worse in a free and open encounter? Her confuting is the best and surest suppressing. He who hears what praying there is for light and clearer knowledge to be sent down among us, would think of other matters to be constituted beyond the discipline of Geneva, framed and fabricked already to our hands. Yet when the new light which we beg for shines in upon us, there be who envy and oppose if it come not first in at their casements. What a collusion is this, when as we are exhorted by the wise man to use diligence, to seek for wisdom as for hidden treasures early and late, that another order shall enjoin us to know nothing but by statute. When a man hath been labouring the hardest labour in the deep mines of knowledge, hath furnished out his findings in all their equipage, drawn forth his reasons as it were a battle ranged, scattered, and defeated all objections in his way, calls out his adversary into the plain, offers him the advantage of wind and sun, if he please, only that he may try the matter by dint of argument, for his opponents then to skulk, to lay ambushments, to keep a narrow bridge of licensing where the challenger should pass, though it be valour enough in soldiership, is but weakness and cowardice in the wars of truth. For who knows not that truth is strong next to the Almighty? She needs no policies, no stratagems, nor licensings to make her victorious; those are the shifts and the defences that error uses against her power. Give her but room, and do not bind her when she sleeps, for then she speaks not true, as the old Proteus did, who spake oracles only when he was caught and bound; but then rather she turns herself into all shapes except her own, and perhaps tunes her voice according to the time, as Micaiah did before Ahab, until she be adjured into her own likeness. Yet is it not impossible that she may have more shapes

than one. What else is all that rank of things indifferent, wherein truth may be on this side or on the other without being unlike herself? What but a vain shadow else is the abolition of those ordinances, that handwriting nailed to the cross, what great purchase is this Christian liberty which Paul so often boasts of? His doctrine is that he who eats or eats not, regards a day or regards it not, may do either to the Lord. How many other things might be tolerated in peace and left to conscience had we but charity, and were it not the chief stronghold of our hypocrisy to be ever judging one another! I fear yet this iron yoke of outward conformity hath left a slavish print upon our necks; the ghost of a linen decency yet haunts us. We stumble and are impatient at the least dividing of one visible congregation from another, though it be not in fundamentals; and through our forwardness to suppress and our backwardness to recover any enthralled piece of truth out of the grip of custom, we care not to keep truth separated from truth, which is the fiercest rent and disunion of all. We do not see that, while we still affect by all means a rigid external formality, we may as soon fall again into a gross conforming stupidity, a stark and dead congealment of wood and hay and stubble forced and frozen together, which is more to the sudden degenerating of a church than many subdichotomies of petty schisms. Not that I can think well of every light separation, or that all in a church is to be expected gold and silver and precious stones; it is not possible for man to sever the wheat from the tares, the good fish from the other fry; that must be the angels' ministry at the end of mortal things. Yet if all can not be of one mind—as who looks they should be?—this doubtless is more wholesome, more prudent, and more Christian: that many be tolerated rather than all compelled. I mean not tolerated Popery and open superstition, which as it extirpates all religions and civil supremacies, so itself should be extirpated, provided first that all charitable and compassionate means be used to win and regain the weak and misled; that also which is impious or evil absolutely either against faith or manners no law can possibly permit, that intends not to unlaw itself; but those neighbouring differences, or rather indifferences, are what I speak of,

whether in some point of doctrine or of discipline, which though they may be many, yet need not interrupt the unity of spirit, if we could but find among us the bond of peace. In the meanwhile if any one would write, and bring his helpful hand to the slow-moving reformation which we labour under, if truth have spoken to him before others, or but seemed at least to speak, who hath so bejesuited us that we should trouble that man with asking license to do so worthy a deed? And not consider this, that if it come to prohibiting, there is not aught more likely to be prohibited than truth itself whose first appearance to our eyes, bleared and dimmed with prejudice and custom, is more unsightly and unplausible than many errors, even as the person is of many a great man slight and contemptible to see to. And what do they tell us vainly of new opinions, when this very opinion of theirs, that none must be heard but whom they like, is the worst and newest opinion of all others; and is the chief cause why sects and schisms do so much abound, and true knowledge is kept at distance from us? Besides yet a greater danger which is in it: for when God shakes a kingdom with strong and healthful commotions to a general reforming, it is not untrue that many sectaries and false teachers are then busiest in seducing; but yet more true it is that God then raises to his own work men of rare abilities and more than common industry, not only to look back and revise what hath been taught heretofore, but to gain further and go on some new enlightened steps in the discovery of truth. For such is the order of God's enlightening his Church, to dispense and deal out by degrees his beam, so as our earthly eyes may best sustain it. Neither is God appointed and confined, where and out of what place these his chosen shall be first heard to speak; for he sees not as man sees, chooses not as man chooses, lest we should devote ourselves again to set places and assemblies and outward callings of men, planting our faith one while in the old Convocation house, and another while in the chapel at Westminster; when all the faith and religion that shall be there canonized is not sufficient, without plain convincement and the charity of patient instruction, to supple the least bruise of conscience, to edify the meanest Christian, who desires to walk

in the spirit and not in the letter of human trust, for all the number of voices that can be there made; no, though Harry VII himself there, with all his liege tombs about him, should lend them voices from the dead to swell their number. And if the men be erroneous who appear to be the leading schismatics, what withholds us but our sloth, our self-will, and distrust in the right cause, that we do not give them gentle meetings and gentle dismissions, that we debate not and examine the matter thoroughly with liberal and frequent audience; if not for their sakes, yet for our own, seeing no man who hath tasted learning but will confess the many ways of profiting by those who, not contented with stale receipts, are able to manage and set forth new positions to the world? And were they but as the dust and cinders of our feet, so long as in that notion they may serve to polish and brighten the armoury of truth, even for that respect they were not utterly to be cast away. But if they be of those whom God hath fitted for the special use of these times with eminent and ample gifts, and those, perhaps, neither among the priests nor among the Pharisees, and we, in the haste of a precipitant zeal, shall make no distinction, but resolve to stop their mouths, because we fear they come with new and dangerous opinions, as we commonly forejudge them ere we understand them, no less then woe to us, while, thinking thus to defend the Gospel, we are found the persecutors.

There have been not a few since the beginning of this Parliament, both of the presbytery and others, who by their unlicensed books to the contempt of an imprimatur first broke that triple ice clung about our hearts, and taught the people to see day. I hope that none of those were the persuaders to renew upon us this bondage which they themselves have wrought so much good by contemning. But if neither the check that Moses gave to young Joshua, nor the countermand which our Saviour gave to young John, who was so ready to prohibit those whom he thought unlicensed, be not enough to admonish our elders how unacceptable to God their testy mood of prohibiting is, if neither their own remembrance what evil hath abounded in the Church by this let of licensing, and what good they themselves have begun by transgressing

it, be not enough, but that they will persuade and execute the most Dominican part of the Inquisition over us, and are already with one foot in the stirrup so active in suppressing, it would be no unequal distribution in the first place to suppress the suppressors themselves, whom the change of their condition hath puffed up more than their late experience of harder times hath made wise.

And as for regulating the press, let no man think to have the honour of advising ye better than yourselves have done in that order published next before this: that no book be printed, unless the printer's and the author's name, or at least the printer's, be registered. Those which otherwise come forth, if they be found mischievous and libellous, the fire and the executioner will be the timeliest and the most effectual remedy that man's prevention can use. For this authentic Spanish policy of licensing books, if I have said aught, will prove the most unlicensed book itself within a short while; and was the immediate image of a Star Chamber decree to that purpose made in those very times when that court did the rest of those her pious works, for which she is now fallen from the stars with Lucifer. Whereby ye may guess what kind of state prudence, what love of the people, what care of religion or good manners there was at the contriving, although with singular hypocrisy it pretended to bind books to their good behaviour. And how it got the upper hand of your precedent order so well constituted before, if we may believe those men whose profession gives them cause to inquire most, it may be doubted there was in it the fraud of some old patentees and monopolizers in the trade of book-selling, who, under pretence of the poor in their company not to be defrauded, and the just retaining of each man his several copy, which God forbid should be gainsaid, brought divers glozing colours to the House, which were indeed but colours, and serving to no end except it be to exercise a superiority over their neighbours, men who do not therefore labour in an honest profession to which learning is indebted, that they should be made other men's vassals. Another end is thought was aimed at by some of them in procuring by petition this order, that having power in their hands, malignant books might the easier escape abroad,

as the event shows. But of these sophisms and elenchs of merchandise I skill not. This I know, that errors in a good government and in a bad are equally almost incident; for what magistrate may not be misinformed, and much the sooner, if liberty of printing be reduced into the power of a few? But to redress willingly and speedily what hath been erred, and in highest authority to esteem a plain advertisement more than others have done a sumptuous bribe, is a virtue (honoured Lords and Commons) answerable to your highest actions, and whereof none can participate but greatest and wisest men.

A DISCOURSE, BY WAY OF VISION, CONCERNING THE GOVERNMENT OF OLIVER CROMWELL

BY

ABRAHAM COWLEY

Abraham Cowley was the posthumous son of a London tradesman, and was born in that city in 1618. His mother had a copy of Spenser, and from reading this the boy (as he himself relates) determined to be a poet. At the age of ten he wrote a tragical poem, and at the age of twelve another. He was sent to Westminster School, and there produced a comedy. In 1636 he was entered as a student at Cambridge, where he continued to write plays and poems, in Latin and in English. He saw Prince Charles when he passed through Cambridge on his way to York, and became an ardent Royalist—so ardent that he had to leave Cambridge. He went to Paris, became secretary to Lord Jermin, and spent nearly all his time in "ciphering and deciphering the letters that passed between the king and the queen." In 1656 he was sent to England, where he was arrested as a spy, and found difficulty in securing a release on bail. He published his poems that year, and in the preface declared that "his desire had been for some time past, and did even now vehemently continue, to retire himself to some of the American plantations and to forsake this world forever." He obtained the degree of Doctor of Physic in 1657, studied botany, and practised as a physician. At the Restoration he expected a reward for his loyalty, but he did not get it; and his old comedy, rewritten, was brought out under a new name, when it was mistaken for a satire on the Royalists and was a failure. He was reduced to poverty, and obliged to give up any hope of living either by political preferment or by literary production. Obtaining a lease of farm lands in Surrey, he tried agriculture; but in this he was hardly more fortunate. He wrote to a friend, "I can get no money from my tenants, and my meadows are eaten up every night by cattle put in by my neighbours." He died at the Porch House, Chertsey, July 28, 1667. The recognition that he failed to get in life was accorded to him after death. He was buried in Westminster Abbey, near Chaucer and Spenser, the king pronounced a eulogy upon him, and the Duke of Buckingham erected a monument. His poetry, once thought to be great, has long since gone out of fashion; but his essays hold their place among the classics of English prose. The poet Campbell wrote, "Cowley's prose stamps him as a man of genius and an improver of the English language."

THE GOVERNMENT OF OLIVER CROMWELL

IT was the funeral day of the late man who made himself to be called Protector. And though I bore but little affection either to the memory of him or to the trouble and folly of all public pageantry, yet I was forced, by the importunity of my company, to go along with them, and be a spectator of that solemnity, the expectation of which had been so great, that it was said to have brought some very curious persons (and no doubt singular virtuosos) as far as from the Mount in Cornwall, and from the Orcades. I found there had been much more cost bestowed than either the dead man, or indeed death itself, could deserve. There was a mighty train of black assistants, among which, too, divers princes in the persons of their ambassadors (being infinitely afflicted for the loss of their brother) were pleased to attend; the hearse was magnificent, the idol crowned, and (not to mention all other ceremonies which are practised at royal interments, and therefore by no means could be omitted here) the vast multitude of spectators made up, as it uses to do, no small part of the spectacle itself. But yet, I know not how, the whole was so managed that, methought, it somewhat represented the life of him for whom it was made: much noise, much tumult, much expense, much magnificence, much vainglory; briefly, a great show; and yet, after all this, but an ill sight. At last (for it seemed long to me, and, like his short reign too, very tedious) the whole scene passed by, and I retired back to my chamber, weary, and I think more melancholy than any of the mourners, where I began to reflect on the whole life of this prodigious man; and sometimes I was filled with horror and detesta-

tion of his actions, and sometimes I inclined a little to reverence an admiration of his courage, conduct, and success; till, by these different motions and agitations of mind, rocked, as it were, asleep, I fell at last into this vision; or if you please to call it but a dream, I shall not take it ill, because the father of poets tells us even dreams, too, are from God.

But sure it was no dream, for I was suddenly transported afar off (whether in the body, or out of the body, like St. Paul, I know not) and found myself on the top of that famous hill in the island Mona, which has the prospect of three great, and not-long-since most happy, kingdoms. As soon as ever I looked on them, the not-long-since struck upon my memory, and called forth the sad representation of all the sins and all the miseries that had overwhelmed them these twenty years. And I wept bitterly for two or three hours; and, when my present stock of moisture was all wasted, I fell a-sighing for an hour more; and as soon as I recovered from my passion the use of speech and reason, I broke forth, as I remember (looking upon England), into this complaint:

"Ah, happy isle, how art thou changed and curst,
Since I was born, and knew thee first!
When peace, which had forsook the world around,
(Frighted with noise, and the shrill trumpet's sound)
Thee, for a private place of rest,
And a secure retirement, chose
Wherein to build her halcyon nest;
No wind durst stir abroad, the air to discompose.

"When all the riches of the globe beside
Flowed in to thee with every tide:
When all, that Nature did thy soil deny,
The growth was of thy fruitful industry;
When all the proud and dreadful sea
And all his tributary streams,
A constant tribute paid to thee,
When all the liquid world was one extended Thames;

"When plenty in each village did appear,
And bounty was its steward there;
When gold walked free about in open view,
Ere it one conquering party's prisoner grew;
When the religion of our state
Had face and substance with her voice,
Ere she, by her foolish loves of late,
Like echo (once a nymph) turned only into noise.

"When men to men respect and friendship bore,
And God with reverence did adore;
When upon earth no kingdom could have shown
A happier monarch to us than our own;
And yet his subjects by him were
(Which is a truth will hardly be
Received by any vulgar ear,
A secret known to few) made happier ev'n than he.

"Thou dost a chaos, and confusion now,
A babel, and a bedlam, grow,
And, like a frantic person, thou dost tear
The ornaments and cloaths, which thou shouldst wear,
And cut thy limbs; and, if we see
(Just as thy barbarous Britons did)
Thy body with hypocrisy
Painted all o'er, thou think'st, thy naked shame is hid.

"The nations, which envied thee erewhile,
Now laugh (too little 'tis to smile):
They laugh, and would have pitied thee (alas!)
But that thy faults all pity do surpass.
Art thou the country, which didst hate
And mock the French inconstancy?
And have we, have we seen of late
Less change of habits there than governments in thee?

"Unhappy isle! no ship of thine at sea
Was ever tossed and torn like thee.
Thy naked hulk loose on the waves does beat,
The rocks and banks around her ruin threat;
What did thy foolish pilots ail,
To lay the compass quite aside?
Without a law or rule to sail,
And rather take the winds, than heavens, to be their guide?

"Yet, mighty God, yet, yet, we humbly crave,
This floating isle from shipwreck save;
And though, to wash that blood which does it stain,
It well deserve to sink into the main;
Yet, for the royal martyr's prayer,
(The royal martyr prays, we know)
This guilty, perishing vessel spare;
Hear but his soul above, and not his blood below."

I think I should have gone on, but that I was interrupted by a strange and terrible apparition; for there appeared to me (arising out of the earth,[1] as I conceived) the figure of a man, taller than a giant, or, indeed, the shadow of any giant in the evening. His body was naked, but that nakedness adorned, or rather deformed all over, with several figures, after the manner of the ancient Britons, painted upon it; and I perceived that most of them were

the representation of the late battles in our civil wars, and (if I be not much mistaken) it was the battle of Naseby that was drawn upon his breast. His eyes were like burning brass, and there were three crowns of the same metal (as I guessed), and that looked as red-hot, too, upon his head.[2] He held in his right hand a sword that was yet bloody, and nevertheless the motto of it was, Pax quæritur bello; and in his left hand a thick book, upon the back of which was written in letters of gold, Acts, Ordinances, Protestations, Covenants, Engagements, Declarations, Remonstrances, etc.

Though this sudden, unusual, and dreadful object might have quelled a greater courage than mine, yet so it pleased God (for there is nothing bolder than a man in a vision) that I was not at all daunted, but asked him resolutely and briefly, "What art thou?" And he said, "I am called the northwest principality, his highness, the Protector of the Commonwealth of England, Scotland, and Ireland, and the dominions belonging thereunto; for I am that angel to whom the Almighty has committed the government of those three kingdoms, which thou seest from this place." And I answered and said: "If it be so, sir, it seems to me that for almost these twenty years past your highness has been absent from your charge; for not only if any angel, but if any wise and honest man, had since that time been our governor, we should not have wandered thus long in these laborious and endless labyrinths of confusion, but either not have entered at all into them, or at least have returned back ere we had absolutely lost our way; but, instead of your highness, we have had since such a protector as was his predecessor Richard III to the king his nephew; for he presently slew the commonwealth, which he pretended to protect, and set up himself in the place of it; a little less guilty, indeed, in one respect, because the other slew an innocent, and this man did but murder a murderer.[3] Such a protector we have had, as we would have been glad to have changed for an enemy, and rather received a constant Turk than this every month's apostate; such a protector, as man is to his flocks, which he shears, and sells, or devours himself; and I would fain know what the wolf, which he pro-

tects him from, could do more? Such a protector——" and as I was proceeding, methought, his highness began to put on a displeased and threatening countenance, as men use to do when their dearest friends happen to be traduced in their company; which gave me the first rise of jealousy against him, for I did not believe that Cromwell, among all his foreign correspondences, had ever held any with angels. However, I was not hardened enough to venture a quarrel with him then; and therefore (as if I had spoken to the Protector himself in Whitehall) I desired him that " his highness would please to pardon me if I had unwittingly spoken anything to the disparagement of a person whose relations to his highness I had not the honour to know."

At which he told me that " he had no other concernment for his late highness than as he took him to be the greatest man that ever was of the English nation, if not " (said he) " of the whole world, which gives me a just title to the defence of his reputation, since I now account myself, as it were, a naturalized English angel, by having had so long the management of the affairs of that countrey. And pray, countreyman," said he, very kindly and very flatteringly, " for I would not have you fall into the general error of the world, that detests and decries so extraordinary a virtue—what can be more extraordinary than that a person of mean birth, no fortune, no eminent qualities of body, which have sometimes, or of mind, which have often, raised men to the highest dignities, should have the courage to attempt, and the happiness to succeed in, so improbable a design as the destruction of one of the most ancient and most solidly founded monarchies upon the earth? that he should have the power or boldness to put his prince and master to an open and infamous death; to banish that numerous and strongly allied family; to do all this under the name and wages of a Parliament; to trample upon them too as he pleased, and spurn them out of doors, when he grew weary of them; to raise up a new and unheard-of monster out of their ashes; to stifle that in the very infancy, and set up himself above all things that ever were called sovereign in England; to oppress all his enemies by arms, and all his friends afterward by arti-

fice; to serve all parties patiently for awhile, and to command them victoriously at last; to overrun each corner of the three nations, and overcome with equal facility both the riches of the south and the poverty of the north; to be feared and courted by all foreign princes, and adopted a brother to the gods of the earth; to call together Parliaments with a word of his pen, and scatter them again with the breath of his mouth; to be humbly and daily petitioned that he would please to be hired, at the rate of two millions a year, to be the master of those who had hired him before to be their servant; to have the estates and lives of three kingdoms as much at his disposal as was the little inheritance of his father, and to be as noble and liberal in the spending of them; and lastly (for there is no end of all the particulars of his glory) to bequeath all this with one word to his posterity; to die with peace at home, and triumph abroad; to be buried among kings, and with more than regal solemnity; and to leave a name behind him, not to be extinguished but with the whole world; which, as it is now too little for his praises, so might have been too for his conquests, if the short line of his human life could have been stretched out to the extent of his immortal designs?" [4]

By this speech, I began to understand perfectly well what kind of angel his pretended highness was; and having fortified myself privately with a short mental prayer, and with the sign of the cross (not out of any superstition to the sign, but as a recognition of my baptism in Christ),[5] I grew a little bolder, and replied in this manner: "I should not venture to oppose what you are pleased to say in commendation of the late great, and (I confess) extraordinary person, but that I remember Christ forbids us to give assent to any other doctrine but what himself has taught us, even though it should be delivered by an angel; and if such you be, sir, it may be you have spoken all this rather to try than to tempt my frailty, for sure I am that we must renounce or forget all the laws of the New and Old Testament, and those which are the foundation of both, even the laws of moral and natural honesty, if we approve of the actions of that man whom I suppose you commend by irony.

"There would be no end to instance particulars of all his wickedness, but to sum up a part of it briefly: What can be more extraordinarily wicked than for a person, such as yourself qualify him rightly, to endeavour not only to exalt himself above, but to trample upon, all his equals and betters? to pretend freedom for all men, and under the help of that pretence to make all men his servants? to take arms against taxes of scarce two hundred thousand pounds a year, and to raise them himself to above two millions? to quarrel for the loss of three or four ears, and strike off three or four hundred heads? to fight against an imaginary suspicion of I know not what two thousand guards to be fetched for the king, I know not from whence, and to keep up for himself no less than forty thousand? to pretend the defence of Parliaments, and violently to dissolve all even of his own calling, and almost choosing? to undertake the reformation of religion, to rob it even to the very skin, and then to expose it naked to the rage of all sects and heresies? to set up counsels of rapine, and courts of murder? to fight against the king under a commission for him; to take him forcibly out of the hands of those for whom he had conquered him; to draw him into his net, with protestations and vows of fidelity; and when he had caught him in it, to butcher him, with as little shame as conscience or humanity, in the open face of the whole world? to receive a commission for the king and Parliament, to murder (as I said) the one, and destroy no less impudently the other? to fight against monarchy when he declared for it, and declare against it when he contrived for it in his own person? to abuse perfidiously and supplant ingratefully his own general [6] first, and afterward most of those officers who, with the loss of their honour and hazard of their souls, had lifted him up to the top of his unreasonable ambitions? to break his faith with all enemies and with all friends equally? and to make no less frequent use of the most solemn perjuries than the looser sort of people do of customary oaths? to usurp three kingdoms without any shadow of the least pretensions, and to govern them as unjustly as he got them? to set himself up as an idol (which we know, as St. Paul says, in itself is nothing), and make the very streets of London

like the valley of Hinnon, by burning the bowels of men as a sacrifice to his molochship?[7] to seek to entail this usurpation upon his posterity, and with it an endless war upon the nation? and lastly, by the severest judgment of Almighty God, to die hardened, and mad, and unrepentant, with the curses of the present age, and the detestation of all to succeed?"

Though I had much more to say (for the life of man is so short that it allows not time enough to speak against a tyrant); yet because I had a mind to hear how my strange adversary would behave himself upon this subject, and to give even the devil (as they say) his right, and fair play in a disputation, I stopped here, and expected (not without the frailty of a little fear) that he should have broken into a violent passion in behalf of his favourite; but he on the contrary very calmly, and with the dovelike innocency of a serpent that was not yet warmed enough to sting, thus replied to me:

"It is not so much out of my affection to that person whom we discourse of (whose greatness is too solid to be shaken by the breath of any oratory), as for your own sake (honest countreyman), whom I conceive to err rather by mistake than out of malice, that I shall endeavour to reform your uncharitable and unjust opinion. And, in the first place, I must needs put you in mind of a sentence of the most ancient of the heathen divines, that you men are acquainted withal:

> Οὐ χ' ὅσιον κταμένοισιν ἐπ' ἀνδράσιν εὐχεταᾶσθαι.
> "'Tis wicked with insulting feet to tread
> Upon the monuments of the dead.'

And the intention of the reproof there is no less proper for this subject, for it is spoken to a person who was proud and insolent against those dead men to whom he had been humble and obedient while they lived."

"Your highness may please," said I, "to add the verse that follows, as no less proper for this subject:

> "'Whom God's just doom and their own sins have sent
> Already to their punishment.'

"But I take this to be the rule in the case, that, when we fix any infamy upon deceased persons, it should not be

done out of hatred to the dead, but out of love and charity to the living; that the curses, which only remain in men's thoughts, and dare not come forth against tyrants (because they are tyrants) while they are so, may at least be forever settled and engraven upon their memories, to deter all others from the like wickedness; which else, in the time of their foolish prosperity, the flattery of their own hearts and of other men's tongues would not suffer them to perceive. Ambition is so subtle a tempter, and the corruption of human nature so susceptible of the temptation that a man can hardly resist it, be he never so much forewarned of the evil consequences; much less if he find not only the concurrence of the present, but the approbation, too, of following ages, which have the liberty to judge more freely. The mischief of tyranny is too great, even in the shortest time that it can continue; it is endless and insupportable, if the example be to reign too, and if a Lambert must be invited to follow the steps of a Cromwell, as well by the voice of honour as by the sight of power and riches. Though it may seem to some fantastically, yet was it wisely done of the Syracusans to implead with the forms of their ordinary justice to condemn and destroy even the statues of all their tyrants; if it were possible to cut them out of all history, and to extinguish their very names, I am of opinion that it ought to be done; but, since they have left behind them too deep wounds to be ever closed up without a scar, at least let us set such a mark upon their memory that men of the same wicked inclinations may be no less affrighted with their lasting ignominy than enticed by their momentary glories. And that your highness may perceive that I speak not all this out of any private animosity against the person of the late protector, I assure you, upon my faith, that I bear no more hatred to his name than I do to that of Marius or Sylla, who never did me, or any friend of mine, the least injury"; and with that, transported by a holy fury, I fell into this sudden rapture:

> " Curst be the man (what do I wish? as though
> The wretch already were not so;
> But curst on let him be) who thinks it brave
> And great, his countrey[8] to enslave,
> Who seeks to overpoise alone
> The balance of a nation,

Against the whole but naked state,
Who in his own light scale makes up with arms the weight.

"Who of his nation loves to be the first,
Though at the rate of being worst.
Who would be rather a great monster than
A well-proportioned man.
The son of earth with hundred hands
Upon his three-piled mountain stands,
Till thunder strikes him from the sky;
The son of earth again in his earth's womb does lie.

"What blood, confusion, ruin, to obtain
A short and miserable reign!
In what oblique and humble creeping wise
Does the mischievous serpent rise!
But even his forked tongue strikes dead:
When he's reared up his wicked head,
He murders with his mortal frown;
A basilisk he grows, if once he get a crown.

"But no guards can oppose assaulting fears,
Or undermining tears,
No more than doors or close-drawn curtains keep
The swarming dreams out, when we sleep.
That bloody conscience, too, of his
(For, oh, a rebel red-coat 'tis)
Does here his early hell begin,
He sees his slaves without, his tyrant feels within.

"Let, gracious God, let never more thine hand
Lift up this rod against our land.
A tyrant is a rod and serpent too,
And brings worse plagues than Egypt knew.
What rivers stained with blood have been!
What storm and hail-shot have we seen!
What sores deformed the ulcerous state!
What darkness, to be felt, has buried us of late!

"How has it snatched our flocks and herds away!
And made even of our sons a prey!
What croaking sects and vermin has it sent,
The restless nation to torment!
What greedy troops, what armed power
Of flies and locusts, to devour
The land, which everywhere they fill!
Nor fly they, Lord, away; no, they devour it still.

"Come the eleventh plague, rather than this should be;
Come sink us rather in the sea.
Come, rather, pestilence, and reap us down;
Come God's sword rather than our own,
Let rather Roman come again,
Or Saxon, Norman, or the Dane:
In all the bonds we ever bore,
We grieved, we sighed, we wept; we never blushed before.

"If by our sins the divine justice be
Called to this last extremity,
Let some denouncing Jonas first be sent,
To try, if England can repent.
Methinks, at least, some prodigy,
Some dreadful comet from on high,
Should terribly forewarn the earth,
As of good princes' deaths, so of a tyrant's birth."

Here, the spirit of verse beginning a little to fail, I stopped, and his highness, smiling, said: "I was glad to see you engaged in the inclosure of metre; for, if you had stayed in the open plain of declaiming against the word Tyrant, I must have had patience for half a dozen hours, till you had tired yourself as well as me. But pray, countreyman, to avoid this sciomachy, or imaginary combat with words, let me know, sir, what you mean by the name tyrant, for I remember that, among your ancient authors, not only all kings, but even Jupiter himself (your juvans pater), is so termed; and perhaps, as it was used formerly in a good sense, so we shall find it, upon better consideration, to be still a good thing for the benefit and peace of mankind; at least, it will appear whether your interpretation of it may be justly applied to the person who is now the subject of our discourse."

"I call him," said I, "a tyrant, who either intrudes himself forcibly into the government of his fellow-citizens without any legal authority over them; or who, having a just title to the government of a people, abuses it to the destruction, or tormenting, of them. So that all tyrants are at the same time usurpers, either of the whole, or at least of a part, of that power which they assume to themselves; and no less are they to be accounted rebels, since no man can usurp authority over others, but by rebelling against them who had it before, or at least against those laws which were his superiors: and in all these senses no history can afford us a more evident example of tyranny, or more out of all possibility of excuse or palliation, than that of the person whom you are pleased to defend; whether we consider his reiterated rebellions against all his superiors, or his usurpation of the supreme power to himself, or his tyranny in the exercise of it; and, if lawful princes have been esteemed tyrants, by not containing themselves within the bounds of those laws which have

been left them, as the sphere of their authority, by their forefathers, what shall we say of that man who, having by right no power at all in this nation, could not content himself with that which had satisfied the most ambitious of our princes? nay, not with those vastly extended limits of sovereignty, which he (disdaining all that had been prescribed and observed before) was pleased (out of great modesty) to set to himself; not abstaining from rebellion and usurpation even against his own laws, as well as those of the nation?"

"Hold, friend," said his highness, pulling me by my arm, "for I see your zeal is transporting you again; whether the Protector were a tyrant in the exorbitant exercise of his power we shall see anon; it is requisite to examine, first, whether he were so in the usurpation of it. And I say that not only he, but no man else, ever was or can be so; and that for these reasons: First, because all power belongs only to God, who is the source and fountain of it, as kings are of all honours in their dominions. Princes are but his viceroys in the little provinces of this world; and to some he gives their places for a few years, to some for their lives, and to others (upon ends or deserts best known to himself, or merely for his undisputable good pleasure) he bestows, as it were, leases upon them, and their posterity, for such a date of time as is prefixed in that patent of their destiny which is not legible to you men below. Neither is it more unlawful for Oliver to succeed Charles in the kingdom of England, when God so disposes of it, than it had been for him to have succeeded the Lord Strafford in his lieutenancy of Ireland, if he had been appointed to it by the king then reigning. Men are in both the cases obliged to obey him whom they see actually invested with the authority by that sovereign from whom he ought to derive it, without disputing or examining the causes, either of the removal of the one or the preferment of the other. Secondly, because all power is attained, either by the election and consent of the people (and that takes away your objection of forcible intrusion); or else, by a conquest of them (and that gives such a legal authority as you mention to be wanting in the usurpation of a tyrant); so that either

this title is right, and then there are no usurpers, or else it is a wrong one, and then there are none else but usurpers, if you examine the original pretences of the princes of the world. Thirdly (which, quitting the dispute in general, is a particular justification of his highness), the government of England was totally broken and dissolved, and extinguished by the confusions of a civil war, so that his highness could not be accused to have possessed himself violently of the ancient building of the commonwealth, but to have prudently and peacefully built up a new one out of the ruins and ashes of the former; and he who, after a deplorable shipwreck, can with extraordinary industry gather together the dispersed and broken planks and pieces of it, and with no less wonderful art and felicity so rejoin them as to make a new vessel more tight and beautiful than the old one, deserves, no doubt, to have the command of her (even as his highness had) by the desire of the seamen and passengers themselves. And do but consider, lastly (for I omit a multitude of weighty things that might be spoken upon this noble argument), do but consider seriously and impartially with yourself what admirable parts of wit and prudence, what indefatigable diligence and invincible courage, must, of necessity, have concurred in the person of that man, who, from so contemptible beginnings (as I observed before), and through so many thousand difficulties, was able not only to make himself the greatest and most absolute monarch of this nation, but to add to it the entire conquest of Ireland and Scotland (which the whole force of the world, joined with the Roman virtue, could never attain to), and to crown all this with illustrious and heroical undertakings and successes upon all our foreign enemies; do but (I say again) consider this, and you will confess that his prodigious merits were a better title to imperial dignity than the blood of a hundred royal progenitors; and will rather lament that he had lived not to overcome more nations than envy him the conquest and dominion of these."

"Whoever you are," said I, my indignation making me somewhat bolder, "your discourse, methinks, becomes as little the person of a tutelar angel as Cromwell's actions did that of a protector. It is upon these principles that

all the great crimes of the world have been committed, and most particularly those which I have had the misfortune to see in my own time and in my own countrey. If these be to be allowed, we must break up human society, retire into woods, and equally there stand upon our guards against our brethren mankind, and our rebels the wild beasts. For, if there can be no usurpation upon the rights of a whole nation, there can be none, most certainly, upon those of a private person; and, if the robbers of countreys be God's vicegerents, there is no doubt but the thieves and banditos and murderers are his under officers. It is true, which you say, that God is the source and fountain of all power; and it is no less true that he is the creator of serpents as well as angels; nor does his goodness fail of its ends even in the malice of his own creatures. What power he suffers the devil to exercise in this world is too apparent by our daily experience; and by nothing more than the late monstrous iniquities which you dispute for, and patronize in England. But would you infer from thence that the power of the devil is a just and lawful one, and that all men ought, as well as most men do, obey him? God is the fountain of all powers; but some flow from the right hand, as it were, of his goodness, and others from the left hand of his justice; and the world, like an island between these two rivers, is sometimes refreshed and nourished by the one and sometimes overrun and ruined by the other; and (to continue a little further the allegory) we are never overwhelmed with the latter till, either by our malice or negligence, we have stopped and dammed up the former.

" But to come a little closer to your argument, or rather the image of an argument, your similitude. If Cromwell had come to command in Ireland in the place of the late Lord Strafford, I should have yielded obedience, not for the equipage, and the strength, and the guards which he brought with him, but for the commission which he should first have showed me from our common sovereign that sent him; and, if he could have done that from God Almighty, I would have obeyed him too in England; but that he was so far from being able to do that, on the contrary, I read nothing but commands, and even

public proclamations, from God Almighty not to admit him.

" Your second argument is that he had the same right for his authority that is the foundation of all others, even the right of conquest. Are we then so unhappy as to be conquered by the person whom we hired at a daily rate, like a labourer, to conquer others for us? did we furnish him with arms, only to draw and try upon our enemies (as we, it seems, falsely thought them), and keep them forever sheathed in the bowels of his friends? did we fight for liberty against our prince that we might become slaves to our servant? This is such an impudent pretence as neither he, nor any of his flatterers for him, had ever the face to mention. Though it can hardly be spoken or thought of without passion, yet I shall, if you please, argue it more calmly than the case deserves.

" The right, certainly, of conquest can only be exercised upon those against whom the war is declared and the victory obtained. So that no whole nation can be said to be conquered but by foreign force. In all civil wars, men are so far from stating the quarrel against their countrey that they do it only against a person or party which they really believe, or at least pretend, to be pernicious to it; neither can there be any just cause for the destruction of a part of the body but when it is done for the preservation and safety of the whole. It is our countrey that raises men in the quarrel, our countrey that arms, our countrey that pays them, our countrey that authorizes the undertaking, and, by that, distinguishes it from rapine and murder; lastly, it is our countrey that directs and commands the army, and is their general. So that to say, in civil wars, that the prevailing party conquers their countrey is to say the countrey conquers itself. And, if the general only of that party be conqueror, the army by which he is made so is no less conquered than the army which is beaten, and have as little reason to triumph in that victory, by which they lose both their honour and liberty. So that if Cromwell conquered any party, it was only that against which he was sent; and what that was must appear by his commission. It was (says that) against a company of evil counsellors and disaffected persons, who kept

the king from a good intelligence and compunction with his people. It was not then against the people. It is so far from being so that even of that party which was beaten the conquest did not belong to Cromwell, but to the Parliament which employed him in their service, or rather, indeed, to the king and Parliament, for whose service (if there had been any faith in men's vows and protestations) the wars were undertaken. Merciful God! did the right of this miserable conquest remain, then, in his majesty? and didst thou suffer him to be destroyed, with more barbarity than if he had been conquered even by savages and cannibals? was it for king and Parliament that we fought, and has it fared with them just as with the army which we fought against, the one part being slain and the other fled? It appears therefore plainly that Cromwell was not a conqueror, but a thief and robber of the rights of the king and Parliament, and a usurper upon those of the people. I do not here deny the conquest to be sometimes (though it be very rarely) a true title, but I deny this to be a true conquest. Sure I am that the race of our princes came not in by such a one. One nation may conquer another, sometimes, justly; and if it be unjustly, yet still it is a true conquest, and they are to answer for the injustice only to God Almighty (having nothing else in authority above them), and not as particular rebels to their countrey, which is, and ought to be, their superior and their lord. If, perhaps, we find usurpation instead of conquest in the original titles of some royal families abroad (as, no doubt, there have been many usurpers before ours, though none in so impudent and execrable a manner), all I can say for them is that their title was very weak, till, by length of time, and the death of all juster pretenders, it became to be the true because it was the only one.

"Your third defence of his highness (as your highness pleases to call him) enters in most seasonably after his pretence of conquest; for then a man may say anything. The government was broken; who broke it? It was dissolved; who dissolved it? It was extinguished; who was it, but Cromwell, who not only put out the light, but cast away even the very snuff of it? As if a man should murder a whole family, and then possess himself of the house, be-

cause it is better that he than only rats should live there. Jesus God!" said I, and at that word I perceived my pretended angel to give a start and trembled; but I took no notice of it, and went on; "this were a wicked pretension, even though the whole family were destroyed; but the heirs (blessed be God) are yet surviving, and likely to outlive all heirs of their dispossessors, besides their infamy. 'Rode, caper, vitem,' etc. There will be yet wine enough left for the sacrifice of those wild beasts that have made so much spoil in the vineyard. But did Cromwell think, like Nero, to set the city on fire only that he might have the honour of being founder of a new and more beautiful one? He could not have such a shadow of virtue in his wickedness; he meant only to rob more securely and more richly in the midst of the combustion; he little thought then that he should ever have been able to make himself master of the palace, as well as plunder the goods of the commonwealth. He was glad to see the public vessel (the sovereign of the seas) in as desperate a condition as his own little canoe, and thought only, with some scattered planks of that great shipwreck, to make a better fisher-boat for himself. But when he saw that, by the drowning of the master (whom he himself treacherously knocked on the head as he was swimming for his life), by the flight and dispersion of others, and cowardly patience of the remaining company, that all was abandoned to his pleasure; with the old hulk and new misshapen and disagreeing pieces of his own he made up, with much ado, that piratical vessel which we have seen him command, and which how tight, indeed, it was may best be judged by its perpetual leaking.

"First, then (much more wicked than those foolish daughters in the fable, who cut their old father into pieces, in hope, by charms and witchcraft, to make him young and lusty again), this man endeavoured to destroy the building, before he could imagine in what manner, with what materials, by what workmen, or what architect it was to be rebuilt. Secondly, if he had dreamed himself to be able to revive that body which he had killed, yet it had been but the insupportable insolence of an ignorant mountebank; and, thirdly (which concerns us nearest), that

very new thing which he made out of the ruins of the old, is no more like the original, either for beauty, use, or duration than an artificial plant, raised by the fire of a chemist, is comparable to the true and natural one which he first burned, that out of the ashes of it he might produce an imperfect similitude of his own making.

"Your last argument is such (when reduced to syllogism), that the major proposition of it would make strange work in the world if it were received for truth; to wit, that he who has the best parts in a nation has the right of being king over it. We had enough to do here of old with the contention between two branches of the same family. What would become of us when every man in England should lay his claim to the government? And truly, if Cromwell should have commenced his plea, when he seems to have begun his ambition, there were few persons besides that might not at the same time have put in theirs too. But his deserts, I suppose, you will date from the same term that I do his great demerits, that is, from the beginning of our late calamities (for, as for his private faults before, I can only wish, and that with as much charity to him as to the public, that he had continued in them till his death, rather than changed them for those of his latter days), and therefore, we must begin the consideration of his greatness from the unlucky era of our own misfortunes, which puts me in mind of what was said less truly of Pompey the Great, 'Nostrâ miseriâ magnus es.' But, because the general ground of your argumentation consists in this, that all men who are the effecters of extraordinary mutations in the world, must needs have extraordinary forces of Nature by which they are enabled to turn about, as they please, so great a wheel; I shall speak, first, a few words upon this universal proposition, which seems so reasonable, and is so popular, before I descend to the particular examination of the eminences of that person which is in question.

"I have often observed (with all submission and resignation of spirit to the inscrutable mysteries of Eternal Providence), that, when the fulness and maturity of time is come, that produces the great confusions and changes in the world, it usually pleases God to make it appear, by

the manner of them, that they are not the effects of human force or policy, but of the divine justice and predestination; and, though we see a man, like that which we call Jack of the clock-house, striking, as it were, the hour of that fulness of time, yet our reason must needs be convinced that his hand is moved by some secret, and, to us who stand without, invisible direction. And the stream of the current is then so violent that the strongest men in the world can not draw up against it; and none are so weak but they may sail down with it. These are the spring-tides of public affairs, which we see often happen, but seek in vain to discover any certain causes:

> "'———Omnia fluminis'
> Ritu feruntur, nunc medio alveo
> Cum pace delabentis Etruscum
> In mare, nunc lapides adesos,
> Stirpésque raptas, et pecus, et domos
> Volventis unà, non sine montium
> Clamore, vicinæque sylvæ;
> Cùm fera diluvies quietos
> Irritat amnes.' (Hor., 3, Carm., xxix.)

And one man then, by maliciously opening all the sluices that he can come at, can never be the sole author of all this (though he may be as guilty as if really he were, by intending and imagining to be so); but it is God that breaks up the flood-gates of so general a deluge, and all the art then, and industry of mankind, is not sufficient to raise up dikes and ramparts against it. In such a time it was, as this, that not all the wisdom and power of the Roman Senate, nor the wit and eloquence of Cicero, nor the courage and virtue of Brutus, was able to defend their countrey or themselves against the unexperienced rashness of a beardless boy, and the loose rage of a voluptuous madman.[10] The valour and prudent counsels, on the one side, are made fruitless, and the errors and cowardice, on the other, harmless by unexpected accidents. The one general saves his life, and gains the whole world, by a very dream; and the other loses both at once by a little mistake of the shortness of his sight.[11] And though this be not always so, for we see that, in the translation of the great monarchies from one to another, it pleased God to make choice of the most eminent men in Nature, as Cyrus,

Alexander, Scipio, and his contemporaries, for his chief instruments and actors in so admirable a work (the end of this being not only to destroy or punish one nation, which may be done by the worst of mankind, but to exalt and bless another, which is only to be effected by great and virtuous persons); yet, when God only intends the temporary chastisement of a people, he does not raise up his servant Cyrus (as he himself is pleased to call him), or an Alexander (who had as many virtues to do good as vices to do harm); but he makes the Masaniellos and the Johns of Leyden the instruments of his vengeance, that the power of the Almighty might be more evident by the weakness of the means which he chooses to demonstrate it. He did not assemble the serpents, and the monsters of Afric, to correct the pride of the Egyptians, but called for his armies of locusts out of Ethiopia, and formed new ones of vermin out of the very dust; and, because you see a whole countrey destroyed by these, will you argue from thence they must needs have had both the craft of foxes and the courage of lions?

" It is easy to apply this general observation to the particular case of our troubles in England, and that they seem only to be meant for a temporary chastisement of our sins, and not for a total abolishment of the old and introduction of a new government, appears probable to me from these considerations, as far as we may be bold to make a judgment of the will of God in future events. First, because he has suffered nothing to settle, or take root, in the place of that which hath been so unwisely and unjustly removed, that none of these untempered mortars can hold out against the next blast of wind, nor any stone stick to a stone, till that which these foolish builders have refused be made again the head of the corner. For, when the indisposed and long-tormented commonwealth has wearied and spent itself almost to nothing with the chargeable, various, and dangerous experiments of several mountebanks, it is to be supposed, it will have the wit at last to send for a true physician, especially when it sees (which is the second consideration) most evidently (as it now begins to do, and will do every day more and more, and might have done perfectly long since) that no usurpa-

tion (under what name or pretext soever) can be kept up without open force, nor force without the continuance of those oppressions upon the people, which will, at last, tire out their patience, though it be great even to stupidity. They can not be so dull (when poverty and hunger begin to whet their understanding) as not to find out this no extraordinary mystery, that it is madness in a nation to pay three millions a year for the maintaining of their servitude under tyrants, when they might live free for nothing under their princes. This, I say, will not always lie hid, even to the slowest capacities; and the next truth they will discover afterward is that a whole people can never have the will, without having, at the same time, the power to redeem themselves. Thirdly, it does not look (methinks) as if God had forsaken the family of that man, from whom he has raised up five children, of as eminent virtue, and all other commendable qualities, as ever lived, perhaps (for so many together, and so young), in any other family in the whole world. Especially, if we add hereto this consideration, that, by protecting and preserving some of them already through as great dangers as ever were passed with safety, either by prince or private person, he has given them already (as we may reasonably hope it to be meant) a promise and earnest of his future favours. And, lastly (to return closely to the discourse from which I have a little digressed) because I see nothing of those excellent parts of nature, and mixture of merit with their vices, in the late disturbers of our peace and happiness, that uses to be found in the persons of those who are born for the erection of new empires.

"And, I confess, I find nothing of that kind, no, not any shadow (taking away the false light of some prosperity) in the man whom you extol for the first example of it. And, certainly, all virtues being rightly divided into moral and intellectual, I know not how we can better judge of the former than by men's actions; or of the latter than by their writings or speeches. As for these latter (which are least in merit, or, rather, which are only the instruments of mischief, where the other are wanting), I think you can hardly pick out the name of a man who ever was called great, besides him we are now speaking of, who

never left the memory behind him of one wise or witty apophthegm even among his domestic servants or greatest flatterers. That little in print, which remains upon a sad record for him, is such as a satire against him would not have made him say, for fear of transgressing too much the rules of probability. I know not what you can produce for the justification of his parts in this kind, but his having been able to deceive so many particular persons, and so many whole parties; which, if you please to take notice of for the advantage of his intellectuals, I desire you to allow me the liberty to do so too when I am to speak of his morals. The truth of the thing is this, that if craft be wisdom, and dissimulation wit (assisted both and improved with hypocrisies and perjuries), I must not deny him to have been singular in both; but so gross was the manner in which he made use of them, that, as wise men ought not to have believed him at first, so no man was fool enough to believe him at last; neither did any man seem to do it, but those who thought they gained as much by that dissembling, as he did by his. His very actings of godliness grew at last as ridiculous, as if a player, by putting on a gown, should think he represented excellently a woman, though his beard, at the same time, were seen by all the spectators. If you ask me why they did not hiss, and explode him off the stage, I can only answer that they durst not do so, because the actors and the doorkeepers were too strong for the company. I must confess that by these arts (how grossly soever managed, as by hypocritical praying and silly preaching, by unmanly tears and whinings, by falsehoods and perjuries even diabolical) he had at first the good fortune (as men call it, that is, the ill fortune) to attain his ends; but it was because his ends were so unreasonable that no human reason could foresee them; which made them who had to do with him believe that he was rather a well-meaning and deluded bigot than a crafty and malicious impostor; that these arts were helped by an indefatigable industry (as you term it), I am so far from doubting that I intended to object that diligence as the worst of his crimes. It makes me almost mad when I hear a man commended for his diligence in wickedness. If I were his son I should wish to God he

had been a more lazy person, and that we might have found him sleeping at the hours when other men are ordinarily waking, rather than waking for those ends of his when other men were ordinarily asleep. How diligent the wicked are, the Scripture often tells us: 'Their feet run to evil, and they make haste to shed innocent blood,' Isa. lix, 7. 'He travels with iniquity,' Ps. vii, 14. 'He deviseth mischief upon his bed,' Ps. xxxiv, 4. 'They search out iniquity, they accomplish a diligent search,' Ps. lxiv, 6; and in a multitude of other places. And would it not seem ridiculous to praise a wolf for his watchfulness, and for his indefatigable industry in ranging all night about the country, while the sheep, and perhaps the shepherd, and perhaps the very dogs, too, are all asleep?

> "'The Chartreux wants the warning of a bell
> To call him to the duties of his cell;
> There needs no noise at all t' awaken sin,
> Th' adulterer and the thief his 'larum has within.'

"And, if the diligence of wicked persons be so much to be blamed, as that it is only an emphasis and exaggeration of their wickedness, I see not how their courage can avoid the same censure. If the undertaking bold and vast and unreasonable designs can deserve that honourable name, I am sure Faux and his fellow gunpowder friends will have cause to pretend, though not an equal, yet at least the next place of honour; neither can I doubt but, if they too had succeeded, they would have found their applauders and admirers. It was bold, unquestionably, for a man, in defiance of all human and divine laws (and with so little probability of a long impunity), so publicly and so outrageously to murder his master; it was bold, with so much insolence and affront, to expel and disperse all the chief partners of his guilt, and creators of his power; it was bold to violate, so openly and so scornfully, all acts and constitutions of a nation, and afterward even of his own making; it was bold to assume the authority of calling, and bolder yet of breaking, so many Parliaments; it was bold to trample upon the patience of his own, and provoke that of all neighbouring countries; it was bold, I say, above all boldnesses, to usurp this tyranny to himself; and impudent above all impudences to endeavour to trans-

mit it to his posterity. But all this boldness is so far from being a sign of manly courage (which dares not transgress the rules of any other virtue) that it is only a demonstration of brutish madness or diabolical possession. In both which last cases there use frequent examples to appear, of such extraordinary force as may justly seem more wonderful and astonishing than the actions of Cromwell; neither is it stranger to believe that a whole nation should not be able to govern him and a mad army than that five or six men should not be strong enough to bind a distracted girl. There is no man ever succeeds in one wickedness but it gives him the boldness to attempt a greater. It was boldly done of Nero to kill his mother and all the chief nobility of the empire; it was boldly done to set the metropolis of the whole world on fire and undauntedly play upon his harp while he saw it burning; I could reckon up five hundred boldnesses of that great person (for why should not he, too, be called so?) who wanted, when he was to die, that courage which could hardly have failed any woman in the like necessity.

" It would look (I must confess) like envy, or too much partiality, if I should say that personal kind of courage had been deficient in the man we speak of; I am confident it was not; and yet I may venture, I think, to affirm that no man ever bore the honour of so many victories, at the rate of fewer wounds, or dangers of his own body; and though his valour might perhaps have given him a just pretension to one of the first charges in an army, it could not certainly be a sufficient ground for a title to the command of three nations.

" What then shall we say? that he did all this by witchcraft? He did so, indeed, in a great measure, by a sin that is called like it in the Scriptures. But truly and unpassionately reflecting upon the advantages of his person, which might be thought to have produced those of his fortune, I can espy no other but extraordinary diligence and infinite dissimulation; and believe he was exalted above his nation partly by his own faults, but chiefly for ours.

" We have brought him thus briefly (not through all his labyrinths) to the supreme usurped authority; and, because you say it was great pity he did not live to com-

mand more kingdoms, be pleased to let me represent to you, in a few words, how well I conceive he governed these. And we will divide the consideration into that of his foreign and domestic actions. The first of his foreign was a peace with our brethren of Holland (who were the first of our neighbours that God chastised for having had so great a hand in the encouraging and abetting our troubles at home); who would not imagine, at first glance, that this had been the most virtuous and laudable deed that his whole life could have made any parade of? But no man can look upon all the circumstances without perceiving that it was purely the sale and sacrificing of the greatest advantages that this countrey could ever hope, and was ready to reap, from a foreign war, to the private interests of his covetousness and ambition, and the security of his new and unsettled usurpation. No sooner is that danger past but this Beatus Pacificus is kindling a fire in the northern world, and carrying a war two thousand miles off, westward. Two millions a year (besides all the vales of his protectorship) is as little capable to suffice now either his avarice or prodigality, as the two hundred pounds were that he was born to. He must have his prey of the whole Indies, both by sea and land, this great alligator. To satisfy our Anti-Solomon (who has made silver almost as rare as gold, and gold as precious stones in his new Jerusalem) we must go, ten thousand of his slaves, to fetch him riches from his fantastical Ophir. And, because his flatterers brag of him as the most fortunate prince (the Faustus as well as Sylla of our nation, whom God never forsook in any of his undertakings), I desire them to consider how, since the English name was ever heard of, it never received so great and so infamous a blow as under the imprudent conduct of this unlucky Faustus; and, herein, let me admire the justice of God, in this circumstance, that they, who had enslaved their countrey (though a great army, which I wish, may be observed by ours with trembling), should be so shamefully defeated by the hands of forty slaves. It was very ridiculous to see how prettily they endeavoured to hide this ignominy under the great name of the conquest of Jamaica; as if a defeated army should have the impudence to brag afterward of the victory, be-

cause, though they had fled out of the field of battle, yet they quartered that night in a village of the enemies. The war with Spain was a necessary consequence of this folly, and how much we have gotten by it let the custom-house and exchange inform you; and if he please to boast of the taking a part of the silver fleet (which, indeed, nobody else but he who was the sole gainer has cause to do), at least, let him give leave to the rest of the nation (which is the only loser) to complain of the loss of twelve hundred of her ships.

" But because it may here, perhaps, be answered, that his successes nearer home have extinguished the disgrace of so remote miscarriages, and that Dunkirk ought more to be remembered for his glory than St. Domingo for his disadvantage, I must confess, as to the honour of the English courage, that they were not wanting upon that occasion (excepting only the fault of serving at least indirectly against their master) to the upholding of the renown of their warlike ancestors. But for his particular share of it, who sate still at home, and exposed them so frankly abroad, I can only say that, for less money than he in the short time of his reign exacted from his fellow-subjects, some of our former princes (with the daily hazard of their own persons) have added to the dominion of England not only one town, but even a greater kingdom than itself. And, this being all considerable as concerning his enterprises abroad, let us examine, in the next place, how much we owe him for his justice and good government at home.

" And first he found the commonwealth (as they then called it) in a ready stock of about eight hundred thousand pounds; he left the commonwealth (as he had the impudent raillery still to call it) some two millions and a half in debt. He found our trade very much decayed, indeed, in comparison of the golden times of our late princes; he left it as much again more decayed than he found it; and yet, not only no prince in England, but no tyrant in the world, ever sought out more base or infamous means to raise moneys. I shall only instance in one that he put in practice, and another that he attempted, but was frighted from the execution (even he) by the infamy of it. That which he put in practice was decimation,[12]

which was the most impudent breach of all public faith that the whole nation had given, and all private capitulations which himself had made, as the nation's general and servant, that can be found out (I believe) in all history, from any of the most barbarous generals of the most barbarous people. Which, because it has been most excellently, and most largely, laid open by a whole book[13] written upon that subject, I shall only desire you here to remember the thing in general, and to be pleased to look upon that author, when you would recollect all the particulars and circumstances of the iniquity. The other design, of raising a present sum of money, which he violently pursued, but durst not put in execution, was by the calling in and establishment of the Jews at London, from which he was rebutted by the universal outcry of the divines, and even of the citizens too, who took it ill, that a considerable number, at least among themselves, were not thought Jews enough by their own Herod. And for this design, they say, he invented (O Antichrist! Πονηρὸν and ὁ Πονηρὸς!) to sell St. Paul's to them for a synagogue, if their purses and devotions could have reached to the purchase. And this, indeed, if he had done only to reward that nation which had given the first noble example of crucifying their king, it might have had some appearance of gratitude; but he did it only for love of their mammon, and would have sold afterward, for as much more, St. Peter's (even at his own Westminster) to the Turks for a mosquito. Such was his extraordinary piety to God that he desired he might be worshipped in all manners, excepting only that heathenish way of the 'Common Prayer-Book.' But what do I speak of his wicked inventions for getting money; when every penny, that for almost five years he took every day from every man living in England, Scotland, and Ireland, was as much robbery as if it had been taken by a thief upon the highways? Was it not so? or can any man think that Cromwell, with the assistance of his forces and moss-troopers, had more right to the command of all men's purses than he might have had to any one's whom he had met, and been too strong for, on a road? And yet, when this came, in the case of Mr. Coney,[14] to be disputed by a legal trial, he (which was the

highest act of tyranny that ever was seen in England) not only discouraged and threatened, but violently imprisoned the counsel of the plaintiff; that is, he shut up the law itself close prisoner, that no man might have relief from or access to it. And it ought to be remembered that this was done by those men who a few years before had so bitterly decried and openly opposed the king's regular and formal way of proceeding in the trial of a little ship-money.

"But, though we lost the benefit of our old courts of justice, it can not be denied that he set up new ones; and such they were! that as no virtuous prince before would, so no ill one durst, erect. What, have we lived so many hundred years under such a form of justice as has been able regularly to punish all men that offended against it; and is it so deficient, just now, that we must seek out new ways how to proceed against offenders? The reason which can only be given in nature for a necessity of this is, because those things are now made crimes which were never esteemed so in former ages; and there must needs be a new court set up to punish that which all the old ones were bound to protect and reward. But I am so far from declaiming (as you call it) against these wickednesses (which, if I should undertake to do, I should never get to the peroration), that you see I only give a hint of some few, and pass over the rest, as things that are too many to be numbered, and must only be weighed in gross. Let any man show me (for, though I pretend not to much reading, I will defy him in all history), let any man show me (I say) an example of any nation in the world (though much greater than ours) where there have, in the space of four years, been made so many prisoners, only out of the endless jealousies of one tyrant's guilty imagination. I grant you that Marius and Sylla, and the accursed triumvirate after them, put more people to death; but the reason, I think, partly was because in those times, that had a mixture of some honour with their madness, they thought it a more civil revenge against a Roman to take away his life than to take away his liberty. But truly, in the point of murder, too, we have little reason to think that our late tyranny has been deficient to the examples that have ever been set it in other countries. Our judges

and our courts of justice have not been idle, and, to omit the whole reign of our late king (till the beginning of the war), in which no drop of blood was ever drawn but from two or three ears, I think the longest time of our worst princes scarce saw many more executions than the short one of our blest reformer. And we saw and smelt in our open streets (as I marked to you at first) the broiling of human bowels as a burnt-offering of a sweet savour to our idol; but all murdering, and all torturing (though after the subtilest invention of his predecessors of Sicily), is more humane and more supportable than his selling of Christians, Englishmen, gentlemen; his selling of them (oh, monstrous! oh, incredible!) to be slaves in America. If his whole life could be reproached with no other action, yet this alone would weigh down all the multiplicity of crimes in any of our tyrants; and I dare only touch, without stopping or insisting upon so insolent and so execrable a cruelty, for fear of falling into so violent (though a just) passion, as would make me exceed that temper and moderation which I resolve to observe in this discourse with you.

" These are great calamities, but even these are not the most insupportable that we have endured; for so it is, that the scorn, and mockery, and the insultings of an enemy are more painful than the deepest wounds of his serious fury. This man was wanton and merry (unwittily and ungracefully merry) with our sufferings: he loved to say and do senseless and fantastical things, only to show his power of doing or saying anything. It would ill befit mine, or any civil mouth, to repeat those words which he spoke concerning the most sacred of our English laws, the Petition of Right, and Magna Charta.[15] To-day you should see him ranting so wildly that nobody durst come near him; the morrow, flinging of cushions, and playing at snowballs with his servants. This month he assembles a Parliament, and professes himself, with humble tears, to be only their servant and their minister; the next month he swears by the living God that he will turn them out of doors, and he does so, in his princely way of threatening, bidding them 'Turn the buckles of their girdles behind them.' The representative of whole, nay, of three whole

nations, was, in his esteem, so contemptible a meeting, that he thought the affronting and expelling of them to be a thing of so little consequence as not to deserve that he should advise with any mortal man about it. What shall we call this? boldness or brutishness? rashness or frenzy? There is no name can come up to it; and therefore we must leave it without one. Now, a Parliament must be chosen in the new manner, next time in the old form, but all cashiered still after the newest mode. Now he will govern by major-generals, now by one House, now by another House, now by no House; now the freak takes him, and he makes seventy peers of the land at one clap (extempore, and stans pede in uno); and, to manifest the absolute power of the potter, he chooses not only the worst clay he could find, but picks up even the dirt and mire to form out of it his vessels of honour. It was said anciently of Fortune that, when she had a mind to be merry, and to divert herself, she was wont to raise up such kind of people to the highest dignities. This son of Fortune, Cromwell (who was himself one of the primest of her jests), found out the true haut-gout of this pleasure, and rejoiced in the extravagance of his ways, as the fullest demonstration of his uncontrollable sovereignty. Good God! What have we seen? and what have we suffered? what do all these actions signify? what do they say aloud to the whole nation, but this (even as plainly as if it were proclaimed by heralds through the streets of London), 'You are slaves and fools, and so I will use you!'

"These are, briefly, a part of those merits which you lament to have wanted the reward of more kingdoms, and suppose that, if he had lived longer, he might have had them—which I am so far from concurring to that I believe his seasonable dying to have been a greater good fortune to him than all the victories and prosperities of his life. For he seemed evidently (methinks) to be near the end of his deceitful glories; his own army grew at last as weary of him as the rest of the people; and I never passed of late before his palace (his, do I call it? I ask God and the king pardon), but I never passed of late before Whitehall without reading upon the gate of it 'Mene Mene, Tekel Upharsin.' But it pleased God to take him from the ordinary

courts of men, and juries of his peers, to his own high court of justice, which being more merciful than ours below, there is a little room yet left for the hope of his friends, if he have any; though the outward unrepentance of his death afford but small materials for the work of charity, especially if he designed even then to entail his own injustice upon his children, and, by it, inextricable confusions and civil wars upon the nation. But here's at last an end of him. And where's now the fruit of all that blood and calamity, which his ambition has cost the world? Where is it? Why, his son (you will say) has the whole crop. I doubt he will find it quickly blasted. I have nothing to say against the gentleman, or any living of his family; on the contrary, I wish him better fortune than to have a long and unquiet possession of his master's inheritance. Whatsoever I have spoken against his father is that which I should have thought (though decency, perhaps, might have hindered me from saying it) even against mine own, if I had been so unhappy, as that mine, by the same ways, should have left me three kingdoms."

Here I stopped, and my pretended protector, who, I expected, should have been very angry, fell a-laughing; it seems at the simplicity of my discourse, for thus he replied: "You seem to pretend extremely to the old obsolete rules of virtue and conscience, which makes me doubt very much whether, from this vast prospect of three kingdoms, you can show me any acres of your own. But these are so far from making you a prince that I am afraid your friends will never have the contentment to see you so much as a justice of peace in your own country. For this, I perceive, which you call virtue is nothing else but either the frowardness of a cynic or the laziness of an epicurean. I am glad you allow me at least artful dissimulation, and unwearied diligence in my hero; and I assure you that he, whose life is constantly drawn by those two, shall never be misled out of the way of greatness. But I see you are a pedant, and Platonical statesman, a theoretical commonwealth's-man, a Utopian dreamer. Was ever riches gotten by your golden mediocrities? or the supreme place attained to by virtues that must not stir out of the middle? Do you study Aristotle's politics, and write, if you please,

comments upon them; and let another but practise Machiavel, and let us see, then, which of you two will come to the greatest preferments. If the desire of rule and superiority be a virtue (as sure I am it is more imprinted in human nature than any of your lethargical morals)—and what is the virtue of any creature but the exercise of those powers and inclinations which God has infused into it?—if that (I say) be virtue, we ought not to esteem anything vice which is the most proper, if not the only, means of attaining of it:

"It is a truth so certain, and so clear,
That to the first-born man it did appear;
Did not the mighty heir, the noble Cain,
By the fresh laws of Nature taught, disdain
That (though a brother) any one should be
A greater favourite to God than he?
He strook him down; and, so (said he) so fell
The sheep, which thou didst sacrifice so well.
Since all the fullest sheaves, which I could bring,
Since all were blasted in the offering,
Lest God should my next victim too despise,
The acceptable priest I'll sacrifice.
Hence, coward fears; for the first blood so spilt,
As a reward, he the first city built.
'Twas a beginning generous and high,
Fit for a grandchild of the Deity.
So well advanced, 'twas pity there he stayed;
One step of glory more he should have made,
And to the utmost bounds of greatness gone;
Had Adam too been killed, he might have reigned alone.
One brother's death, what do I mean to name,
A small oblation to revenge and fame?
The mighty-souled Abimelec, to shew
What for a high place a higher spirit can do,
A hecatomb almost of brethren slew,
And seventy times in nearest blood he dyed
(To make it hold) his royal purple pride.
Why do I name the lordly creature man?
The weak, the mild, the coward woman, can,
When to a crown she cuts her sacred way,
All that oppose, with manlike courage, slay.
So Athaliah, when she saw her son,
And with his life her dearer greatness gone,
With a majestic fury slaughtered all
Whom high birth might to high pretences call:
Since he was dead who all her power sustained,
Resolved to reign alone; resolved, and reigned.
In vain her sex, in vain the laws withstood,
In vain the sacred plea of David's blood;
A noble, and a bold contention, she
(One woman) undertook with destiny.
She to pluck down, destiny to uphold
(Obliged by holy oracles of old)
The great Jessæan race on Juda's throne;

Till 'twas at last an equal wager grown,
Scarce fate, with much ado, the better got by one.
Tell me not, she herself at last was slain;
Did she not, first, seven years (a lifetime) reign?
Seven royal years t' a public spirit will seem
More than the private life of a Methusalem.
'Tis godlike to be great; and, as they say,
A thousand years to God are but a day;
So to a man, when once a crown he wears,
The coronation day's more than a thousand years."

He would have gone on, I perceived, in his blasphemies but that, by God's grace, I became so bold as thus to interrupt him: " I understand now perfectly (which I guessed at long before) what kind of angel and protector you are, and though your style in verse be very much mended since you were wont to deliver oracles, yet your doctrine is much worse than ever you had formerly (that I heard of) the face to publish; whether your long practice with mankind has increased and improved your malice, or whether you think us in this age to be grown so impudently wicked that there needs no more art or disguises to draw us to your party."

" My dominion," said he hastily, and with a dreadful, furious look, " is so great in this world, and I am so powerful a monarch of it, that I need not be ashamed that you should know me; and that you may see I know you too, I know you to be an obstinate and inveterate malignant; and for that reason I shall take you along with me to the next garrison of ours; from whence you shall go to the Tower, and from thence to the court of justice, and from thence you know whither." I was almost in the very pounces of the great bird of prey:

" When, lo, ere the last words were fully spoke,
From a fair cloud, which rather op'd than broke,
A flash of light, rather than lightening, came,
So swift, and yet so gentle, was the flame.
Upon it rode (and, in his full career,
Seemed to my eyes no sooner there, than here)
The comeliest youth of all th' angelic race;
Lovely his shape, ineffable his face.
The frowns, with which he strook the trembling fiend,
All smiles of human beauty did transcend;
His beams of locks fell part dishevelled down,
Part upward curled, and formed a nat'ral crown,
Such as the British monarchs used to wear;
If gold might be compared with angel's hair.

His coat and flowing mantle were so bright,
They seemed both made of woven silver light:
Across his breast an azure ribbon went,
At which a medal hung, that did present
In wondrous living figures to the sight,
The mystic champion's, and old dragon's fight;
And from his mantle's side there shone afar,
A fixed, and, I believe, a real star.
In his fair hand (what need was there of more?)
No arms, but th' English bloody cross, he bore,
Which when he toward th' affrighted tyrant bent,
And some few words pronounced (but what they meant,
Or were, could not, alas! by me be known,
Only, I well perceived, Jesus was one)
He trembled, and he roared, and fled away;
Mad to quit thus his more than hoped-for prey.
Such rage inflames the wolf's wild heart and eyes
(Robbed, as he thinks, unjustly of his prize)
Whom unawares the shepherd spies, and draws
The bleating lamb from out his ravenous jaws:
The shepherd fain himself would he assail,
But fear above his hunger does prevail,
He knows his foe too strong, and must be gone:
He grins, as he looks back, and howls, as he goes on."

Notes

[1] That is, from a low and plebeian original.

[2] The idea of this figure appears to be taken from the frontispiece to Hobbes's "Leviathan."

[3] Meaning the Commonwealth.

[4] Hume has inserted this character of Cromwell, but altered, as he says, in some particulars, from the original in his "History of Great Britain."

[5] In virtue of which he was bound to fight against sin, the world, and the devil.

[6] Sir Thomas Fairfax.

[7] Cowley only means that under the Protector's government some persons suffered the customary death of traitors.

[8] This word, in the sense of patria, or as including in it the idea of a civil constitution, is always spelled by Cowley with an *e* before the *y*—countr*ey*; in the sense of rus, without an *e*—country.

[9] Cowley inserts "omnia" for the "cætera" of Horace.

[10] Octavius and Antony.

[11] It was owing to a dream of his physician that Octavius saved his life (by quitting his tent, where he was sick, in a critical moment), and assisted at the battle of Philippi, which gained him the whole world. Cassius's death, and the ill success at Philippi, was owing to a mistake caused by his shortness of sight.

[12] Decimation here means not the putting to death of every tenth man, but the levying of the tenth penny on the estates of the royalists.

[13] This book is probably that which was written by the king's command at Cologne, most probably by Sir Edward Hyde. ("History of the Rebellion," vol. iii, p. 445, fol.)

[14] See Clarendon's "History," vol. iii, p. 506, fol.

[15] In the case of Coney before mentioned.

OF REWARDING GENIUS IN ENGLAND

BY

OLIVER GOLDSMITH

Oliver Goldsmith was the son of a clergyman, and was born in Pallas, in the county Longford, Ireland, November 10, 1728. His birthplace is supposed to be the scene of his "Deserted Village," and his father the original of Dr. Primrose in "The Vicar of Wakefield." His earliest schoolmaster was Thomas Byrne, who is described in his most famous poem. He was entered as a sizar, or poor student, at Trinity College, Dublin, in 1744, got into all sorts of scrapes, and finally ran away, but returned and took his degree (at the foot of his class) in 1749. He tried to take clerical orders, but was rejected; set out for America, but got no farther than Cork; was supplied with money to study law in London, but immediately lost it in gambling. He studied medicine in Edinburgh and Leyden, then spent two years wandering about the Continent, and in 1756 returned to England. He practised as a physician a little while in a suburb of London, then became a proof reader, then usher in an academy, and then assistant editor of a magazine. After that he lived in London, and was author, editor, and compiler by turns, with all sorts of business and social adventures, till his death, April 4, 1774. Dr. Johnson, Garrick, and Sir Joshua Reynolds were among his intimate friends. His first published book was a series of essays under the title, "An Enquiry into the Present State of Polite Learning in Europe," from which the one here given is chosen. This book was published anonymously in 1759; and one of the last things he did was to prepare a revised edition, which appeared soon after his death. His "Chinese Letters," or "Citizen of the World," form another series of essays, which appeared first in a newspaper. Besides these, his famous works are his novel, "The Vicar of Wakefield"; his poems, "The Traveller" and "The Deserted Village"; and his comedies, "She Stoops to Conquer" and "The Good-natured Man." He is supposed to have been in love with Mary Horneck, who was called the Jessamy Bride, but he never married—perhaps because of his improvidence and utter lack of common sense in business matters, which kept him forever bankrupt. He was two thousand pounds in debt when he died.

OF REWARDING GENIUS IN ENGLAND

THERE is nothing authors are more apt to lament than want of encouragement from the age. Whatever their differences in other respects, they are all ready to unite in this complaint, and each indirectly offers himself as an instance of the truth of his assertion.

The beneficed divine, whose wants are only imaginary, expostulates as bitterly as the poorest author.[1] Should interest or good fortune advance the divine to a bishopric, or the poor son of Parnassus into that place which the other has resigned, both are authors no longer: the one goes to prayers once a day, kneels upon cushions of velvet, and thanks gracious Heaven for having made the circumstances of all mankind so extremely happy; the other battens on all the delicacies of life, enjoys his wife and his easy-chair, and sometimes, for the sake of conversation, deplores the luxury of these degenerate days.

All encouragements to merit are therefore misapplied, which make the author too rich to continue his profession. There can be nothing more just than the old observation, that authors, like running horses, should be fed, but not fattened. If we would continue them in our service we should reward them with a little money and a great deal of praise, still keeping their avarice subservient to their ambition. Not that I think a writer incapable of filling an employment with dignity; I would only insinuate that, when made a bishop or statesman, he will continue to please us as a writer no longer; as, to resume a former allusion, the running horse, when fattened, will still be fit for very useful purposes, though unqualified for a courser.

No nation gives greater encouragements to learning than we do; yet, at the same time, none are so injudicious in the application. We seem to confer them with the same view that statesmen have been known to grant employ-

ments at court, rather as bribes to silence than incentives to emulation.

Upon this principle all our magnificent endowments of colleges are erroneous; and, at best, more frequently enrich the prudent than reward the ingenious. A lad whose passions are not strong enough in youth to mislead him from that path of science which his tutors, and not his inclinations, have chalked out, by four or five years perseverance may probably obtain every advantage and honour his college can bestow. I forget whether the simile has been used before, but I would compare the man whose youth has been thus passed in the tranquility of dispassionate prudence to liquors which never ferment, and consequently continue always muddy. Passions may raise a commotion in the youthful breast, but they disturb only to refine it. However this be, mean talents are often rewarded in colleges with an easy subsistence. The candidates for preferments of this kind often regard their admission as a patent for future indolence;[2] so that a life begun in studious labour is often continued in luxurious affluence.

Among the universities abroad, I have ever observed their riches and their learning in a reciprocal proportion, their stupidity and pride increasing with their opulence. Happening once, in conversation with Gaubius of Leyden, to mention the college of Edinburgh, he began by complaining that all the English students which formerly came to his university now went entirely there; and the fact surprised him more, as Leyden was now as well as ever furnished with masters excellent in their respective professions. He concluded by asking if the professors of Edinburgh were rich? I replied that the salary of a professor there seldom amounted to more than thirty pounds a year. "Poor men," says he, "I heartily wish they were better provided for; until they become rich we can have no expectation of English students at Leyden."

Premiums, also, proposed for literary excellence, when given as encouragements to boys, may be useful; but when designed as rewards to men are certainly misapplied. We have seldom seen a performance of any great merit in consequence of rewards proposed in this manner. Who has

ever observed a writer of any eminence a candidate in so precarious a contest? The man who knows the real value of his own genius will no more venture it upon an uncertainty than he who knows the true use of a guinea will stake it with a sharper.[3]

Every encouragement given to stupidity, when known to be such, is also a negative insult upon genius. This appears in nothing more evident than the undistinguished success of those who solicit subscriptions. When first brought into fashion, subscriptions were conferred upon the ingenious alone, or those who were reputed such. But at present we see them made a resource of indigence, and requested, not as rewards of merit, but as a relief of distress. If tradesmen happen to want skill in conducting their own business, yet they are able to write a book; if mechanics want money, or ladies shame, they write books and solicit subscriptions. Scarce a morning passes that proposals of this nature are not thrust into the half-opening doors of the rich, with perhaps a paltry petition, showing the author's wants but not his merits. I would not willingly prevent that pity which is due to indigence, but while the streams of liberality are thus diffused, they must, in the end, become proportionably shallow.

What, then, are the proper encouragements of genius? I answer, subsistence and respect; for these are rewards congenial to its nature. Every animal has an aliment peculiarly suited to its constitution. The heavy ox seeks nourishment from earth; the light chameleon has been supposed to exist on air; a sparer diet even than this will satisfy the man of true genius, for he makes a luxurious banquet upon empty applause. It is this alone which has inspired all that ever was truly great and noble among us. It is, as Cicero finely calls it, the echo of virtue. Avarice is the passion of inferior natures—money the pay of the common herd. The author who draws his quill merely to take a purse, no more deserves success than he who presents a pistol.[4]

When the link between patronage and learning was entire, then all who deserved fame were in a capacity of attaining it. When the great Somers was at the helm, patronage was fashionable among our nobility. The mid-

dle ranks of mankind, who generally imitate the great, then followed their example, and applauded from fashion, if not from feeling. I have heard an old poet [5] of that glorious age say that a dinner with his lordship has procured him invitations for the whole week following—that an airing in his patron's chariot has supplied him with a citizen's coach on every future occasion. For who would not be proud to entertain a man who kept so much good company?

But this link now seems entirely broken. Since the days of a certain prime minister, of inglorious memory,[6] the learned have been kept pretty much at a distance. A jockey, or a laced player, supplies the place of the scholar, poet, or the man of virtue. Those conversations, once the result of wisdom, wit, and innocence, are now turned to humbler topics, little more being expected from a companion than a laced coat, a pliant bow, and an immoderate friendship for —— a well-served table.

Wit, when neglected by the great, is generally despised by the vulgar. Those who are unacquainted with the world are apt to fancy the man of wit as leading a very agreeable life. They conclude, perhaps, that he is attended to with silent admiration, and dictates to the rest of mankind with all the eloquence of conscious superiority. Very different is his present situation. He is called an author, and all know that an author is a thing only to be laughed at. His person, not his jest, becomes the mirth of the company. At his approach the most fat, unthinking face brightens into malicious meaning. Even aldermen laugh, and revenge on him the ridicule which was lavished on their forefathers:

> " Etiam victis redit in præcordia virtus,
> Victoresque cadunt."

It is indeed a reflection somewhat mortifying to the author who breaks his ranks and singles out for public favour to think that he must combat contempt before he can arrive at glory; that he must expect to have all the fools of society united against him before he can hope for the applause of the judicious. For this, however, he must prepare beforehand; as those who have no idea of

the difficulty of his employment, will be apt to regard his inactivity as idleness—and, not having a notion of the pangs of uncomplying thought in themselves, it is not to be expected they should have any desire of rewarding it in others.

Voltaire has finely described the hardships a man must encounter who writes for the public. I need make no apology for the length of the quotation:

" Your fate, my dear Le Fèvre, is too strongly marked to permit your retiring. The bee must toil in making honey, the silk-worm must spin, the philosopher must dissect them, and you are born to sing of their labours. You must be a poet and a scholar, even though your inclinations should resist: Nature is too strong for inclination. But hope not, my friend, to find tranquility in the employment you are going to pursue. The route of genius is not less obstructed with disappointment than that of ambition.

" If you have the misfortune not to excel in your profession as a poet, repentance must tincture all your future enjoyments; if you succeed, you make enemies. You tread a narrow path: contempt on one side, and hatred on the other, are ready to seize you upon the slightest deviation.

" But why must I be hated? you will perhaps reply; why must I be persecuted for having written a pleasing poem, for having produced an applauded tragedy, or for otherwise instructing or amusing mankind or myself?

" My dear friend, these very successes shall render you miserable for life. Let me suppose your performance has merit—let me suppose you have surmounted the teasing employments of printing and publishing; how will you be able to lull the critics who, like Cerberus, are posted at all the avenues of literature, and who settle the merits of every new performance? How, I say, will you be able to make them open in your favour? There are always three or four literary journals in France, as many in Holland, each supporting opposite interests. The booksellers who guide these periodical compilations, find their account in being severe; the authors employed by them have wretchedness to add to their natural malignity. The majority

may be in your favour, but you may depend on being torn by the rest. Loaded with unmerited scurrility, perhaps you reply; they rejoin; both plead at the bar of the public, and both are condemned to ridicule.

"But if you write for the stage your case is still more worthy compassion. You are there to be judged by men whom the custom of the times has rendered contemptible. Irritated by their own inferiority, they exert all their little tyranny upon you, revenging upon the author the insults they receive from the public. From such men, then, you are to expect your sentence. Suppose your piece admitted, acted; one single ill-natured jest from the pit is sufficient to cancel all your labours. But allowing that it succeeds, there are a hundred squibs flying all abroad to prove that it should not have succeeded. You shall find your brightest scenes burlesqued by the ignorant; and the learned, who know a little Greek, and nothing of their native language, affect to despise you.

"But, perhaps, with a panting heart you carry your piece before a woman of quality. She gives the labours of your brain to her maid to be cut into shreds for curling her hair; while the laced footman, who carries the gaudy livery of luxury, insults your appearance, who bear the livery of indigence.

"But granting your excellence has at last forced envy to confess that your works have some merit; this, then, is all the reward you can expect while living. However, for this tribute of applause you must expect persecution. You will be reputed the author of scandal which you have never seen, of verses you despise, and of sentiments directly contrary to your own. In short, you must embark in some one party, or all parties will be against you.

"There are among us a number of learned societies where a lady presides, whose wit begins to twinkle when the splendour of her beauty begins to decline. One or two men of learning compose her ministers of state. These must be flattered, or made enemies by being neglected. Thus, though you had the merit of all antiquity united in your person, you grow old in misery and disgrace. Every place designed for men of letters is filled up by men of intrigue. Some nobleman's private tutor, some court flat-

terer, shall bear away the prize, and leave you to anguish and to disappointment." [7]

Yet it were well if none but the dunces of society were combined to render the profession of an author ridiculous or unhappy. Men of the first eminence are often found to indulge this illiberal vein of raillery. Two contending writers often, by the opposition of their wit, render their profession contemptible in the eyes of ignorants,[8] who should have been taught to admire. And yet, whatever the reader may think of himself, it is at least two to one but he is a greater blockhead than the most scribbling dunce he affects to despise.

The poet's poverty is a standing topic of contempt. His writing for bread is an unpardonable offence. Perhaps of all mankind an author in these times is used most hardly. We keep him poor, and yet revile his poverty. Like angry parents who correct their children till they cry, and then correct them for crying, we reproach him for living by his wit, and yet allow him no other means to live.

His taking refuge in garrets and cellars [9] has of late been violently objected to him, and that by men who, I dare hope, are more apt to pity than insult his distress.[10] Is poverty the writer's fault? No doubt he knows how to prefer a bottle of champagne to the nectar of the neighbouring alehouse, or a venison pasty to a plate of potatoes. Want of delicacy is not in him, but in us, who deny him the opportunity of making an elegant choice.

Wit certainly is the property of those who have it, nor should we be displeased if it is the only property a man sometimes has. We must not underrate him who uses it for subsistence, and flies from the ingratitude of the age even to a bookseller for redress. If the profession of an author is to be laughed at by stupids, it is better sure to be contemptibly rich than contemptibly poor. For all the wit that ever adorned the human mind will, at present, no more shield the author's poverty from ridicule than his high-topped gloves conceal the unavoidable omissions of his laundress.

To be more serious: new fashions, follies, and vices make new monitors necessary in every age. An author

may be considered as a merciful substitute to the legislature. He acts, not by punishing crimes, but preventing them. However virtuous the present age, there may be still growing employment for ridicule or reproof, for persuasion or satire. If the author be therefore still so necessary among us, let us treat him with proper consideration, as a child of the public, not a rent-charge on the community. And, indeed, a child of the public he is in all respects; for while so well able to direct others, how incapable is he frequently found of guiding himself! His simplicity exposes him to all the insidious approaches of cunning; his sensibility to the slightest invasions of contempt. Though possessed of fortitude to stand unmoved the expected bursts of an earthquake, yet of feelings so exquisitely poignant as to agonize under the slightest disappointment. Broken rest, tasteless meals, and causeless anxiety shorten his life, or render it unfit for active employment; prolonged vigils and intense application still further contract his span, and make his time glide insensibly away. Let us not, then, aggravate those natural inconveniences by neglect; we have had sufficient instances of this kind already. Sale and Moore[11] will suffice for one age at least. But they are dead, and their sorrows are over. The neglected author of the "Persian Eclogues," which, however inaccurate, excel any in our language, is still alive; happy, if insensible of our neglect, not raging at our ingratitude.[12] It is enough that the age has already produced instances of men pressing foremost in the lists of fame, and worthy of better times, schooled by continued adversity into a hatred of their kind, flying from thought to drunkenness, yielding to the united pressure of labour, penury, and sorrow, sinking unheeded, without one friend to drop a tear on their unattended obsequies, and indebted to charity for a grave.[13]

The author, when unpatronized by the great, has naturally recourse to the bookseller. There can not be, perhaps, imagined a combination more prejudicial to taste than this. It is the interest of the one to allow as little for writing, and of the other to write as much, as possible. Accordingly, tedious compilations and periodical magazines are the result of their joint endeavours. In these cir-

cumstances the author bids adieu to fame, writes for bread, and for that only imagination is seldom called in. He sits down to address the venal Muse with the most phlegmatic apathy, and as we are told of the Russian, courts his mistress by falling asleep in her lap. His reputation never spreads in a wider circle than that of the trade, who generally value him, not for the fineness of his compositions, but the quantity he works off in a given time.

A long habit of writing for bread thus turns the ambition of every author at last into avarice. He finds that he has written many years, that the public are scarcely acquainted even with his name; he despairs of applause, and turns to profit which invites him. He finds that money procures all those advantages, that respect, and that ease, which he vainly expected from fame. Thus the man who, under the protection of the great, might have done honour to humanity when only patronized by the bookseller, becomes a thing little superior to the fellow who works at the press.[14]

NOTES

[1] "That ever snuffed his candle with finger and thumb." (First edition.)

[2] "Laziness." (First edition.)

[3] The first edition adds, "by throwing a main." (Editor.)

[4] Kenrick, Goldsmith's successor on the "Monthly Review," in reviewing this work made a gross personal attack upon the author.

[5] Dr. Young. (Percy.)

[6] Sir Robert Walpole, no doubt, as Cunningham and Forster say.

[7] From Voltaire's letter, "A. M. Le Fèvre, sur Les inconvénients attachés a la Littérature," 1732.

[8] Percy's edition has "ignorant persons." (Editor.)

[9] The first edition has also "and living among vermin"; which recalls the picture of our author in Green Arbour Court, when he wrote on the "Sagacity of Some Insects," and when, indeed, he wrote the principal part of the present work.

[10] Perhaps in allusion more particularly to Pope's continual ridicule of poor poets.

[11] The first edition had "Sale, Savage, Amhurst, More."

[12] Our author here alludes to the insanity of Collins. (Percy.)

[13] "Among the dregs of mankind." (First edition.)

[14] "Sint Mæcenates, non deerunt, Flacce, Marones." (First edition.)

COMMON SENSE

AND

THE CRISIS

BY

THOMAS PAINE

Thomas Paine—English by birth, American by adoption, French in many of his ideas and part of his life—was a native of Thetford, Norfolk, where he was born, January 29, 1737. His father was a Quaker. Thomas engaged in several business enterprises, apparently with little success, and in 1774 sailed for Philadelphia, bringing letters of introduction from Franklin. He was made editor of the "Pennsylvania Magazine," and his writings soon attracted attention. In his "Serious Thoughts," published in 1775, he expressed his belief that the American colonies would become independent, and a hope that slavery would be abolished. The idea of independence was specially urged in a separate pamphlet entitled "Common Sense," which had a wide circulation. It was not copyrighted, and he received nothing from the sale; but the Legislature gave him five hundred pounds. When independence was declared he enlisted in the army, and afterward he was on the staff of General Greene. In December, 1776, he published "The Crisis," the essay that is presented here. By order of the commander it was read at the head of every regiment, and it did a great deal to strengthen the courage of the people in their efforts for independence. Seventeen other chapters, on the same subject, appeared at irregular intervals during six years. Paine was for a time secretary of a congressional committee, and then Clerk of the Pennsylvania General Assembly. When, in 1780, Washington wrote to that body that the distress of the army was likely to result in mutiny, Paine started a relief subscription with five hundred dollars, his salary, and the roll was soon increased by patriotic citizens to an amount that averted the danger. The next year Paine went to Europe and secured large loans. In 1785 Congress voted him three thousand dollars as a testimonial, and the Legislature of New York gave him a confiscated estate in New Rochelle. Two years later he went to France, and then to England, where he set up a remarkable iron bridge of his own invention. In 1791–'92 he published his "Rights of Man," as a reply to Burke's essay on the French Revolution. This was translated into French and had a wide circulation, and it was followed by his election to a seat in the French National Convention. The book also caused his indictment in England for sedition. As he did not appear for trial, he was outlawed. In the Convention he voted with the Girondists. He favoured the trial of Louis XVI, but wanted him banished to America instead of executed. Robespierre imprisoned him as a foreigner, and on the way to prison he gave Joel Barlow his "Age of Reason." When this was published, Paine's political opponents seized the opportunity to bring him into disrepute by representing it as grossly atheistical. This it is not, as it expresses belief in God and in the immortality of the soul, but it is deistical. James Monroe, then American Minister in Paris, procured his liberation after the death of Robespierre. He published several other pamphlets, returned to the United States in 1802, and died in New York city, June 8, 1809.

COMMON SENSE

I

SOME writers have so confounded society with government as to leave little or no distinction between them; whereas they are not only different, but have different origins. Society is produced by our wants, and government by our wickedness; the former promotes our happiness positively by uniting our affections, the latter negatively by restraining our vices. The one encourages intercourse, the other creates distinctions. The first is a patron, the last is a punisher.

Society in every state is a blessing, but government, even in its best state, is but a necessary evil; in its worst state an intolerable one, for when we suffer or are exposed to the same miseries by a government which we might expect in a country without government, our calamity is heightened by reflecting that we furnish the means by which we suffer. Government, like dress, is the badge of lost innocence; the palaces of kings are built upon the ruins of the bowers of paradise. For were the impulses of conscience clear, uniform, and irresistibly obeyed, man would need no other lawgiver; but that not being the case, he finds it necessary to surrender up a part of his property to furnish means for the protection of the rest; and this he is induced to do by the same prudence which in every other case advises him out of two evils to choose the least. Wherefore, security being the true design and end of government, it unanswerably follows that whatever form thereof appears most likely to insure it to us with the least expense and greatest benefit is preferable to all others.

In order to gain a clear and just idea of the design and end of government, let us suppose a small number of persons settled in some sequestered part of the earth, uncon-

nected with the rest, they will then represent the first peopling of any country, or of the world. In this state of natural liberty, society will be their first thought. A thousand motives will excite them thereto; the strength of one man is so unequal to his wants, and his mind so unfitted for perpetual solitude, that he is soon obliged to seek assistance and relief of another, who in his turn requires the same. Four or five united would be able to raise a tolerable dwelling in the midst of a wilderness, but one man might labour out the common period of life without accomplishing anything; when he had felled his timber he could not remove it, nor erect it after it was removed; hunger in the meantime would urge him from his work, and every different want would call him a different way. Disease, nay, even misfortune, would be death, for though neither might be mortal, yet either would disable him from living, and reduce him to a state in which he might rather be said to perish than to die.

Thus necessity, like a gravitating power, would soon form our newly arrived emigrants into society, the reciprocal blessings of which would supersede, and render the obligations of law and government unnecessary while they remained perfectly just to each other; but as nothing but heaven is impregnable to vice, it will unavoidably happen that in proportion as they surmount the first difficulties of emigration, which bound them together in a common cause, they will begin to relax in their duty and attachment to each other; and this remissness will point out the necessity of establishing some form of government to supply the defect of moral virtue.

Some convenient tree will afford them a state-house, under the branches of which the whole colony may assemble to deliberate on public matters. It is more than probable that their first laws will have the title only of Regulations, and be enforced by no other penalty than public disesteem. In this first parliament every man by natural right will have a seat.

But as the colony increases, the public concerns will increase likewise, and the distance at which the members may be separated will render it too inconvenient for all of them to meet on every occasion as at first, when their

number was small, their habitations near, and the public concerns few and trifling. This will point out the convenience of their consenting to leave the legislative part to be managed by a select number chosen from the whole body, who are supposed to have the same concerns at stake which those have who appointed them, and who will act in the same manner as the whole body would were they present. If the colony continue increasing, it will become necessary to augment the number of representatives, and that the interest of every part of the colony may be attended to, it will be found best to divide the whole into convenient parts, each part sending its proper number; and that the elected might never form to themselves an interest separate from the electors, prudence will point out the propriety of having elections often, because as the elected might by that means return and mix again with the general body of the electors, in a few months their fidelity to the public will be secured by the prudent reflection of not making a rod for themselves. And as this frequent interchange will establish a common interest with every part of the community, they will mutually and naturally support each other, and on this (not on the unmeaning name of king) depends the strength of government and the happiness of the governed.

Here, then, is the origin and rise of government—namely, a mode rendered necessary by the inability of moral virtue to govern the world; here too is the design and end of government, viz., freedom and security. And however our eyes may be dazzled with show, or our ears deceived by sound, however prejudice may warp our wills, or interest darken our understanding, the simple voice of Nature and reason will say it is right.

I draw my idea of the form of government from a principle in Nature, which no art can overturn—viz., that the more simple anything is the less liable it is to be disordered, and the easier repaired when disordered—and with this maxim in view I offer a few remarks on the so-much-boasted constitution of England. That it was noble for the dark and slavish times in which it was erected is granted. When the world was overrun with tyranny, the least remove therefrom was a glorious rescue. But that

it is imperfect, subject to convulsions, and incapable of producing what it seems to promise, is easily demonstrated.

Absolute governments (though the disgrace of human nature) have this advantage with them that they are simple; if the people suffer, they know the head from which their suffering springs, know likewise the remedy, and are not bewildered by a variety of causes and cures. But the constitution of England is so exceedingly complex that the nation may suffer for years together without being able to discover in which part the fault lies; some will say in one and some in another, and every political physician will advise a different medicine.

I know it is difficult to get over local or long-standing prejudices, yet if we will suffer ourselves to examine the component parts of the English constitution we shall find them to be the base remains of two ancient tyrannies, compounded with some new republican materials:

1. The remains of monarchical tyranny in the person of the king.

2. The remains of aristocratical tyranny in the persons of the Peers.

3. The new republican materials, in the persons of the Commons, on whose virtue depends the freedom of England.

The first two, by being hereditary, are independent of the people; wherefore in a constitutional sense they contribute nothing toward the freedom of the state.

To say that the constitution of England is a union of three powers, reciprocally checking each other, is farcical; either the words have no meaning or they are flat contradictions.

To say that the Commons is a check upon the king presupposes two things:

1. That the king is not to be trusted without being looked after, or, in other words, that a thirst for absolute power is the natural disease of monarchy.

2. That the Commons, by being appointed for that purpose, are either wiser or more worthy of confidence than the crown.

But as the same constitution which gives the Com-

mons a power to check the king by withholding the supplies, gives afterward the king a power to check the Commons, by empowering him to reject their other bills, it again supposes that the king is wiser than those whom it has already supposed to be wiser than him. A mere absurdity!

There is something exceedingly ridiculous in the composition of monarchy: it first excludes a man from the means of information, yet empowers him to act in cases where the highest judgment is required. The state of a king shuts him from the world, yet the business of a king requires him to know it thoroughly; wherefore the different parts, by unnaturally opposing and destroying each other, prove the whole character to be absurd and useless.

Some writers have explained the English constitution thus: the king, say they, is one, the people another; the Peers are a house in behalf of the king, the Commons in behalf of the people. But this hath all the distinctions of a house divided against itself; and though the expressions be pleasantly arranged, yet when examined they appear idle and ambiguous; and it will always happen that the nicest construction that words are capable of, when applied to the description of something which either can not exist, or is too incomprehensible to be within the compass of description, will be words of sound only, and though they may amuse the ear they can not inform the mind; for this explanation includes a previous question—viz.: How came the king by a power which the people are afraid to trust, and always obliged to check? Such a power could not be the gift of a wise people, neither can any power which needs checking be from God; yet the provision which the constitution makes supposes such a power to exist.

But the provision is unequal to the task; the means either can not or will not accomplish the end, and the whole affair is a felo de se; for as the greater weight will always carry up the less, and as all the wheels of a machine are put in motion by one, it only remains to know which power in the constitution has the most weight, for that will govern; and though the others, or a part of them, may clog, or, as the phrase is, check the rapidity of its motion, yet so long as they can not stop it their endeavours will

be ineffectual; the first moving power will at last have its way, and what it wants in speed is supplied by time.

That the crown is this overbearing part in the English constitution needs not be mentioned, and that it derives its whole consequence merely from being the giver of places and pensions is self-evident, wherefore, though we have been wise enough to shut and lock a door against absolute monarchy, we at the same time have been foolish enough to put the crown in possession of the key.

The prejudice of Englishmen in favour of their own government, by kings, lords, and commons, arises as much or more from national pride than reason. Individuals are undoubtedly safer in England than in some other countries, but the will of the king is as much the law of the land in Britain as in France, with this difference, that instead of proceeding directly from his mouth, it is handed to the people under the formidable shape of an act of Parliament. For the fate of Charles I hath only made kings more subtle, not more just.

Wherefore, laying aside all national pride and prejudice in favour of modes and forms, the plain truth is that it is wholly owing to the constitution of the people, and not the constitution of the government, that the crown is not as oppressive in England as in Turkey.

An inquiry into the constitutional errors in the English form of government is at this time highly necessary; for as we are never in a proper condition of doing justice to others while we continue under the influence of some leading partiality, so neither are we capable of doing it to ourselves while we remain fettered by any obstinate prejudice. And as a man who is attached to a prostitute is unfitted to choose or judge of a wife, so any prepossession in favour of a rotten constitution of government will disable us from discerning a good one.

II

Mankind being originally equals in the order of creation, the equality could only be destroyed by some subsequent circumstance; the distinctions of rich and poor may in a great measure be accounted for, and that without

having recourse to the harsh ill-sounding names of avarice and oppression. Oppression is often the consequence, but seldom or never the means of riches; and though avarice will preserve a man from being necessitously poor, it generally makes him too timorous to be wealthy.

But there is another and greater distinction for which no truly natural or religious reason can be assigned, and that is the distinction of men into kings and subjects. Male and female are the distinctions of Nature; good and bad, the distinctions of heaven; but how a race of men came into the world so exalted above the rest, and distinguished like some new species, is worth inquiring into, and whether they are the means of happiness or of misery to mankind.

In the early ages of the world, according to the Scripture chronology, there were no kings; the consequence of which was there were no wars; it is the pride of kings which throws mankind into confusion. Holland, without a king, hath enjoyed more peace for the last century than any of the monarchical governments of Europe. Antiquity favours the same remark, for the quiet and rural lives of the first patriarchs have a happy something in them which vanishes when we come to the history of Jewish royalty.

Government by kings was first introduced into the world by heathen, from whom the children of Israel copied the custom. It was the most prosperous invention that was ever set on foot for the promotion of idolatry. The heathen paid divine honours to their deceased kings, and the Christian world hath improved on the plan by doing the same to their living ones. How impious is the title of sacred majesty applied to a worm, who in the midst of his splendour is crumbling into dust!

As the exalting one man so greatly above the rest can not be justified on the equal rights of Nature, so neither can it be defended on the authority of Scripture; for the will of the Almighty, as declared by Gideon and the prophet Samuel, expressly disapproves of government by kings. All antimonarchical parts of Scripture have been very smoothly glossed over in monarchical governments, but they undoubtedly merit the attention of countries which have their governments yet to form. " Render unto

Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's " is the Scripture doctrine of courts, yet it is no support of monarchical government, for the Jews at that time were without a king, and in a state of vassalage to the Romans.

Near three thousand years passed away from the Mosaic account of the creation, until the Jews, under a national delusion, requested a king. Till then their form of government (except in extraordinary cases, where the Almighty interposed) was a kind of republic, administered by a judge and the elders of the tribes. Kings they had none, and it was held sinful to acknowledge any being under that title but the Lord of Hosts. And when a man seriously reflects on the idolatrous homage which is paid to the persons of kings, he need not wonder that the Almighty, ever jealous of his honour, should disapprove a form of government which so impiously invades the prerogative of Heaven.

Monarchy is ranked in Scripture as one of the sins of the Jews, for which a curse in reserve is denounced against them. The history of that transaction is worth attending to.

The children of Israel being oppressed by the Midianites, Gideon marched against them with a small army, and victory, through the divine interposition, decided in his favour. The Jews, elate with success, and attributing it to the generalship of Gideon, proposed making him a king, saying, " Rule thou over us, thou and thy son, and thy son's son." Here was temptation in its fullest extent; not a kingdom only, but a hereditary one; but Gideon in the piety of his soul replied: " I will not rule over you, neither shall my son rule over you; the Lord shall rule over you." Words need not be more explicit; Gideon doth not decline the honour, but denieth their right to give it; neither doth he compliment them with invented declarations of his thanks, but in the positive style of a prophet charges them with disaffection to their proper sovereign, the King of Heaven.

About one hundred years after this they fell again into the same error. The hankering which the Jews had for the idolatrous customs of the heathens is something exceedingly unaccountable; but so it was, that laying hold

of the misconduct of Samuel's two sons, who were intrusted with some secular concerns, they came in an abrupt and clamorous manner to Samuel, saying, "Behold, thou art old, and thy sons walk not in thy ways, now make us a king to judge us like all the other nations." And here we can not but observe that their motives were bad, viz., that they might be like unto other nations—i. e., the heathen—whereas their true glory lay in being as much unlike them as possible. "But the thing displeased Samuel when they said, Give us a king to judge us; and Samuel prayed unto the Lord, and the Lord said unto Samuel: Hearken unto the voice of the people in all that they say unto thee, for they have not rejected thee, but they have rejected me, that I should not reign over them. According to all the works which they have done since the day that I brought them up out of Egypt, even unto this day; wherewith they have forsaken me, and served other Gods; so do they also unto thee. Now therefore hearken unto their voice, howbeit, protest solemnly unto them and show them the manner of the king that shall reign over them"—i. e., not of any particular king, but the general manner of the kings of the earth, whom Israel was so eagerly copying after. And notwithstanding the great distance of time and difference of manners, the character is still in fashion. "And Samuel told all the words of the Lord unto the people, that asked of him a king. And he said, This shall be the manner of the king that shall reign over you; he will take your sons and appoint them for himself, for his chariots, and to be his horsemen, and some shall run before his chariots" (this description agrees with the present mode of impressing men), "and he will appoint him captains over thousands, and captains over fifties, and will set them to ear his ground and to reap his harvest, and to make his instruments of war, and instruments of his chariots; and he will take your daughters to be confectionaries, and to be cooks and to be bakers" (this describes the expense and luxury as well as the oppression of kings), "and he will take your fields and your olive yards, even the best of them, and give them to his servants; and he will take the tenth of your seed, and of your vineyards, and give them to his officers and to his servants" (by

which we see that bribery, corruption, and favouritism are the standing vices of kings); "and he will take the tenth of your men servants, and your maid servants, and your goodliest young men, and your asses, and put them to his work; and he will take the tenth of your sheep, and ye shall be his servants, and ye shall cry out in that day because of your king which ye shall have chosen. And the Lord will not hear you in that day." This accounts for the continuation of monarchy; neither do the characters of the few good kings which have lived since either sanctify the title or blot out the sinfulness of the origin: the high encomium given of David takes no notice of him officially as a king, but only as a man after God's own heart. "Nevertheless the people refused to obey the voice of Samuel, and they said, Nay, but we will have a king over us, that we may be like all the nations, and that our king may judge us, and go out before us and fight our battles." Samuel continued to reason with them, but to no purpose; he set before them their ingratitude, but all would not avail; and seeing them fully bent on their folly, he cried out, "I will call unto the Lord, and he shall send thunder and rain" (which was then a punishment, being in the time of wheat harvest), "that ye may perceive and see that your wickedness is great which ye have done in the sight of the Lord, in asking you a king. So Samuel called unto the Lord, and the Lord sent thunder and rain that day, and all the people greatly feared the Lord and Samuel. And all the people said unto Samuel, Pray for thy servants unto the Lord thy God that we die not, for we have added unto our sins this evil, to ask a king." These portions of Scripture are direct and positive. They admit of no equivocal construction. That the Almighty hath here entered his protest against monarchical government is true, or the Scripture is false. And a man hath good reason to believe that there is as much of kingcraft as priestcraft in withholding the Scripture from the public in Popish countries. For monarchy in every instance is the Popery of government.

To the evil of monarchy we have added that of hereditary succession; and as the first is a degradation and lessening of ourselves, so the second, claimed as a matter of right, is an insult and imposition on posterity. For all men

being originally equals, no one by birth could have a right to set up his own family in perpetual preference to all others forever, and though himself might deserve some decent degree of honours of his contemporaries, yet his descendants might be far too unworthy to inherit them. One of the strongest natural proofs of the folly of hereditary right in kings is that Nature disapproves it, otherwise she would not so frequently turn it into ridicule by giving mankind an ass for a lion.

Secondly, as no man at first could possess more public honours than were bestowed upon him, so the givers of those honours could have no power to give away the right of posterity; and though they might say, "We choose you for our head," they could not, without manifest injustice to their children, say that "your children and your children's children shall reign over ours forever." Because such an unwise, unjust, unnatural compact might (perhaps) in the next succession put them under the government of a rogue or a fool. Most wise men, in their private sentiments, have ever treated hereditary right with contempt; yet it is one of those evils which when once established is not easily removed; many submit from fear, others from superstition, and the more powerful part shares, with the king, the plunder of the rest.

This is supposing the present race of kings in the world to have had an honourable origin; whereas it is more than probable that, could we take off the dark covering of antiquity, and trace them to their first rise, we should find the first of them nothing better than the principal ruffian of some restless gang, whose savage manners or pre-eminence in subtlety obtained him the title of chief among plunderers; and who by increasing in power, and extending his depredations, overawed the quiet and defenceless to purchase their safety by frequent contributions. Yet his electors could have no idea of giving hereditary right to his descendants, because such a perpetual exclusion of themselves was incompatible with the free and unrestrained principles they professed to live by. Wherefore, hereditary succession in the early ages of monarchy could not take place as a matter of claim, but as something casual or complimental; but as few or no records were extant

in those days, and traditionary history stuffed with fables, it was very easy, after the lapse of a few generations, to trump up some superstitious tale, conveniently timed Mohammedlike, to cram hereditary rights down the throats of the vulgar. Perhaps the disorders which threatened, or seemed to threaten, on the decease of a leader and the choice of a new one (for elections among ruffians could not be very orderly) induced many at first to favour hereditary pretensions; by which means it happened, as it hath happened since, that what at first was submitted to as a convenience was afterward claimed as a right.

England, since the conquest, hath known some few good monarchs, but groaned beneath a much larger number of bad ones; yet no man in his senses can say that their claim under William the Conqueror is a very honourable one. A French bastard landing with an armed banditti, and establishing himself King of England against the consent of the natives, is in plain terms a very paltry rascally original. It certainly hath no divinity in it. However, it is needless to spend much time in exposing the folly of hereditary right; if there are any so weak as to believe it, let them promiscuously worship the ass and the lion, and welcome. I shall neither copy their humility nor disturb their devotion.

Yet I should be glad to ask how they suppose kings came at first? The question admits but of three answers—viz., either by lot, by election, or by usurpation. If the first king was taken by lot, it establishes a precedent for the next, which excludes hereditary succession. Saul was by lot, yet the succession was not hereditary, neither does it appear from that transaction that there was any intention it ever should be. If the first king of any country was by election, that likewise establishes a precedent for the next; for to say that the right of all future generations is taken away by the act of the first electors, in their choice not only of a king, but of a family of kings forever, hath no parallel in or out of Scripture but the doctrine of original sin, which supposes the free will of all men lost in Adam; and from such comparison, and it will admit of no other, hereditary succession can derive no glory. For as in Adam all sinned, and as

in the first electors all men obeyed; as in the one all mankind were subjected to Satan, and in the other to sovereignty; as our innocence was lost in the first, and our authority in the last; and as both disable us from reassuming some former state and privilege, it unanswerably follows that original sin and hereditary succession are parallels. Dishonourable rank! Inglorious connection! Yet the most subtle sophist can not produce a juster simile.

As to usurpation, no man will be so hardy as to defend it, and that William the Conqueror was a usurper is a fact not to be contradicted. The plain truth is that the antiquity of English monarchy will not bear looking into.

But it is not so much the absurdity as the evil of hereditary succession which concerns mankind. Did it insure a race of good and wise men, it would have the seal of divine authority, but as it opens a door to the foolish, the wicked, and the improper, it hath in it the nature of oppression. Men who look upon themselves born to reign, and others to obey, soon grow insolent; selected from the rest of mankind, their minds are early poisoned by importance; and the world they act in differs so materially from the world at large that they have but little opportunity of knowing its true interests, and when they succeed to the government are frequently the most ignorant and unfit of any throughout the dominions.

Another evil which attends hereditary succession is that the throne is subject to be possessed by a minor at any age; all which time the regency acting under the cover of a king have every opportunity and inducement to betray their trust. The same national misfortune happens when a king, worn out with age and infirmity, enters the last stage of human weakness. In both these cases the public becomes the prey to every miscreant who can tamper successfully with the follies either of age or infancy.

The most plausible plea which hath ever been offered in favour of hereditary succession is that it preserves a nation from civil wars; and were this true it would be weighty, whereas it is the most barefaced falsity ever imposed upon mankind. The whole history of England disowns the fact. Thirty kings and two minors have reigned in that distracted kingdom since the conquest, in which

time there have been (including the Revolution) no less than eight civil wars and nineteen rebellions. Wherefore, instead of making for peace, it makes against it, and destroys the very foundation it seems to stand upon.

The contest for monarchy and succession between the houses of York and Lancaster laid England in a scene of blood for many years. Twelve pitched battles, besides skirmishes and sieges, were fought between Henry and Edward; twice was Henry prisoner to Edward, who in his turn was prisoner to Henry. And so uncertain is the fate of war and the temper of a nation, when nothing but personal matters are the ground of a quarrel, that Henry was taken in triumph from a prison to a palace, and Edward obliged to fly from a palace to a foreign land; yet, as sudden transitions of temper are seldom lasting, Henry in his turn was driven from the throne, and Edward recalled to succeed him, the Parliament always following the strongest side.

This contest began in the reign of Henry VI, and was not entirely extinguished till Henry VII, in whom the families were united—including a period of sixty-seven years—viz., from 1422 to 1489.

In short, monarchy and succession have laid (not this or that kingdom only) but the world in blood and ashes. 'Tis a form of government which the word of God bears testimony against, and blood will attend it.

If we inquire into the business of a king we shall find (and in some countries they have none) that after sauntering away their lives without pleasure to themselves or advantage to the nation, they withdraw from the scene, and leave their successors to tread the same useless and idle round. In absolute monarchies the whole weight of business, civil and military, lies on the king; the children of Israel in their request for a king urged this plea, "that he may judge us, and go out before us and fight our battles." But in countries where he is neither a judge nor a general, as in England, a man would be puzzled to know what is his business.

The nearer any government approaches to a republic the less business there is for a king. It is somewhat difficult to find a proper name for the government of Eng-

land. Sir William Meredith calls it a republic; but in its present state it is unworthy of the name, because the corrupt influence of the crown, by having all the places at its disposal, hath so effectually swallowed up the power, and eaten out the virtue of the House of Commons (the republican part in the constitution), that the government of England is nearly as monarchical as that of France or Spain. Men fall out with names without understanding them; for it is the republican and not the monarchical part of the constitution of England which Englishmen glory in—viz., the liberty of choosing a House of Commons from out of their own body—and it is easy to see that when republican virtue fails, slavery ensues. Why is the constitution of England sickly but because monarchy hath poisoned the republic, the crown hath engrossed the Commons?

In England a king hath little more to do than to make war and give away places; which, in plain terms, is to impoverish the nation and set it together by the ears. A pretty business, indeed, for a man to be allowed eight hundred thousand sterling a year for, and worshipped into the bargain! Of more worth is one honest man to society, and in the sight of God, than all the crowned ruffians that ever lived.

III

In the following pages I offer nothing more than simple facts, plain arguments, and common sense; and have no other preliminaries to settle with the reader than that he will divest himself of prejudice and prepossesion, and suffer his reason and his feelings to determine for themselves; that he will put on, or rather that he will not put off, the true character of a man, and generously enlarge his views beyond the present day.

Volumes have been written on the subject of the struggle between England and America. Men of all ranks have embarked in the controversy, from different motives, and with various designs; but all have been ineffectual, and the period of debate is closed. Arms, as the last resource, must decide the contest; the appeal was the choice of the king, and the continent hath accepted the challenge.

It has been reported of the late Mr. Pelham (who,

though an able minister, was not without his faults) that on his being attacked in the House of Commons, on the score that his measures were only of a temporary kind, replied, "They will last my time." Should a thought so fatal or unmanly possess the colonies in the present contest, the name of ancestors will be remembered by future generations with detestation.

The sun never shone on a cause of greater worth. 'Tis not the affair of a city, a county, a province, or a kingdom, but of a continent—of at least one eighth part of the habitable globe. 'Tis not the concern of a day, a year, or an age; posterity are virtually involved in the contest, and will be more or less affected, even to the end of time, by the proceedings now. Now is the seed-time of continental union, faith, and honour. The least fracture now will be like a name engraved with the point of a pin on the tender rind of a young oak; the wound will enlarge with the tree, and posterity read it in full-grown characters.

By referring the matter from argument to arms, a new area for politics is struck; a new method of thinking hath arisen. All plans, proposals, etc., prior to the 19th of April—i. e., to the commencement of hostilities—are like the almanacs of last year; which, though proper then, are superseded and useless now. Whatever was advanced by the advocates on either side of the question then, terminated in one and the same point, viz., a union with Great Britain; the only difference between the parties was the method of effecting it: the one proposing force, the other friendship; but it hath so far happened that the first has failed, and the second has withdrawn her influence.

As much hath been said of the advantages of reconciliation, which, like an agreeable dream, hath passed away and left us as we were, it is but right that we should examine the contrary side of the argument, and inquire into some of the many material injuries which these colonies sustain, and always will sustain, by being connected with and dependent on Great Britain—to examine that connection and dependence, on the principles of Nature and common sense, to see what we have to trust to, if separated, and what we are to expect, if dependent.

I have heard it asserted by some that as America has

flourished under her former connection with Great Britain, the same connection is necessary toward her future happiness, and will always have the same effect. Nothing can be more fallacious than this kind of argument. We may as well assert that because a child has thrived upon milk, it is never to have meat, or that the first twenty years of our lives is to become a precedent for the next twenty. But even this is admitting more than is true, for I answer roundly that America would have flourished as much, and probably much more, had no European power had anything to do with her. The articles of commerce by which she has enriched herself are the necessaries of life, and will always have a market while eating is the custom of Europe.

But she has protected us, say some. That she hath engrossed us is true, and defended the continent at our expense as well as her own, is admitted, and she would have defended Turkey from the same motives—viz., for the sake of trade and dominion.

Alas! we have been long led away by ancient prejudices, and made large sacrifices to superstition. We have boasted the protection of Great Britain without considering that her motive was interest, not attachment; and that she did not protect us from our enemies on our account, but from her enemies on her own account, from those who had no quarrel with us on any other account, and who will always be our enemies on the same account. Let Britain waive her pretensions to the continent, or the continent throw off the dependence, and we should be at peace with France and Spain were they at war with Britain. The miseries of Hanover's last war ought to warn us against connections.

It hath lately been asserted in Parliament that the colonies have no relation to each other but through the parent country—i. e., that Pennsylvania and the Jerseys, and so on for the rest, are sister colonies by way of England; that is certainly a very roundabout way of proving relationship, but it is the nearest and only true way of proving enemyship, if I may so call it. France and Spain never were, nor perhaps ever will be, our enemies as Americans, but as our being the subjects of Great Britain.

But Britain is the parent country, say some. Then the

more shame upon her conduct. Even brutes do not devour their young, nor savages make war upon their families; wherefore the assertion, if true, turns to her reproach; but it happens not to be true, or only partly so, and the phrase parent or mother country hath been jesuitically adopted by the king and his parasites, with a low papistical design of gaining an unfair bias on the credulous weakness of our minds. Europe, and not England, is the parent country of America. This New World hath been the asylum for the persecuted lovers of civil and religious liberty from every part of Europe. Hither have they fled, not from the tender embraces of the mother, but from the cruelty of the monster; and it is so far true of England that the same tyranny which drove the first emigrants from home pursues their descendants still.

In this extensive quarter of the globe we forget the narrow limits of three hundred and sixty miles (the extent of England), and carry our friendship on a larger scale; we claim brotherhood with every European Christian, and triumph in the generosity of the sentiment.

It is pleasant to observe with what regular gradations we surmount local prejudices, as we enlarge our acquaintance with the world. A man born in any town in England divided into parishes will naturally associate with most of his fellow-parishioners (because their interest in many cases will be common) and distinguish him by the name of neighbour; if he meet him but a few miles from home he drops the narrow idea of a street, and salutes him by the name of townsman; if he travel out of the county, and meets him in any other, he forgets the minor divisions of street and town, and calls him countryman—i. e., countyman; but if in their foreign excursions they should associate in France or any other part of Europe, their local remembrance would be enlarged into that of Englishman. And by a just parity of reasoning, all Europeans meeting in America, or any other quarter of the globe, are countrymen; for England, Holland, Germany, or Sweden, when compared with the whole, stand in the same places on the larger scale, which the divisions of street, town, and county do on the smaller one; distinctions too limited for continental minds. Not one third of the inhabitants, even

of this province, are of English descent. Wherefore, I reprobate the phrase of parent or mother country applied to England only, as being false, selfish, narrow, and ungenerous.

But, admitting that we were all of English descent, what does it amount to? Nothing. Britain being now an open enemy, extinguishes every other name and title, and to say that reconciliation is our duty is truly farcical. The first King of England, of the present line (William the Conqueror), was a Frenchman, and half the peers of England are descendants from the same country; wherefore, by the same method of reasoning, England ought to be governed by France.

Much hath been said of the united strength of Britain and the colonies, that in conjunction they might bid defiance to the world. But this is mere presumption; the fate of war is uncertain, neither do the expressions mean anything; for this continent would never suffer itself to be drained of inhabitants to support the British arms in either Asia, Africa, or Europe.

Besides, what have we to do with setting the world at defiance? Our plan is commerce, and that, well attended to, will secure us the peace and friendship of all Europe; because it is the interest of all Europe to have America a free port. Her trade will always be a protection, and her barrenness of gold and silver secure her from invaders.

I challenge the warmest advocate for reconciliation to show a single advantage that this continent can reap by being connected with Great Britain. I repeat the challenge; not a single advantage is derived. Our corn will fetch its price in any market in Europe, and our imported goods must be paid for, buy them where we will.

But the injuries and disadvantages which we sustain by that connection are without number, and our duty to mankind at large as well as to ourselves instructs us to renounce the alliance; because any submission to or dependence on Great Britain tends directly to involve this continent in European wars and quarrels, and sets us at variance with nations who would otherwise seek our friendship, and against whom we have neither anger nor complaint. As Europe is our market for trade, we ought to

form no partial connection with any part of it. It is the true interest of America to steer clear of European contentions, which she never can do while, by her dependence on Britain, she is made the make-weight in the scale of British politics.

Europe is too thickly planted with kingdoms to be long at peace, and whenever a war breaks out between England and any foreign power the trade of America goes to ruin because of her connection with Britain. The next war may not turn out like the last; and should it not, the advocates for reconciliation now will be wishing for separation then, because neutrality in that case would be a safer convoy than a man-of-war. Everything that is right or natural pleads for separation. The blood of the slain, the weeping voice of Nature, cries, " 'Tis time to part." Even the distance at which the Almighty hath placed England and America, is a strong and natural proof that the authority of the one over the other was never the design of Heaven. The time likewise at which the continent was discovered adds weight to the argument, and the manner in which it was peopled increases the force of it. The Reformation was preceded by the discovery of America, as if the Almighty graciously meant to open a sanctuary to the persecuted in future years, when home should afford neither friendship nor safety.

The authority of Great Britain over this continent is a form of government which sooner or later must have an end; and a serious mind can draw no true pleasure by looking forward under the painful and positive conviction that what he calls " the present constitution " is merely temporary. As parents, we can have no joy, knowing that this government is not sufficiently lasting to insure anything which we may bequeath to posterity; and by a plain method of argument, as we are running the next generation into debt, we ought to do the work of it, otherwise we use them meanly and pitifully. In order to discover the line of our duty rightly, we should take our children in our hand, and fix our station a few years farther into life; that eminence will present a prospect which a few present fears and prejudices conceal from our sight.

Though I would carefully avoid giving unnecessary

offence, yet I am inclined to believe that all those who espouse the doctrine of reconciliation may be included within the following descriptions: Interested men, who are not to be trusted; weak men, who can not see; prejudiced men, who will not see; and a certain set of moderate men, who think better of the European world than it deserves; and this last class, by an ill-judged deliberation, will be the cause of more calamities to this continent than all the other three.

It is the good fortune of many to live distant from the scene of sorrow; the evil is not sufficiently brought to their doors to make them feel the precariousness with which all American property is possessed. But let our imaginations transport us a few moments to Boston; that seat of wretchedness will teach us wisdom, and instruct us forever to renounce a power in whom we can have no trust. The inhabitants of that unfortunate city, who but a few months ago were in ease and affluence, have now no other alternative than to stay and starve or turn out to beg—endangered by the fire of their friends if they continue within the city, and plundered by the soldiery if they leave it. In their present situation they are prisoners without the hope of redemption, and in a general attack for their relief, they would be exposed to the fury of both armies.

Men of passive tempers look somewhat lightly over the offences of Britain, and, still hoping for the best, are apt to call out, "Come, come, we shall be friends again, for all this." But examine the passions and feelings of mankind, bring the doctrine of reconciliation to the touchstone of Nature, and then tell me whether you can hereafter love, honour, and faithfully serve the power that hath carried fire and sword into your land? If you can not do all these, then are you only deceiving yourselves, and by your delay bringing ruin upon your posterity. Your future connection with Britain, whom you can neither love nor honour, will be forced and unnatural, and being formed only on the plan of present convenience, will in a little time fall into a relapse more wretched than the first. But if you say you can still pass the violations over, then I ask: Hath your house been burned? Hath your property been de-

stroyed before your face? Are your wife and children destitute of a bed to lie on, or bread to live on? Have you lost a parent or a child by their hands, and yourself the ruined and wretched survivor? If you have not, then are you not a judge of those who have? But if you have, and can still shake hands with the murderers, then are you unworthy the name of husband, father, friend, or lover, and whatever may be your rank or title in life, you have the heart of a coward and the spirit of a sycophant.

This is not inflaming or exaggerating matters, but trying them by those feelings and affections which Nature justifies, and without which we should be incapable of discharging the social duties of life or enjoying the felicities of it. I mean not to exhibit horror for the purpose of provoking revenge, but to awaken us from fatal and unmanly slumbers, that we may pursue determinately some fixed object. It is not in the power of Britain or of Europe to conquer America, if she does not conquer herself by delay and timidity. The present winter is worth an age if rightly employed, but if lost or neglected the whole continent will partake of the misfortune; and there is no punishment which that man will not deserve, be he who, or what, or where he will, that may be the means of sacrificing a season so precious and useful.

It is repugnant to reason, and the universal order of things, to all examples from former ages, to suppose that this continent can longer remain subject to any external power. The most sanguine in Britain do not think so. The utmost stretch of human wisdom can not, at this time, compass a plan, short of separation, which can promise the continent even a year's security. Reconciliation is now a fallacious dream. Nature hath deserted the connection, and art can not supply her place. For, as Milton wisely expresses, "Never can true reconcilement grow where wounds of deadly hate have pierced so deep."

Every quiet method for peace hath been ineffectual. Our prayers have been rejected with disdain, and only tended to convince us that nothing flatters vanity, or confirms obstinacy in kings, more than repeated petitioning—nothing hath contributed more than this very measure to make the kings of Europe absolute: witness Denmark and

Sweden. Wherefore, since nothing but blows will do, for God's sake let us come to a final separation, and not leave the next generation to be cutting throats, under the violated unmeaning names of parent and child!

To say they will never attempt it again is idle and visionary; we thought so at the repeal of the Stamp Act, yet a year or two undeceived us; as well may we suppose that nations which have been once defeated will never renew the quarrel.

As to government matters, it is not in the power of Britain to do this continent justice; the business of it will soon be too weighty and intricate to be managed, with any tolerable degree of convenience, by a power so distant from us, and so very ignorant of us; for if they can not conquer us they can not govern us. To be always running three or four thousand miles with a tale or a petition, waiting four or five months for an answer, which, when obtained, requires five or six more to explain it in, will in a few years be looked upon as folly and childishness. There was a time when it was proper, and there is a proper time for it to cease.

Small islands, not capable of protecting themselves, are the proper objects for kingdoms to take under their care; but there is something absurd in supposing a continent to be perpetually governed by an island. In no instance hath Nature made the satellite larger than its primary planet; and as England and America, with respect to each other, reverse the common order of Nature, it is evident that they belong to different systems: England to Europe, America to itself.

I am not induced by motives of pride, party, or resentment to espouse the doctrine of separation and independence; I am clearly, positively, and conscientiously persuaded that it is the true interest of this continent to be so; that everything short of that is mere patchwork; that it can afford no lasting felicity; that it is leaving the sword to our children, and shrinking back at a time when going a little further would have rendered this continent the glory of the earth.

As Britain hath not manifested the least inclination toward a compromise, we may be assured that no terms can

be obtained worthy the acceptance of the continent, or any ways equal to the expense of blood and treasure we have been already put to.

The object contended for ought always to bear some just proportion to the expense. The removal of North, or the whole detestable junto, is a matter unworthy the millions we have expended. A temporary stoppage of trade was an inconvenience which would have sufficiently balanced the repeal of all the acts complained of, had such repeals been obtained; but if the whole continent must take up arms, if every man must be a soldier, it is scarcely worth our while to fight against a contemptible ministry only. Dearly, dearly do we pay for the repeal of the acts, if that is all we fight for; for, in a just estimation, it is as great a folly to pay a Bunker-Hill price for law as for land. I have always considered the independency of this continent as an event which sooner or later must take place, and, from the late rapid progress of the continent to maturity, the event can not be far off. Wherefore, on the breaking out of hostilities, it was not worth the while to have disputed a matter which time would have finally redressed, unless we meant to be in earnest; otherwise, it is like wasting an estate on a suit at law to regulate the trespasses of a tenant whose lease is just expiring. No man was a warmer wisher for a reconciliation than myself before the fatal 19th of April, 1775,[1] but the moment the event of that day was made known I rejected the hardened, sullen-tempered Pharaoh of England forever, and disdain the wretch that, with the pretended title of Father of his People, can unfeelingly hear of their slaughter and composedly sleep with their blood upon his soul.

But admitting that matters were now made up, what would be the event? I answer, the ruin of the continent. And that for several reasons:

1. The powers of governing still remaining in the hands of the king, he will have a negative over the whole legislation of this continent. And as he hath shown himself such an inveterate enemy to liberty, and discovered such a thirst for arbitrary power, is he, or is he not, a proper person to say to these colonies, "You shall make no laws but what I please"? And is there any inhabitant

of America so ignorant as not to know that, according to what is called the present constitution, this continent can make no laws but what the king gives leave to? And is there any man so unwise as not to see that, considering what has happened, he will suffer no law to be made here but such as suits his purpose? We may be as effectually enslaved by the want of laws in America, as by submitting to laws made for us in England. After matters are made up (as it is called) can there be any doubt but the whole power of the crown will be exerted to keep this continent as low and humble as possible? Instead of going forward we shall go backward, or be perpetually quarrelling, or ridiculously petitioning. We are already greater than the king wishes us to be, and will he not hereafter endeavour to make us less? To bring the matter to one point, is the power who is jealous of our prosperity a proper power to govern us? Whoever says "No!" to this question is an independent, for independency means no more than this, whether we shall make our own laws, or whether the king, the greatest enemy which this continent hath, or can have, shall tell us, "There shall be no laws but such as I like."

But the king, you will say, has a negative in England; the people there can make no laws without his consent. In point of right and good order, it is something very ridiculous that a youth of twenty-one (which hath often happened) shall say to several millions of people, older and wiser than himself, "I forbid this or that act of yours to be law." But in this place I decline this sort of reply, though I will never cease to expose the absurdity of it; and only answer that, England being the king's residence, and America not, makes quite another case. The king's negative here is ten times more dangerous and fatal than it can be in England; for there he will scarcely refuse his consent to a bill for putting England into as strong a state of defence as possible, and in America he would never suffer such a bill to be passed.

America is only a secondary object in the system of British politics—England consults the good of this country no further than it answers her own purpose. Wherefore, her own interest leads her to suppress the growth of ours in every case which doth not promote her advantage,

or in the least interferes with it. A pretty state we should soon be in under a second-hand government, considering what has happened! Men do not change from enemies to friends by the alteration of a name; and in order to show that reconciliation now is a dangerous doctrine, I affirm that it would be policy in the king at this time to repeal the acts, for the sake of reinstating himself in the government of the provinces; in order that he may accomplish by craft and subtlety, in the long run, what he can not do by force in the short one. Reconciliation and ruin are nearly related.

2. That as even the best terms which we can expect to obtain can amount to no more than a temporary expedient, or a kind of government by guardianship, which can last no longer than till the colonies come of age, so the general face and state of things in the interim will be unsettled and unpromising. Emigrants of property will not choose to come to a country whose form of government hangs but by a thread, and which is every day tottering on the brink of commotion and disturbance; and numbers of the present inhabitants would lay hold of the interval to dispose of their effects and quit the continent.

But the most powerful of all arguments is that nothing but independence—i. e., a continental form of government —can keep the peace of the continent and preserve it inviolate from civil wars. I dread the event of a reconciliation with Britain now, as it is more than probable that it will be followed by a revolt somewhere or other, the consequences of which may be far more fatal than all the malice of Britain.

Thousands are already ruined by British barbarity. Thousands more will probably suffer the same fate. Those men have other feelings than us who have nothing suffered. All they now possess is liberty; what they before enjoyed is sacrificed to its service; and having nothing more to lose, they disdain submission. Besides, the general temper of the colonies toward a British government will be like that of a youth who is nearly out of his time: they will care very little about her. And a government which can not preserve the peace is no government at all, and in that case we pay our money for nothing. And

pray what is it that Britain can do, whose power will be wholly on paper, should a civil tumult break out the very day after reconciliation? I have heard some men say, many of whom I believe spoke without thinking, that they dreaded an independence, fearing that it would produce civil wars. It is but seldom that our first thoughts are truly correct, and that is the case here; for there is ten times more to dread from a patched-up connection than from independence. I make the sufferer's case my own, and I protest, that were I driven from house and home, my property destroyed, and my circumstances ruined, as a man sensible of injuries I could never relish the doctrine of reconciliation or consider myself bound thereby.

The colonies have manifested such a spirit of good order and obedience to continental government as is sufficient to make every reasonable person easy and happy on that head. No man can assign the least pretence for his fears, on any other grounds than such as are truly childish and ridiculous—viz., that one colony will be striving for superiority over another.

Where there are no distinctions there can be no superiority; perfect equality affords no temptation. The republics of Europe are all (and we may say always) in peace. Holland and Switzerland are without wars, foreign or domestic. Monarchical governments, it is true, are never long at rest; the crown itself is a temptation to enterprising ruffians at home, and that degree of pride and insolence ever attendant on regal authority swells into a rupture with foreign powers in instances where a republican government, by being formed on more natural principles, would negotiate the mistake.

If there is any true cause of fear respecting independence, it is because no plan is yet laid down. Men do not see their way out; wherefore, as an opening into that business, I offer the following hints, at the same time modestly affirming that I have no other opinion of them myself than that they may be the means of giving rise to something better. Could the straggling thoughts of individuals be collected, they would frequently form materials for wise and able men to improve into useful matter.

Let the assemblies be annual, with a president only.

The representation more equal. Their business wholly domestic, and subject to the authority of a continental congress.

Let each colony be divided into six, eight, or ten convenient districts, each district to send a proper number of delegates to Congress, so that each colony send at least thirty. The whole number in Congress will be at least three hundred and ninety. Each Congress to sit . . . and to choose a president by the following method: When the delegates are met, let a colony be taken from the whole thirteen colonies by lot, after which let the Congress choose (by ballot) a president from out of the delegates of that province. In the next Congress, let a colony be taken by lot from twelve only, omitting that colony from which the president was taken in the former Congress, and so proceeding on till the whole thirteen shall have had their proper rotation. And in order that nothing may pass into a law but what is satisfactorily just, not less than three fifths of the Congress to be called a majority. He that will promote discord under a government so equally formed as this would have joined Lucifer in his revolt.

But as there is a peculiar delicacy, from whom, or in what manner, this business must first arise, and as it seems most agreeable and consistent that it should come from some intermediate body between the governed and the governors—that is, between the Congress and the people—let a Continental Conference be held, in the following manner, and for the following purpose:

A committee of twenty-six members of Congress—viz., two for each colony. Two members from each House of Assembly, or provincial convention; and five representatives of the people at large, to be chosen in the capital city or town of each province, for and in behalf of the whole province, by as many qualified voters as shall think proper to attend from all parts of the province for that purpose; or, if more convenient, the representatives may be chosen in two or three of the most populous parts thereof. In this conference, thus assembled, will be united the two grand principles of business, knowledge and power. The members of Congress, assemblies, or conventions, by having had experience in national concerns, will be able and

useful counsellors, and the whole, being empowered by the people, will have a truly legal authority.

The conferring members being met, let their business be to frame a Continental Charter, or Charter of the United Colonies (answering to what is called the Magna Charta of England), fixing the number and manner of choosing members of Congress, and members of Assembly, with their date of sitting, and drawing the line of business and jurisdiction between them (always remembering that our strength is continental, not provincial); securing freedom and property to all men, and above all things, the free exercise of religion, according to the dictates of conscience, with such other matter as it is necessary for a charter to contain. Immediately after which, the said conference to dissolve, and the bodies which shall be chosen conformable to the said charter to be the legislators and governors of this continent for the time being: whose peace and happiness may God preserve, Amen.

Should any body of men be hereafter delegated for this or some similar purpose, I offer them the following extracts from that wise observer on governments, Dragonetti. "The science," says he, "of the politician consists in fixing the true point of happiness and freedom. Those men would deserve the gratitude of ages who should discover a mode of government that contained the greatest sum of individual happiness with the least national expense."

But where, say some, is the king of America? I'll tell you, friend, he reigns above, and doth not make havoc of mankind like the royal brute of Britain. Yet that we may not appear to be defective even in earthly honours, let a day be solemnly set apart for proclaiming the charter; let it be brought forth placed on the divine law, the word of God; let a crown be placed thereon, by which the world may know that, so far as we approve of monarchy, in America the law is king. For as in absolute governments the king is law, so in free countries the law ought to be king; and there ought to be no other. But lest any ill use should afterward arise, let the crown at the conclusion of the ceremony be abolished, and scattered among the people whose right it is.

A government of our own is our natural right, and

when a man seriously reflects on the precariousness of human affairs he will become convinced that it is infinitely wiser and safer to form a constitution of our own in a cool, deliberate manner, while we have it in our power, than to trust such an interesting event to time and chance. If we omit it now, some Masaniello [2] may hereafter arise, who, laying hold of popular disquietudes, may collect together the desperate and the discontented, and by assuming to themselves the powers of government, finally sweep away the liberties of the continent like a deluge. Should the government of America return again into the hands of Britain, the tottering situation of things will be a temptation for some desperate adventurer to try his fortune; and in such a case, what relief can Britain give? Ere she could hear the news the fatal business might be done, and ourselves suffering like the wretched Britons under the oppression of the Conqueror. Ye that oppose independence now, ye know not what ye do; ye are opening a door to eternal tyranny by keeping vacant the seat of government. There are thousands and tens of thousands who would think it glorious to expel from the continent that barbarous and hellish power which hath stirred up the Indians and negroes to destroy us. The cruelty hath a double guilt: it is dealing brutally by us, and treacherously by them.

To talk of friendship with those in whom our reason forbids us to have faith, and our affections, wounded through a thousand pores, instruct us to detest, is madness and folly. Every day wears out the little remains of kindred between us and them; and can there be any reason to hope that, as the relationship expires, the affection will increase, or that we shall agree better when we have ten times more and greater concerns to quarrel over than ever?

Ye that tell us of harmony and reconciliation, can ye restore to us the time that is past? Can ye give to prostitution its former innocence? Neither can ye reconcile Britain and America. The last cord now is broken, the people of England are presenting addresses against us. There are injuries which Nature can not forgive; she would cease to be Nature if she did. As well can the lover forgive the ravisher of his mistress as the continent forgive the murders of Britain. The Almighty hath implanted

within us these unextinguishable feelings for good and wise purposes. They are the guardians of his image in our hearts, and distinguish us from the herd of common animals. The social compact would dissolve, and justice be extirpated from the earth, or have only a casual existence, were we callous to the touches of affection. The robber and the murderer would often escape unpunished did not the injuries which our tempers sustain provoke us into justice.

O ye that love mankind! Ye that dare oppose, not only the tyranny but the tyrant, stand forth! Every spot of the Old World is overrun with oppression. Freedom hath been hunted around the globe. Asia and Africa have long expelled her. Europe regards her like a stranger, and England hath given her warning to depart. Oh, receive the fugitive, and prepare in time an asylum for mankind.

NOTES

[1] The date of the massacre at Lexington.

[2] Tommaso Aniello, otherwise Masaniello, a fisherman of Naples, who after spiriting up his countrymen in the public market-place, against the oppression of the Spaniards, to whom the place was then subject, prompted them to revolt, and in the space of a day became king.

THE CRISIS

THESE are the times that try men's souls. The summer soldier and the sunshine patriot will, in this crisis, shrink from the service of his country; but he that stands it now deserves the love and thanks of man and woman. Tyranny, like hell, is not easily conquered; yet we have this consolation with us, that the harder the conflict the more gorious the triumph. What we obtain too cheap we esteem too lightly: 'tis dearness only that gives everything its value. Heaven knows how to put a proper price upon its goods; and it would be strange indeed if so celestial an article as freedom should not be highly rated. Britain, with an army to enforce her tyranny, has declared that she has a right (not only to tax but) "to bind us in all cases whatsoever," and if being bound in that manner is not slavery, then is there not such a thing as slavery upon earth. Even the expression is impious, for so unlimited a power can belong only to God.

Whether the independence of the continent was declared too soon, or delayed too long, I will not now enter into as an argument; my own simple opinion is, that had it been eight months earlier it would have been much better. We did not make a proper use of last winter, neither could we, while we were in a dependent state. However, the fault, if it were one, was all our own; we have none to blame but ourselves. But no great deal is lost yet; all that Howe has been doing for this month past is rather a ravage than a conquest, which the spirit of the Jerseys a year ago would have quickly repulsed, and which time and a little resolution will soon recover.

I have as little superstition in me as any man living, but my secret opinion has ever been, and still is, that

God Almighty will not give up a people to military destruction, or leave them unsupportedly to perish, who have so earnestly and so repeatedly sought to avoid the calamities of war by every decent method which wisdom could invent. Neither have I so much of the infidel in me as to suppose that he has relinquished the government of the world and given us up to the care of devils; and as I do not, I can not see on what grounds the King of Britain can look up to Heaven for help against us: a common murderer, a highwayman, or a housebreaker has as good a pretence as he.

'Tis surprising to see how rapidly a panic will sometimes run through a country. All nations and ages have been subject to them: Britain has trembled like an ague at the report of a French fleet of flat-bottomed boats; and in the fourteenth century the whole English army, after ravaging the kingdom of France, was driven back like men petrified with fear; and this brave exploit was performed by a few broken forces collected and headed by a woman, Joan of Arc. Would that Heaven might inspire some Jersey maid to spirit up her countrymen, and save her fair fellow-sufferers from ravage and ravishment! Yet panics, in some cases, have their uses; they produce as much good as hurt. Their duration is always short; the mind soon grows through them, and acquires a firmer habit than before. But their peculiar advantage is, that they are the touchstones of sincerity and hypocrisy, and bring things and men to light which might otherwise have lain forever undiscovered. In fact, they have the same effect on secret traitors which an imaginary apparition would have upon a private murderer. They sift out the hidden thoughts of man, and hold them up in public to the world. Many a disguised Tory has lately shown his head that shall penitentially solemnize with curses the day on which Howe arrived upon the Delaware.

As I was with the troops at Fort Lee, and marched with them to the edge of Pennsylvania, I am well acquainted with many circumstances which those who live at a distance know but little or nothing of. Our situation there was exceedingly cramped, the place being a narrow

neck of land between the North River and the Hackensack. Our force was inconsiderable, being not one fourth so great as Howe could bring against us. We had no army at hand to have relieved the garrison had we shut ourselves up and stood on our defence. Our ammunition, light artillery, and the best part of our stores had been removed, on the apprehension that Howe would endeavour to penetrate the Jerseys, in which case Fort Lee could be of no use to us; for it must occur to every thinking man, whether in the army or not, that these kind of field forts are only for temporary purposes, and last in use no longer than the enemy directs his force against the particular object which such forts are raised to defend. Such was our situation and condition at Fort Lee on the morning of the 20th of November, when an officer arrived with information that the enemy with two hundred boats had landed about seven miles above: Major-General Greene, who commanded the garrison, immediately ordered them under arms, and sent express to General Washington at the town of Hackensack, distant by the way of the ferry six miles. Our first object was to secure the bridge over the Hackensack, which laid up the river between the enemy and us, about six miles from us and three from them. General Washington arrived in about three quarters of an hour, and marched at the head of the troops toward the bridge, which place I expected we should have a brush for; however, they did not choose to dispute it with us, and the greatest part of our troops went over the bridge, the rest over the ferry, except some which passed at a mill on a small creek, between the bridge and the ferry, and made their way through some marshy grounds up to the town of Hackensack, and there passed the river. We brought off as much baggage as the wagons could contain; the rest was lost. The simple object was to bring off the garrison, and march them on till they could be strengthened by the Jersey or Pennsylvania militia, so as to be enabled to make a stand. We stayed four days at Newark, collected our outposts with some of the Jersey militia, and marched out twice to meet the enemy on being informed that they were advancing, though our numbers were greatly inferior to theirs. Howe,

in my little opinion, committed a great error in generalship in not throwing a body of forces off from Staten Island through Amboy, by which means he might have seized all our stores at Brunswick, and intercepted our march into Pennsylvania: but if we believe the power of hell to be limited, we must likewise believe that their agents are under some providential control.

I shall not now attempt to give all the particulars of our retreat to the Delaware; suffice for the present to say that both officers and men, though greatly harassed and fatigued, without rest, covering, or provision, the inevitable consequences of a long retreat, bore it with a manly and martial spirit. All their wishes centred in one, which was, that the country would turn out and help them to drive the enemy back. Voltaire has remarked that King William never appeared to full advantage but in difficulties and in action; the same remark may be made on General Washington, for the character fits him. There is a natural firmness in some minds which can not be unlocked by trifles, but which, when unlocked, discovers a cabinet of fortitude; and I reckon it among those kind of public blessings which we do not immediately see that God hath blessed him with uninterrupted health and given him a mind that can even flourish upon care.

I shall conclude this paper with some miscellaneous remarks on the state of our affairs; and shall begin with asking the following question: Why is it that the enemy have left the New England provinces and made these middle ones the seat of war? The answer is easy: New England is not infested with Tories, and we are. I have been tender in raising the cry against these men, and used numberless arguments to show them their danger, but it will not do to sacrifice a world either to their folly or their baseness. The period is now arrived in which either they or we must change our sentiments, or one or both must fall. And what is a Tory? Good God! what is he? I should not be afraid to go with a hundred Whigs against a thousand Tories were they to attempt to get into arms. Every Tory is a coward; for servile, slavish, self-interested fear is the foundation of Toryism; and a man under such influence, though he may be cruel, never can be brave.

But, before the line of irrecoverable separation be drawn between us, let us reason the matter together: your conduct is an invitation to the enemy, yet not one in a thousand of you has heart enough to join him. Howe is as much deceived by you as the American cause is injured by you. He expects you will all take up arms and flock to his standard, with muskets on your shoulders. Your opinions are of no use to him unless you support him personally, for 'tis soldiers, and not Tories, that he wants.

I once felt all that kind of anger which a man ought to feel against the mean principles that are held by the Tories: a noted one, who kept a tavern at Amboy, was standing at his door, with as pretty a child in his hand, about eight or nine years old, as I ever saw, and, after speaking his mind as freely as he thought was prudent, finished with this unfatherly expression, "Well, give me peace in my day!" Not a man lives on the continent but fully believes that a separation must some time or other finally take place, and a generous parent should have said, "If there must be trouble, let it be in my day, that my child may have peace"; and this single reflection, well applied, is sufficient to awaken every man to duty. Not a place upon earth might be so happy as America. Her situation is remote from all the wrangling world, and she has nothing to do but to trade with them. A man can distinguish himself between temper and principle, and I am as confident as I am that God governs the world that America will never be happy till she gets clear of foreign dominion. Wars, without ceasing, will break out till that period arrives, and the continent must in the end be conqueror; for though the flame of liberty may sometimes cease to shine, the coal can never expire.

America did not nor does not want force, but she wanted a proper application of that force. Wisdom is not the purchase of a day, and it is no wonder that we should err at the first setting off. From an excess of tenderness we were unwilling to raise an army, and trusted our cause to the temporary defence of a well-meaning militia. A summer's experience has now taught us better; yet with those troops, while they were collected, we were able to

set bounds to the progress of the enemy, and, thank God! they are again assembling. I always consider militia as the best troops in the world for a sudden exertion, but they will not do for a long campaign. Howe, it is probable, will make an attempt on this city; should he fail on this side the Delaware, he is ruined: if he succeeds, our cause is not ruined. He stakes all on his side against a part on ours; admitting he succeeds, the consequence will be that armies from both ends of the continent will march to assist their suffering friends in the Middle States; for he can not go everywhere, it is impossible. I consider Howe the greatest enemy the Tories have; he is bringing a war into their country, which, had it not been for him and partly for themselves, they had been clear of. Should he now be expelled, I wish, with all the devotion of a Christian, that the names of Whig and Tory may never more be mentioned; but should the Tories give him encouragement to come, or assistance if he come, I as sincerely wish that our next year's arms may expel them from the continent, and the Congress appropriate their possessions to the relief of those who have suffered in well-doing. A single successful battle next year will settle the whole. America could carry on a two years' war by the confiscation of the property of disaffected persons, and be made happy by their expulsion. Say not that this is revenge; call it rather the soft resentment of a suffering people, who, having no object in view but the good of all, have staked their own all upon a seemingly doubtful event. Yet it is folly to argue against determined hardness; eloquence may strike the ear, and the language of sorrow draw forth the tear of compassion, but nothing can reach the heart that is steeled with prejudice.

Quitting this class of men, I turn with the warm ardour of a friend to those who have nobly stood, and are yet determined to stand the matter out: I call not upon a few, but upon all: not on this State or that State, but on every State; up and help us; lay your shoulders to the wheel; better have too much force than too little when so great an object is at stake. Let it be told to the future world that in the depth of winter, when nothing but hope and virtue could survive, the city and the

country, alarmed at one common danger, came forth to meet and to repulse it. Say not that thousands are gone, turn out your tens of thousands; throw not the burden of the day upon Providence, but "show your faith by your works," that God may bless you. It matters not where you live or what rank of life you hold, the evil or the blessing will reach you all. The far and the near, the home counties and the back, the rich and the poor, will suffer or rejoice alike. The heart that feels not now is dead: the blood of his children will curse his cowardice who shrinks back at a time when a little might have saved the whole and made them happy. I love the man that can smile at trouble, that can gather strength from distress, and grow brave by reflection. 'Tis the business of little minds to shrink; but he whose heart is firm, and whose conscience approves his conduct, will pursue his principles unto death. My own line of reasoning is to myself as straight and clear as a ray of light. Not all the treasures of the world, so far as I believe, could have induced me to support an offensive war, for I think it murder; but if a thief breaks into my house, burns and destroys my property, and kills or threatens to kill me, or those that are in it, and to "bind me in all cases whatsoever" to his absolute will, am I to suffer it? What signifies it to me whether he who does it is a king or a common man; my countryman or not my countryman; whether it be done by an individual villain or an army of them? If we reason to the root of things we shall find no difference; neither can any just cause be assigned why we should punish in the one case and pardon in the other. Let them call me rebel and welcome: I feel no concern from it; but I should suffer the misery of devils were I to make a whore of my soul by swearing allegiance to one whose character is that of a sottish, stupid, stubborn, worthless, brutish man. I conceive likewise a horrid idea in receiving mercy from a being who at the last day shall be shrieking to the rocks and mountains to cover him, and fleeing with terror from the orphan, the widow, and the slain of America.

There are cases which can not be overdone by language, and this is one. There are persons, too, who see not the full extent of the evil which threatens them; they

solace themselves with hopes that the enemy, if he succeed, will be merciful. This is the madness of folly, to expect mercy from those who have refused to do justice; and even mercy, where conquest is the object, is only a trick of war; the cunning of the fox is as murderous as the violence of the wolf; and we ought to guard equally against both. Howe's first object is, partly by threats and partly by promises, to terrify or seduce the people to deliver up their arms and to receive mercy. The ministry recommended the same plan to Gage, and this is what the Tories call making their peace—"a peace which passeth all understanding," indeed! A peace which would be the immediate forerunner of a worse ruin than any we have yet thought of. Ye men of Pennsylvania, do reason upon these things! Were the back counties to give up their arms, they would fall an easy prey to the Indians, who are all armed; this, perhaps, is what some Tories would not be sorry for. Were the home counties to deliver up their arms, they would be exposed to the resentment of the back counties, who would then have it in their power to chastise their defection at pleasure. And were any one State to give up its arms, that State must be garrisoned by Howe's army of Britons and Hessians to preserve it from the anger of the rest. Mutual fear is the principal link in the chain of mutual love, and woe be to that State that breaks the compact! Howe is mercifully inviting you to barbarous destruction, and men must be either rogues or fools that will not see it. I dwell not upon the powers of imagination; I bring reason to your ears; and in language as plain as A, B, C, hold up truth to your eyes.

I thank God that I fear not. I see no real cause for fear. I know our situation well, and can see the way out of it. While our army was collected Howe dared not risk a battle, and it is no credit to him that he decamped from the White Plains and waited a mean opportunity to ravage the defenceless Jerseys; but it is great credit to us that, with a handful of men, we sustained an orderly retreat for near a hundred miles, brought off our ammunition, all our field-pieces, the greatest part of our stores, and had four rivers to pass. None can say that our re-

treat was precipitate, for we were near three weeks in performing it, that the country might have time to come in. Twice we marched back to meet the enemy, and remained out till dark. The sign of fear was not seen in our camp, and had not some of the cowardly and disaffected inhabitants spread false alarms through the country the Jerseys had never been ravaged. Once more we are again collected and collecting; our new army at both ends of the continent is recruiting fast, and we shall be able to open the next campaign with sixty thousand men, well armed and clothed. This is our situation, and who will may know it. By perseverance and fortitude we have the prospect of a glorious issue; by cowardice and submission, the sad choice of a variety of evils—a ravaged country—a depopulated city—habitations without safety, and slavery without hope—our homes turned into barracks and bawdy houses for Hessians, and a future race to provide for, whose fathers we shall doubt of. Look on this picture and weep over it; and if there yet remains one thoughtless wretch who believes it not, let him suffer it unlamented.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF PROVERBS

BY

ISAAC DISRAELI

Isaac Disraeli was the son of a Jewish merchant, and was born in Enfield, England, in 1766. He was educated in a school near his native place, and then at Amsterdam, and deliberately devoted his life to authorship. He married in 1802, and had a daughter and four sons, the eldest of whom was Benjamin, the eminent statesman, who became Lord Beaconsfield. In the fifteenth century his Jewish ancestors fled to Venice to escape the Inquisition in Spain, and there took the name of D'Israeli, "that their race might be forever recognised." But in 1817 Isaac renounced the ancient faith and had all his children baptized. He published seven novels and two volumes of poetry, none of which survive. He was an omnivorous reader at the British Museum, and found his true vocation in producing a mingled compilation and essay in which he never has been approached. His "Curiosities of Literature," "Calamities of Authors," "Quarrels of Authors," and "Amenities of Literature," were published at various dates between 1791 and 1840; all have been through many editions and found recognition as standard works, into which every reader likes to dip occasionally. He also published "Commentaries on the Life and Reign of Charles I," for which Oxford gave him the degree of D. C. L. He was blind nine years, and died January 19, 1848.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF PROVERBS

IN antique furniture we sometimes discover a convenience which long disuse had made us unacquainted with, and are surprised by the aptness which we did not suspect was concealed in its solid forms. We have found the labour of the workmen to have been as admirable as the material itself, which is still resisting the mouldering touch of time among those modern inventions, elegant and unsubstantial, which, often put together with unseasoned wood, are apt to warp and fly into pieces when brought into use. We have found how strength consists in the selection of materials, and that, whenever the substitute is not better than the original, we are losing something in that test of experience which all things derive from duration.

Be this as it may! I shall not unreasonably await for the artists of our novelties to retrograde into massive greatness, although I can not avoid reminding them how often they revive the forgotten things of past times! It is well known that many of our novelties were in use by our ancestors! In the history of the human mind there is, indeed, a sort of antique furniture which I collect not merely for their antiquity, but for the sound condition in which I still find them, and the compactness which they still show. Centuries have not worm-eaten their solidity! and the utility and delightfulness which they still afford make them look as fresh and as ingenious as any of our patent inventions.

By the title of the present article the reader has anticipated the nature of the old furniture to which I allude. I propose to give what, in the style of our times, may be called the "Philosophy of Proverbs"—a topic which seems virgin. The art of reading proverbs has not, in-

deed, always been acquired even by some of their admirers; but my observations, like their subject, must be versatile and unconnected; and I must bespeak indulgence for an attempt to illustrate a very curious branch of literature, rather not understood than quite forgotten.

Proverbs have long been in disuse. "A man of fashion," observes Lord Chesterfield, "never has recourse to proverbs and vulgar aphorisms"; and, since the time his lordship so solemnly interdicted their use, they appear to have withered away under the ban of his anathema. His lordship was little conversant with the history of proverbs, and would unquestionably have smiled on those "men of fashion" of another stamp, who, in the days of Elizabeth, James, and Charles, were great collectors of them; would appeal to them in their conversations, and enforce them in their learned or their statesmanlike correspondence. Few, perhaps, even now suspect that these neglected fragments of wisdom, which exist among all nations, still offer many interesting objects for the studies of the philosopher and the historian; and for men of the world still open an extensive school of human life and manners.

The home-spun adages and the rusty "sayed-saws" which remain in the mouths of the people are adapted to their capacities and their humours. Easily remembered, and readily applied, these are the philosophy of the vulgar, and often more sound than that of their masters! whoever would learn what the people think, and how they feel, must not reject even these as insignificant. The proverbs of the street and of the market, true to Nature, and lasting only because they are true, are records that the populace at Athens and at Rome were the same people as at Paris and at London, and as they had before been in the city of Jerusalem!

Proverbs existed before books. The Spaniards date the origin of their refranes que dicen las viejas tras el fuego, "sayings of old wives by their firesides," before the existence of any writings in their language, from the circumstance that these are in the old romance or rudest vulgar idiom. The most ancient poem in the "Edda," "the sublime speech of Odin," abounds with ancient

proverbs, strikingly descriptive of the ancient Scandinavians. Undoubtedly proverbs in the earliest ages long served as the unwritten language of morality, and even of the useful arts; like the oral traditions of the Jews, they floated down from age to age on the lips of successive generations. The name of the first sage who sanctioned the saying would in time be forgotten, while the opinion, the metaphor, or the expression remained, consecrated into a proverb! Such was the origin of those memorable sentences by which men learned to think and to speak appositely; they were precepts which no man could contradict, at a time when authority was valued more than opinion, and experience preferred to novelty. The proverbs of a father became the inheritance of a son; the mistress of a family perpetuated hers through her household ; the workman condensed some traditional secret of his craft into a proverbial expression. When countries are not yet populous, and property has not yet produced great inequalities in its ranks, every day will show them how "the drunkard and the glutton come to poverty, and drowsiness clothes a man with rags." At such a period he who gave counsel gave wealth.

It might, therefore, have been decided, a priori, that the most homely proverbs would abound in the most ancient writers—and such we find in Hesiod; a poet whose learning was not drawn from books. It could only have been in the agricultural state that this venerable bard could have indicated a state of repose by this rustic proverb:

Πηδάλιον μὲν ὑπὲρ καπνοῦ καταδεῖο,
"Hang your plough-beam o'er the hearth!"

The envy of rival workmen is as justly described by a reference to the humble manufacturers of earthenware as by the elevated jealousies of the literati and the artists of a more polished age. The famous proverbial verse in Hesiod's "Works and Days,"

Καὶ κεραμεὺς κεραμεῖ κοτέει,

is literally, "The potter is hostile to the potter!"

The admonition of the poet to his brother, to prefer

a friendly accommodation to a litigious lawsuit, has fixed a paradoxical proverb often applied:

Πλέον ἥμισυ παντός,
"The half is better than the whole!"

In the progress of time the stock of popular proverbs received accessions from the highest sources of human intelligence; as the philosophers of antiquity formed their collections, they increased in "weight and number." Erasmus has pointed out some of these sources, in the responses of oracles; the allegorical symbols of Pythagoras; the verses of the poets; allusions to historical incidents; mythology and apologue; and other recondite origins. Such dissimilar matters, coming from all quarters, were melted down into this vast body of aphoristic knowledge. Those "words of the wise and their dark sayings," as they are distinguished in that large collection which bears the name of the great Hebrew monarch, at length seem to have required commentaries; for what else can we infer of the enigmatic wisdom of the sages when the royal parœmiographer classes among their studies that of "understanding a proverb and the interpretation"? This elevated notion of "the dark sayings of the wise" accords with the bold conjecture of their origin which the Stagyrite has thrown out, who considered them as the wrecks of an ancient philosophy which had been lost to mankind by the fatal revolutions of all human things, and that those had been saved from the general ruin by their pithy elegance and their diminutive form; like those marine shells found on the tops of mountains, the relics of the Deluge! Even at a later period the sage of Cheronea prized them among the most solemn mysteries; and Plutarch has described them in a manner which proverbs may even still merit: "Under the veil of these curious sentences are hid those germs of morals which the masters of philosophy have afterward developed into so many volumes."

At the highest period of Grecian genius the tragic and the comic poets introduced into their dramas the proverbial style. St. Paul quotes a line which still remains among the first exercises of our school pens:

"Evil communications corrupt good manners."

It is a verse found in a fragment of Menander, the comic poet:

Φθείρουσιν ἤθη χρήσθ' ὁμιλίαι κακαί.

As this verse is a proverb, and the apostle, and indeed the highest authority, Jesus himself, consecrates the use of proverbs by their occasional application, it is uncertain whether St. Paul quotes the Grecian poet or only repeats some popular adage. Proverbs were bright shafts in the Greek and Latin quivers; and when Bentley, by a league of superficial wits, was accused of pedantry for his use of some ancient proverbs, the sturdy critic vindicated his taste by showing that Cicero constantly introduced Greek proverbs into his writings—that Scaliger and Erasmus loved them, and had formed collections drawn from the stores of antiquity.

Some difficulty has occurred in the definition. Proverbs must be distinguished from proverbial phrases, and from sententious maxims; but as proverbs have many faces, from their miscellaneous nature, the class itself scarcely admits of any definition. When Johnson defined a proverb to be "a short sentence frequently repeated by the people," this definition would not include the most curious ones, which have not always circulated among the populace, nor even belong to them; nor does it designate the vital qualities of a proverb. The pithy quaintness of old Howell has admirably described the ingredients of an exquisite proverb to be sense, shortness, and salt. A proverb is distinguished from a maxim or an apophthegm by that brevity which condenses a thought or a metaphor, where one thing is said and another is to be applied. This often produces wit, and that quick pungency which excites surprise, but strikes with conviction; this gives it an epigrammatic turn. George Herbert entitled the small collection which he formed "Jacula Prudentium," Darts or Javelins! something hurled and striking deeply; a characteristic of a proverb which possibly Herbert may have borrowed from a remarkable passage in Plato's dialogue of "Protagoras or the Sophists."

The influence of proverbs over the minds and conversations of a whole people is strikingly illustrated by this philosopher's explanation of the term "to laconize"—the

mode of speech peculiar to the Lacedæmonians. This people affected to appear unlearned, and seemed only emulous to excel the rest of the Greeks in fortitude and in military skill. According to Plato's notion, this was really a political artifice, with a view to conceal their pre-eminent wisdom. With the jealousy of a petty state, they attempted to confine their renowned sagacity within themselves, and under their military to hide their contemplative character! The philosopher assures those who in other cities imagined they laconized, merely by imitating the severe exercises and the other warlike manners of the Lacedæmonians, that they were grossly deceived; and thus curiously describes the sort of wisdom which this singular people practised:

" If any one wish to converse with the meanest of the Lacedæmonians, he will at first find him, for the most part, apparently despicable in conversation; but afterward, when a proper opportunity presents itself, this same mean person, like a skilful jaculator, will hurl a sentence, worthy of attention, short and contorted; so that he who converses with him will appear to be in no respect superior to a boy! That to laconize, therefore, consists much more in philosophizing than in the love of exercise, is understood by some of the present age, and was known to the ancients, they being persuaded that the ability of uttering such sentences as these is the province of a man perfectly learned. The seven sages were emulators, lovers, and disciples of the Lacedæmonian erudition. Their wisdom was a thing of this kind—viz., short sentences uttered by each, and worthy to be remembered. These men, assembling together, consecrated to Apollo the first fruits of their wisdom; writing in the Temple of Apollo, at Delphi, those sentences which are celebrated by all men—viz., 'Know thyself!' and 'Nothing too much!' But on what account do I mention these things? To show that the mode of philosophy among the ancients was a certain laconic diction." [1]

The " laconisms " of the Lacedæmonians evidently partook of the proverbial style: they were, no doubt, often proverbs themselves. The very instances which Plato supplies of this " laconizing " are two most venerable proverbs.

All this elevates the science of proverbs, and indicates that these abridgments of knowledge convey great results, with a parsimony of words prodigal of sense. They have, therefore, preserved many "a short sentence, not repeated by the people."

It is evident, however, that the earliest writings of every people are marked by their most homely or domestic proverbs, for these were more directly addressed to their wants. Franklin, who may be considered as the founder of a people who were suddenly placed in a stage of civil society which as yet could afford no literature, discovered the philosophical cast of his genius when he filled his almanacs with proverbs, by the ingenious contrivance of framing them into a connected discourse, delivered by an old man attending an auction. "These proverbs," he tells us, "which contained the wisdom of many ages and nations, when their scattered counsels were brought together, made a great impression. They were reprinted in Britain, in a large sheet of paper, and stuck up in houses: and were twice translated in France, and distributed among their poor parishioners." The same occurrence had happened with us ere we became a reading people. Sir Thomas Elyot, in the reign of Henry VIII, describing the ornaments of a nobleman's house, among his hangings, and plate, and pictures, notices the engraving of proverbs "on his plate and vessels, which served the guests with a most opportune counsel and comments." Later even than the reign of Elizabeth our ancestors had proverbs always before them, on everything that had room for a piece of advice on it; they had them painted in their tapestries, stamped on the most ordinary utensils, on the blades of their knives,[2] the borders of their plates,[3] and "conned them out of goldsmiths' rings."[4] The usurer, in Robert Greene's "Groat's Worth of Wit," compressed all his philosophy into the circle of his ring, having learned sufficient Latin to understand the proverbial motto of "Tu tibi cura!" The husband was reminded of his lordly authority when he only looked into his trencher, one of its learned aphorisms having descended to us:

"The calmest husbands make the stormiest wives."

The English proverbs of the populace, most of which are still in circulation, were collected by old John Heywood.[5] They are arranged by Tusser for "the parlour—the guest's chamber—the hall—table lessons," etc. Not a small portion of our ancient proverbs were adapted to rural life when our ancestors lived more than ourselves amid the works of God and less among those of men.[6] At this time one of our old statesmen, in commending the art of compressing a tedious discourse into a few significant phrases, suggested the use of proverbs in diplomatic intercourse, convinced of the great benefit which would result to the negotiators themselves, as well as to others! I give a literary curiosity of this kind. A member of the House of Commons, in the reign of Elizabeth, made a speech entirely composed of the most homely proverbs. The subject was a bill against double payments of book debts. Knavish tradesmen were then in the habit of swelling out their book debts with those who took credit, particularly to their younger customers. One of the members who began to speak "for very fear shook," and stood silent. The nervous orator was followed by a blunt and true representative of the famed Governor of Barataria, delivering himself thus: "It is now my chance to speak something, and that without humming or hawing. I think this law is a good law. Even reckoning makes long friends. As far goes the penny as the penny's master. Vigilantibus non dormientibus jura subveniunt—'Pay the reckoning overnight and ye shall not be troubled in the morning.' If ready money be mensura publica, let every one cut his coat according to his cloth. When his old suit is in the wane, let him stay till that his money bring a new suit in the increase."[7]

Another instance of the use of proverbs among our statesmen occurs in a manuscript letter of Sir Dudley Carlton, written in 1632, on the impeachment of Lord Middlesex, who, he says, is "this day to plead his own cause in the exchequer chamber, about an account of fourscore thousand pounds laid to his charge. How his lordship sped I know not, but do remember well the French proverb, Qui mange de l'oy du Roy chiera une plume

quarante ans après—'Who eats of the king's goose will void a feather forty years after!'"

This was the era of proverbs with us; for then they were spoken by all ranks of society. The free use of trivial proverbs got them into disrepute; and as the abuse of a thing raises a just opposition to its practice, a slender wit affecting "a cross humour," published a little volume of "Crossing Proverbs, Cross-answers, and Cross-humours." He pretends to contradict the most popular ones, but he has not always the genius to strike at amusing paradoxes.[8]

Proverbs were long the favourites of our neighbours; in the splendid and refined court of Louis XIV they gave rise to an odd invention. They plotted comedies and even fantastical ballets from their subjects. In these curiosities of literature I can not pass by such eccentric inventions unnoticed.

A comedy of proverbs is described by the Duke de la Vallière, which was performed in 1634 with prodigious success. He considers that this comedy ought to be ranked among farces; but it is gay, well written, and curious for containing the best proverbs, which are happily introduced in the dialogue.

A more extraordinary attempt was a ballet of proverbs. Before the opera was established in France the ancient ballets formed the chief amusement of the court, and Louis XIV himself joined with the performers. The singular attempt of forming a pantomimical dance out of proverbs is quite French; we have a "ballet des proverbes, dansé par le Roi, in 1654." At every proverb the scene changed, and adapted itself to the subject. I shall give two or three of the entrées that we may form some notion of these capriccios.

The proverb was:

Tel menace qui a grand peur.
"He threatens who is afraid."

The scene was composed of swaggering scaramouches and some honest cits, who at length beat them off.

At another entrée the proverb was:

L'occasion fait le larron.
"Opportunity makes the thief."

Opportunity was acted by le Sieur Beaubrun, but it is difficult to conceive how the real could personify the abstract personage. The thieves were the Duke d'Amville and Monsieur de la Chesnaye.

Another entrée was the proverb of:

Ce qui vient de la flute s'en va au tambour.
" What comes by the pipe goes by the tabor."

A loose, dissipated officer was performed by le Sieur l'Anglois, the Pipe by St. Aignan, and the Tabor by le Sieur le Comte! In this manner every proverb was spoken in action, the whole connected by dialogue. More must have depended on the actors than the poet.[9]

The French long retained this fondness for proverbs; for they still have dramatic compositions entitled " proverbes," on a more refined plan. Their invention is so recent that the term is not in their great dictionary of Trevoux. These " proverbes " are dramas of a single act, invented by Carmontel, who possessed a peculiar vein of humour, but who designed them only for private theatricals. Each proverb furnished a subject for a few scenes, and created a situation powerfully comic: it is a dramatic amusement which does not appear to have reached us, but one which the celebrated Catharine of Russia delighted to compose for her own society.

Among the middle classes of society to this day we may observe that certain family proverbs are traditionally preserved: the favourite saying of a father is repeated by the sons; and frequently the conduct of a whole generation has been influenced by such domestic proverbs. This may be perceived in many of the mottoes of our old nobility, which seem to have originated in some habitual proverb of the founder of the family. In ages when proverbs were most prevalent, such pithy sentences would admirably serve in the ordinary business of life, and lead on to decision, even in its greater exigencies. Orators, by some lucky proverb, without wearying their auditors, would bring conviction home to their bosoms: and great characters would appeal to a proverb, or deliver that which in time by its aptitude became one. When Nero was reproached for the ardour with which he gave him-

self up to the study of music, he replied to his censurers by the Greek proverb, "An artist lives everywhere." The emperor answered in the spirit of Rousseau's system, that every child should be taught some trade. When Cæsar, after anxious deliberation, decided on the passage of the Rubicon (which very event has given rise to a proverb), rousing himself with a start of courage, he committed himself to Fortune with that proverbial expression on his lips used by gamesters in desperate play: having passed the Rubicon, he exclaimed, "The die is cast!" The answer of Paulus Æmilius to the relations of his wife, who had remonstrated with him on his determination to separate himself from her against whom no fault could be alleged, has become one of our most familiar proverbs. This hero acknowledged the excellences of his lady; but, requesting them to look on his shoe, which appeared to be well made, he observed, "None of you know where the shoe pinches!" He either used a proverbial phrase or by its aptness it has become one of the most popular.

There are, indeed, proverbs connected with the characters of eminent men. They were either their favourite ones or have originated with themselves. Such a collection would form a historical curiosity. To the celebrated Bayard are the French indebted for a military proverb, which some of them still repeat, "Ce que le gantelet gagne le gorgerin le mange"—"What the gauntlet gets, the gorget consumes." That reflecting soldier well calculated the profits of a military life which consumes, in the pomp and waste which are necessary for its maintenance, the slender pay it receives, and even what its rapacity sometimes acquires. The favourite proverb of Erasmus was Festina lente!—"Hasten slowly!"[10] He wished it be inscribed wherever it could meet our eyes, on public buildings, and on our rings and seals. One of our own statesmen used a favourite sentence, which has enlarged our stock of national proverbs. Sir Amias Pawlet, when he perceived too much hurry in any business, was accustomed to say, "Stay awhile, to make an end the sooner." Oliver Cromwell's coarse but descriptive proverb conveys the contempt he felt for some of his mean and troublesome

coadjutors, "Nits will be lice!" The Italians have a proverb, which has been occasionally applied to certain political personages:

Egli e quello che Dio vuole;
E sarà quello che Dio vorrà!
"He is what God pleases;
He shall be what God wills!"

Ere this was a proverb it had served as an embroidered motto on the mystical mantle of Castruccio Castracani. That military genius, who sought to revolutionize Italy, and aspired to its sovereignty, lived long enough to repent the wild romantic ambition which provoked all Italy to confederate against him; the mysterious motto he assumed entered into the proverbs of his country! The border proverb of the Douglases, "It were better to hear the lark sing than the mouse cheep," was adopted by every border chief to express, as Sir Walter Scott observes, what the great Bruce had pointed out, that the woods and hills of their country were their safest bulwarks, instead of the fortified places which the English surpassed their neighbours in the arts of assaulting or defending. These illustrations indicate one of the sources of proverbs; they have often resulted from the spontaneous emotions or the profound reflections of some extraordinary individual, whose energetic expression was caught by a faithful ear, never to perish!

The poets have been very busy with proverbs in all the languages of Europe: some appear to have been the favourite lines of some ancient poem: even in more refined times many of the pointed verses of Boileau and Pope have become proverbial. Many trivial and laconic proverbs bear the jingle of alliteration or rhyme, which assisted their circulation, and were probably struck off extempore; a manner which Swift practised, who was a ready coiner of such rhyming and ludicrous proverbs: delighting to startle a collector by his facetious or sarcastic humour, in the shape of an "old saying and true." Some of these rhyming proverbs are, however, terse and elegant: we have—

"Little strokes
Fell great oaks."

The Italian—

Chi duo lepri caccia
Uno perde, e l'altro lascia.
"Who hunts two hares, loses one and leaves the other."

The haughty Spaniard—

El dar es honor,
Y l pedir dolor.
"To give is honour, to ask is grief."

And the French—

Ami de table
Est variable.
"The friend of the table
Is very variable."

The composers of these short proverbs were a numerous race of poets, who probably among the dreams of their immortality never suspected that they were to descend to posterity, themselves and their works unknown, while their extempore thoughts would be repeated by their own nation.

Proverbs were at length consigned to the people when books were addressed to scholars; but the people did not find themselves so destitute of practical wisdom by preserving their national proverbs, as some of those closet students who had ceased to repeat them. The various humours of mankind, in the mutability of human affairs, had given birth to every species; and men were wise, or merry, or satirical, and mourned or rejoiced in proverbs. Nations held a universal intercourse of proverbs, from the eastern to the western world; for we discover among those which appear strictly national, many which are common to them all. Of our own familiar ones several may be tracked among the snows of the Latins and the Greeks, and have sometimes been drawn from "The Mines of the East": like decayed families which remain in obscurity, they may boast of a high lineal descent whenever they recover their lost title deeds. The vulgar proverb, "To carry coals to Newcastle," local and idiomatic as it appears, however, has been borrowed and applied by ourselves; it may be found among the Persians: in the "Bustan" of Sadi we have Infers piper in Hindostan—"To carry pepper to Hindostan"; among the Hebrews, "To

carry oil to the City of Olives"; a similar proverb occurs in Greek; and in Galland's "Maxims of the East" we may discover how many of the most common proverbs among us, as well as some of Joe Miller's jests, are of Oriental origin.

The resemblance of certain proverbs in different nations must, however, be often ascribed to the identity of human nature; similar situations and similar objects have unquestionably made men think and act and express themselves alike. All nations are parallels of each other! Hence all parœmiographers, or collectors of proverbs, complain of the difficulty of separating their own national proverbs from those which have crept into the language from others, particularly when nations have held much intercourse together. We have a copious collection of Scottish proverbs by Kelly; but this learned man was mortified at discovering that many which he had long believed to have been genuine Scottish were not only English, but French, Italian, Spanish, Latin, and Greek ones; many of his Scottish proverbs are almost literally expressed among the fragments of remote antiquity. It would have surprised him further had he been aware that his Greek originals were themselves but copies, and might have been found in D'Herbelot, Erpenius, and Golius, and in many Asiatic works, which have been more recently introduced to the enlarged knowledge of the European student, who formerly found his most extended researches limited by Hellenistic lore.

Perhaps it was owing to an accidental circumstance that the proverbs of the European nations have been preserved in the permanent form of volumes. Erasmus is usually considered as the first modern collector, but he appears to have been preceded by Polydore Vergil, who bitterly reproaches Erasmus with envy and plagiarism for passing by his collection without even a poor compliment for the inventor! Polydore was a vain, superficial writer, who prided himself in leading the way on more topics than the present. Erasmus, with his usual pleasantry, provokingly excuses himself by acknowledging that he had forgotten his friend's book! Few sympathize with the quarrels of authors; and since Erasmus has written a far

better book than Polydore Vergil's, the original "Adagia" is left only to be commemorated in literary history as one of its curiosities.[11]

The "Adagia" of Erasmus contains a collection of about five thousand proverbs, gradually gathered from a constant study of the ancients. Erasmus, blessed with the genius which could enliven a folio, delighted himself and all Europe by the continued accessions he made to a volume which even now may be the companion of literary men for a winter day's fireside. The successful example of Erasmus commanded the imitation of the learned in Europe, and drew their attention to their own national proverbs. Some of the most learned men, and some not sufficiently so, were now occupied in this new study.

In Spain, Fernandez Nuñez, a Greek professor, and the Marquis of Santellana, a grandee, published collections of their "Refranes," or "Proverbs," a term derived a referendo, because it is often repeated. The "Refranes o Proverbios Castellanos," par Cæsar Oudin, 1624, translated into French, is a valuable compilation. In Cervantes and Quevedo, the best practical illustrators, they are sown with no sparing hand. There is an ample collection of Italian proverbs, by Florio, who was an Englishman, of Italian origin, and who published "Il Giardino di Ricreatione" at London, so early as in 1591, exceeding six thousand proverbs; but they are unexplained, and are often obscure. Another Italian in England, Torriano, in 1649, published an interesting collection in the diminutive form of a twenty-fours. It was subsequent to these publications in England that in Italy, Angelus Monozini, in 1604, published his collection; and Julius Varini, in 1642, produced his "Scuola del Vulgo." In France, Oudin, after others had preceded him, published a collection of French proverbs, under the title of "Curiosités Françoises." Fleury de Bellingen's "Explication de Proverbes François," on comparing it with "Les Illustres Proverbes Historiques," a subsequent publication, I discovered to be the same work. It is the first attempt to render the study of proverbs somewhat amusing. The plan consists of a dialogue between a philosopher and a Sancho Pança, who blurts out his proverbs with more de-

light than understanding. The philosopher takes that opportunity of explaining them by the events in which they originated, which, however, are not always to be depended on. A work of high merit on French proverbs is the unfinished one of the Abbé Tuet, sensible and learned. A collection of Danish proverbs, accompanied by a French translation, was printed at Copenhagen, in a quarto volume, 1761. England may boast of no inferior parœmiographers. The grave and judicious Camden, the religious Herbert, the entertaining Howell, the facetious Fuller, and the laborious Ray, with others, have preserved our national sayings. The Scottish have been largely collected and explained by the learned Kelly. An excellent anonymous collection, not uncommon, in various languages, 1707; the collector and translator was Dr. J. Mapletoft. It must be acknowledged that, although no nation exceeds our own in sterling sense, we rarely rival the delicacy, the wit, and the felicity of expression of the Spanish and the Italian, and the poignancy of some of the French proverbs.

The interest we may derive from the study of proverbs is not confined to their universal truths, nor to their poignant pleasantry; a philosophical mind will discover in proverbs a great variety of the most curious knowledge. The manners of a people are painted after life in their domestic proverbs; and it would not be advancing too much to assert that the genius of the age might be often detected in its prevalent ones. The learned Selden tells us that the proverbs of several nations were much studied by Bishop Andrews: the reason assigned was, because "by them he knew the minds of several nations, which," said he, "is a brave thing, as we count him wise who knows the minds and the insides of men, which is done by knowing what is habitual to them." Lord Bacon condensed a wide circuit of philosophical thought when he observed that "the genius, wit, and spirit of a nation are discovered by their proverbs."

Proverbs peculiarly national, while they convey to us the modes of thinking, will consequently indicate the modes of acting among a people. The Romans had a proverbial expression for their last stake in play, Rem

ad triarios venisse—"The reserve are engaged!" a proverbial expression, from which the military habits of the people might be inferred; the triarii being their reserve. A proverb has preserved a curious custom of ancient coxcombry, which originally came from the Greeks. To men of effeminate manners in their dress they applied the proverb of Unico digitulo scalpit caput. Scratching the head with a single finger was, it seems, done by the critically nice youths in Rome, that they might not discompose the economy of their hair. The Arab, whose unsettled existence makes him miserable and interested, says, "Vinegar given is better than honey bought." Everything of high esteem with him who is so often parched in the desert is described as milk—"How large his flow of milk!" is a proverbial expression with the Arab to distinguish the most copious eloquence. To express a state of perfect repose, the Arabian proverb is, "I throw the rein over my back"; an allusion to the loosening of the cords of the camels, which are thrown over their backs when they are sent to pasture. We discover the rustic manners of our ancient Britons in the Cambrian proverbs; many relate to the hedge. "The cleanly Briton is seen in the hedge: the horse looks not on the hedge but the corn: the bad husband's hedge is full of gaps." The state of an agricultural people appears in such proverbs as "You must not count your yearlings till May-day": and their proverbial sentence for old age is, "An old man's end is to keep sheep!" Turn from the vagrant Arab and the agricultural Briton to a nation existing in a high state of artificial civilization: the Chinese proverbs frequently allude to magnificent buildings. Affecting a more solemn exterior than all other nations, a favourite proverb with them is, "A grave and majestic outside is, as it were, the palace of the soul." Their notion of a government is quite architectural. They say, "A sovereign may be compared to a hall; his officers to the steps that lead to it; the people to the ground on which they stand." What should we think of a people who had a proverb that "He who gives blows is a master, he who gives none is a dog"? We should instantly decide on the mean and servile spirit of those who could repeat it; and such we find

to have been that of the Bengalese, to whom the degrading proverb belongs, derived from the treatment they were used to receive from their Mogul rulers, who answered the claims of their creditors by a vigorous application of the whip! In some of the Hebrew proverbs we are struck by the frequent allusions of that fugitive people to their own history. The cruel oppression exercised by the ruling power, and the confidence in their hope of change in the day of retribution, was delivered in this Hebrew proverb, "When the tale of bricks is doubled, Moses comes!" The fond idolatry of their devotion to their ceremonial law, and to everything connected with their sublime theocracy, in their magnificent temple, is finely expressed by this proverb, "None ever took a stone out of the temple but the dust did fly into his eyes." The Hebrew proverb that "A fast for a dream is as fire for stubble," which it kindles, could only have been invented by a people whose superstitions attached a holy mystery to fasts and dreams. They imagined that a religious fast was propitious to a religious dream; or to obtain the interpretation of one which had troubled their imagination. Peyssonel, who long resided among the Turks, observes that their proverbs are full of sense, ingenuity, and elegance, the surest test of the intellectual abilities of any nation. He said this to correct the volatile opinion of De Tott, who, to convey an idea of their stupid pride, quotes one of their favourite adages, of which the truth and candour are admirable, "Riches in the Indies, wit in Europe, and pomp among the Ottomans."

The Spaniards may appeal to their proverbs to show that they were a high-minded and independent race. A Whiggish jealousy of the monarchical power stamped itself on this ancient one, Va el rey hasta do peude, y no hasta do quiere—"The king goes as far as he is able, not as far as he desires." It must have been at a later period, when the national genius became more subdued, and every Spaniard dreaded to find under his own roof a spy or an informer, that another proverb arose, Con el rey y la inquisicion, chiton!—"With the king and the Inquisition, hush!" The gravity and taciturnity of the nation have been ascribed to the effects of this proverb. Their popu-

lar but suppressed feelings on taxation, and on a variety of dues exacted by their clergy, were murmured in proverbs. Lo que no lleva Christo lleva el fisco!—"What Christ takes not, the exchequer carries away!" They have a number of sarcastic proverbs on the tenacious gripe of the "abad avariento," the avaricious priest, who, "having eaten the olio offered, claims the dish!" A striking mixture of chivalric habits, domestic decency, and epicurean comfort, appears in the Spanish proverb, La muger y la salsa a la mano de la lança—"The wife and the sauce by the hand of the lance"; to honour the dame, and to have the sauce near.

The Italian proverbs have taken a tinge from their deep and politic genius, and their wisdom seems wholly concentrated in their personal interests. I think every tenth proverb in an Italian collection is some cynical or some selfish maxim: a book of the world for worldlings! The Venetian proverb, Pria Veneziana, poi Christiane—"First Venetian, and then Christian!" condenses the whole spirit of their ancient republic into the smallest space possible. Their political proverbs no doubt arose from the extraordinary state of a people sometimes distracted among republics, and sometimes servile in petty courts. The Italian says, I popoli s'ammazzano, ed i principi s'abbracciano—"The people murder one another, and princes embrace one another." Chi prattica co' grandi, l'ultimo a tavola, e'l primo a strapazzi—"Who dangles after the great is the last at table and the first at blows." Chi non sa adulare, non sa regnare—"Who knows not to flatter, knows not to reign." Chi serve in corte muore sul' pagliato—"Who serves at court dies on straw." Wary cunning in domestic life is perpetually impressed. An Italian proverb, which is immortalized in our language, for it enters into the history of Milton, was that by which the elegant Wotton counselled the young poetic traveller to have, Il viso sciolto, ed i pensieri stretti—"An open countenance, but close thoughts." In the same spirit, Chi parla semina, chi tace raccoglie—"The talker sows, the silent reaps"; as well as, Fatti di miele, e ti mangieran le mosche—"Make yourself all honey, and the flies will devour you." There are some which display a

deep knowledge of human nature: A Lucca ti vidi, à Pisa ti connobbi!—" I saw you at Lucca, I knew you at Pisa!" Guardati d'aceto di vin dolce—" Beware of vinegar made of sweet wine "; provoke not the rage of a patient man!

Among a people who had often witnessed their fine country devastated by petty warfare, their notion of the military character was not usually heroic. Il soldato per far male è ben pagato—" The soldier is well paid for doing mischief." Soldato, acqua, e fuoco, presto si fan luoco—" A soldier, fire, and water soon make room for themselves." But in a poetical people, endowed with great sensibility, their proverbs would sometimes be tender and fanciful. They paint the activity of friendship, Chi ha l'amor nel petto, ha lo sprone à i fianchi—" Who feels love in the breast feels a spur in his limbs ": or its generous passion, Gli amici legono la borsa con un filo di ragnatelo —" Friends tie their purse with a cobweb's thread." They characterized the universal lover by an elegant proverb, Appicare il Maio ad ogn' uscio—" To hang every door with May "; alluding to the bough which in the nights of May the country people are accustomed to plant before the door of their mistress. If we turn to the French, we discover that the military genius of France dictated the proverb Maille à maille se fait le haubergeon—" Link by link is made the coat of mail "; and, Tel coup de langue est pire qu'un coup de lance—" The tongue strikes deeper than the lance "; and Ce qui vient du tambour s'en retourne à la flute—" What comes by the tabor goes back with the pipe." Point d'argent point de Suisse has become proverbial, observes an Edinburgh reviewer; a striking expression, which, while French or Austrian gold predominated, was justly used to characterize the illiberal and selfish policy of the cantonal and federal governments of Switzerland when it began to degenerate from its moral patriotism. The ancient, perhaps the extinct, spirit of Englishmen was once expressed by our proverb, " Better be the head of a dog than the tail of a lion "—i. e., the first of the yeomanry rather than the last of the gentry. A foreign philosopher might have discovered our own ancient skill in archery among our proverbs; for none but true toxophilites could have had such a proverb as " I

will either make a shaft or a bolt of it!" signifying, says the author of "Ivanhoe," a determination to make one use or other of the thing spoken of: the bolt was the arrow peculiarly fitted to the cross-bow, as that of the long-bow was called a shaft. These instances sufficiently demonstrate that the characteristic circumstances and feelings of a people are discovered in their popular notions, and stamped on their familiar proverbs.

It is also evident that the peculiar and often idiomatic humour of a people is best preserved in their proverbs. There is a shrewdness, although deficient in delicacy, in the Scottish proverbs; they are idiomatic, facetious, and strike home. Kelly, who has collected three thousand, informs us that, in 1725, the Scotch were a great proverbial nation; for that few among the better sort will converse any considerable time, but will confirm every assertion and observation with a Scottish proverb. The speculative Scotch of our own times have probably degenerated in prudential lore, and deem themselves much wiser than their proverbs. They may reply by a Scotch proverb on proverbs, made by a great man in Scotland, who, having given a splendid entertainment, was harshly told that "Fools make feasts, and wise men eat them"; but he readily answered, "Wise men make proverbs, and fools repeat them!"

National humour, frequently local and idomatical, depends on the artificial habits of mankind, so opposite to each other; but there is a natural vein, which the populace, always true to nature, preserve, even among the gravest people. The Arabian proverb, "The barber learns his art on the orphan's face"; the Chinese, "In a field of melons do not pull up your shoe; under a plum tree do not adjust your cap"—to impress caution in our conduct under circumstances of suspicion—and the Hebrew one, "He that hath had one of his family hanged may not say to his neighbour, Hang up this fish!" are all instances of this sort of humour. The Spaniards are a grave people, but no nation has equalled them in their peculiar humour. The genius of Cervantes partook largely of that of his country; that mantle of gravity, which almost conceals its latent facetiousness, and with which he has imbued his

style and manner with such untranslatable idiomatic raciness, may be traced to the proverbial erudition of his nation. "To steal a sheep, and give away the trotters for God's sake!" is Cervantic nature. To one who is seeking an opportunity to quarrel with another, their proverb runs, Si quieres dar palos a sur muger pidele al sol a bever —"Hast thou a mind to quarrel with thy wife, bid her bring water to thee in the sunshine!"—a very fair quarrel may be picked up about the motes in the clearest water! On the judges in Galicia, who, like our former justices of peace, "for half a dozen chickens would dispense with a dozen of penal statutes," A juezes Galicianos, con los pies en las manos—"To the judges of Galicia go with feet in hand"; a droll allusion to a present of poultry, usually held by the legs. To describe persons who live high without visible means, Los que cabritos venden, y cabras no tienen, de donde los vienen?—"They that sell kids, and have no goats, how came they by them?" El vino no trae bragas—"Wine wears no breeches"; for men in wine expose their most secret thoughts. Vino di un oreja—"Wine of one ear!" is good wine; for at bad, shaking our heads, both our ears are visible; but at good the Spaniard, by a natural gesticulation lowering on one side, shows a single ear.

Proverbs abounding in sarcastic humour, and found among every people, are those which are pointed at rival countries. Among ourselves, hardly a county escaped from some popular quip; even neighbouring towns have their sarcasms, usually pickled in some unlucky rhyme. The egotism of man eagerly seizes on whatever serves to depreciate or to ridicule his neighbour: nations proverb each other; counties flout counties; obscure towns sharpen their wits on towns as obscure as themselves—the same evil principle lurking in poor human nature, if it can not always assume predominance, will meanly gratify itself by insult or contempt. They expose some prevalent folly, or allude to some disgrace which the natives have incurred. In France the Burgundians have a proverb, Mieux vaut bon repas que bel habit—"Better a good dinner than a fine coat." These good people are great gormandizers, but shabby dressers; they are commonly

said to have "bowels of silk and velvet"—this is, all their silk and velvet goes for their bowels! Thus Picardy is famous for "hot heads"; and the Norman for son dit et son dédit, "his saying and his unsaying!" In Italy the numerous rival cities pelt one another with proverbs: Chi ha a fare con Tosco non convien esser losco—"He who deals with a Tuscan must not have his eyes shut." A Venetia chi vi nasce mal vi si pasce—"Whom Venice breeds, she poorly feeds."

There is another source of national characteristics, frequently producing strange or whimsical combinations; a people, from a very natural circumstance, have drawn their proverbs from local objects, or from allusions to peculiar customs. The influence of manners and customs over the ideas and language of a people would form a subject of extensive and curious research. There is a Japanese proverb that "A fog can not be dispelled with a fan!" Had we not known the origin of this proverb, it would be evident that it could only have occurred to a people who had constantly before them fogs and fans; and the fact appears that fogs are frequent on the coast of Japan, and that from the age of five years both sexes of the Japanese carry fans. The Spaniards have an odd proverb to describe those who tease and vex a person before they do him the very benefit which they are about to confer—acting kindly, but speaking roughly, Mostrar primero la horca que le lugar—"To show the gallows before they show the town"; a circumstance alluding to their small towns, which have a gallows placed on an eminence, so that the gallows breaks on the eye of the traveller before he gets a view of the town itself.

The Cheshire proverb on marriage, "Better wed over the mixon than over the moor"—that is, at home or in its vicinity; mixon alludes to the dung, etc., in the farmyard, while the road from Chester to London is over the moorland in Staffordshire: this local proverb is a curious instance of provincial pride, perhaps of wisdom, to induce the gentry of that county to form intermarriages; to prolong their own ancient families, and perpetuate ancient friendships between them.

In the Isle of Man a proverbial expression forcibly

indicates the object constantly occupying the minds of the inhabitants. The two deemsters or judges, when appointed to the chair of judgment, declare they will render justice between man and man "as equally as the herring-bone lies between the two sides": an image which could not have occurred to any people unaccustomed to the herring fishery. There is a Cornish proverb, "Those who will not be ruled by the rudder must be ruled by the rock"—the strands of Cornwall, so often covered with wrecks, could not fail to impress on the imaginations of its inhabitants the two objects from whence they drew this salutary proverb against obstinate wrongheads.

When Scotland, in the last century, felt its allegiance to England doubtful, and when the French sent an expedition to the Land of Cakes, a local proverb was revived, to show the identity of interests which affected both nations:

> "If Skiddaw hath a cap,
> Scruffel wots full well of that."

These are two high hills, one in Scotland and one in England; so near that what happens to the one will not be long ere it reach the other. If a fog lodges on the one, it is sure to rain on the other; the mutual sympathies of the two countries were hence deduced in a copious dissertation, by Oswald Dyke, on what was called "The Union-proverb," which local proverbs of our country Fuller has interspersed in his "Worthies," and Ray and Grose have collected separately.

I was amused lately by a curious financial revelation which I found in an opposition paper, where it appears that "ministers pretend to make their load of taxes more portable by shifting the burden or altering the pressure, without, however, diminishing the weight; according to the Italian proverb, Accommodare le bisaccie nella strada —'To fit the load on the journey'"; it is taken from a custom of the mule-drivers, who, placing their packages at first but awkwardly on the backs of their poor beasts, and seeing them ready to sink, cry out: "Never mind! we must fit them better on the road!" I was gratified to discover, by the present and some other modern instances, that the taste for proverbs was reviving, and that

we were returning to those sober times when the aptitude of a simple proverb would be preferred to the verbosity of politicians, Tories, Whigs, or Radicals!

There are domestic proverbs which originate in incidents known only to the natives of their province. Italian literature is particularly rich in these stores. The lively proverbial taste of that vivacious people was transferred to their own authors; and when these allusions were obscured by time, learned Italians, in their zeal for their national literature, and in their national love of story-telling, have written grave commentaries even on ludicrous but popular tales, in which the proverbs are said to have originated. They resemble the old facetious contes, whose simplicity and humour still live in the pages of Boccaccio, and are not forgotten in those of the Queen of Navarre.

The Italians apply a proverb to a person who, while he is beaten, takes the blows quietly:

Per beato ch' elle non furon pesche!
"Luckily they were not peaches!"

And to threaten to give a man—

Una pesca in un occhio,
"A peach in the eye,"

means to give him a thrashing. This proverb, it is said, originated in the close of a certain droll adventure. The community of the Castle Poggibonsi, probably from some jocular tenure observed on St. Bernard's day, pay a tribute of peaches to the court of Tuscany, which are usually shared among the ladies in waiting and the pages of the court. It happened one season, in a great scarcity of peaches, that the good people of Poggibonsi, finding them rather dear, sent, instead of the customary tribute, a quantity of fine juicy figs, which was so much disapproved of by the pages that as soon as they got hold of them they began in rage to empty the baskets on the heads of the ambassadors of the Poggibonsi, who, in attempting to fly as well as they could from the pulpy shower, half blinded, and recollecting that peaches would have had stones in them, cried out:

Per beato ch' elle non furon pesche!
"Luckily they were not peaches!"

Fare le scalée di Sant' Ambrogio—"To mount the stairs of Saint Ambrose," a proverb allusive to the business of the school of scandal. Varchi explains it by a circumstance so common in provincial cities. On summer evenings, for fresh air and gossip, the loungers met on the steps and landing places of the Church of St. Ambrose: whoever left the party, "they read in his book," as our commentator expresses it; and not a leaf was passed over! All liked to join a party so well informed of one another's concerns, and every one tried to be the very last to quit it —not "to leave his character behind!" It became a proverbial phrase with those who left a company, and were too tender of their backs, to request they would not "mount the stairs of St. Ambrose." Jonson has well described such a company:

> "You are so truly feared, but not beloved
> One of another, as no one dares break
> Company from the rest, lest they should fall
> Upon him absent."

There are legends and histories which belong to proverbs; and some of the most ancient refer to incidents which have not always been commemorated. Two Greek proverbs have accidentally been explained by Pausanias: "He is a man of Tenedos!" to describe a person of unquestionable veracity; and "To cut with the Tenedian axe"; to express an absolute and irrevocable refusal. The first originated in a King of Tenedos, who decreed that there should always stand behind the judge a man holding an axe, ready to execute justice on any one convicted of falsehood. The other arose from the same king, whose father having reached his island, to supplicate the son's forgiveness for the injury inflicted on him by the arts of a stepmother, was preparing to land; already the ship was fastened by its cable to a rock, when the son came down and, sternly cutting the cable with an axe, sent the ship adrift to the mercy of the waves: hence, "to cut with the Tenedian axe" became proverbial to express an absolute refusal. "Business to-morrow!" is another Greek proverb, applied to a person ruined by his own neglect. The fate of an eminent person perpetuated the expression which he casually employed on the occasion. One of the Theban

polemarchs, in the midst of a convivial party, received despatches relating to a conspiracy: flushed with wine, although pressed by the courier to open them immediately, he smiled, and in gaiety laying the letter under the pillow of his couch, observed, "Business to-morrow!" Plutarch records that he fell a victim to the twenty-four hours he had lost, and became the author of a proverb which was still circulated among the Greeks.

The philosophical antiquary may often discover how many a proverb commemorates an event which has escaped from the more solemn monuments of history, and is often the solitary authority of its existence. A national event in Spanish history is preserved by a proverb. Y vengar quiniento sueldos—"And revenge five hundred pounds!" An odd expression to denote a person being a gentleman! but the proverb is historical. The Spaniards of Old Castile were compelled to pay an annual tribute of five hundred maidens to their masters, the Moors; after several battles, the Spaniards succeeded in compromising the shameful tribute by as many pieces of coin: at length the day arrived when they entirely emancipated themselves from this odious imposition. The heroic action was performed by men of distinction, and the event perpetuated in the recollections of the Spaniards by this singular expression, which alludes to the dishonourable tribute, was applied to characterize all men of high honour, and devoted lovers of their country.

Pasquier, in his "Récherches sur la France," reviewing the periodical changes of ancient families in feudal times, observes that a proverb among the common people conveys the result of all his inquiries; for those noble houses, which in a single age declined from nobility and wealth to poverty and meanness, gave rise to the proverb, Cent ans bannières et cent ans civières!—"One hundred years a banner and one hundred years a barrow!" The Italian proverb, Con l'Evangilio si diventa heretico—"With the gospel we become heretics"—reflects the policy of the court of Rome; and must be dated at the time of the Reformation, when a translation of the Scriptures into the vulgar tongue encountered such an invincible opposition. The Scotch proverb, "He that invented the maiden first

hanselled it"—that is, got the first of it! The maiden is that well-known beheading engine revived by the French surgeon Guillotine. This proverb may be applied to one who falls a victim to his own ingenuity; the artificer of his own destruction! The inventor was James, Earl of Morton, who for some years governed Scotland, and afterward, it is said, very unjustly suffered by his own invention. It is a striking coincidence that the same fate was shared by the French reviver; both alike sad examples of disturbed times! Among our own proverbs a remarkable incident has been commemorated, "Hand over head, as the men took the Covenant!" This preserves the manner in which the Scotch covenant, so famous in our history, was violently taken by above sixty thousand persons about Edinburgh, in 1638; a circumstance at that time novel in our own revolutionary history, and afterward paralleled by the French in voting by "acclamation." An ancient English proverb preserves a curious fact concerning our coinage, "Testers are gone to Oxford to study at Brazennose." When Henry VIII debased the silver coin, called testers, from their having a head stamped on one side, the brass, breaking out in red pimples on their silver faces, provoked the ill-humour of the people to vent itself in this punning proverb, which has preserved for the historical antiquary the popular feeling which lasted about fifty years, till Elizabeth reformed the state of the coinage. A northern proverb among us has preserved the remarkable idea which seems to have once been prevalent, that the metropolis of England was to be the city of York—"Lincoln was, London is, York shall be!" Whether at the time of the union of the crowns, under James I, when England and Scotland became Great Britain, this city, from its centrical situation, was considered as the best adapted for the seat of government, or for some other cause which I have not discovered, this notion must have been prevalent to have entered into a proverb. The chief magistrate of York is the only provincial one who is allowed the title of lord mayor; a circumstance which seems connected with this proverb.

The Italian history of its own small principalities, whose well-being so much depended on their prudence and

sagacity, affords many instances of the timely use of a proverb. Many an intricate negotiation has been contracted through a good-humoured proverb—many a sarcastic one has silenced an adversary; and sometimes they have been applied on more solemn and even tragical occasions. When Rinaldo degli Albizzi was banished by the vigorous conduct of Cosmo de' Medici, Machiavel tells us the expelled man sent Cosmo a menace in a proverb, La gallina covava!—"The hen is brooding!" said of one meditating vengeance. The undaunted Cosmo replied by another, that "There was no brooding out of the nest!"

I give an example of peculiar interest, for it is perpetuated by Dante and is connected with the character of Milton.

When the families of the Amadei and the Uberti felt their honour wounded in the affront the younger Buondelmonte had put upon them, in breaking off his match with a young lady of their family, by marrying another, a council was held, and the death of the young cavalier was proposed as the sole atonement for their injured honour. But the consequences which they anticipated, and which afterward proved so fatal to the Florentines, long suspended their decision. At length Moscha Lamberti, suddenly rising, exclaimed, in two proverbs, "That those who considered everything would never conclude on anything!" closing with an ancient proverbial saying, Cosa fatta capo ha!—"A deed done has an end!" The proverb sealed the fatal determination, and was long held in mournful remembrance by the Tuscans; for, according to Villani, it was the cause and beginning of the accursed factions of the Guelphs and the Ghibellines. Dante has thus immortalized the energetic expression in a scene of the "Inferno":

> Ed un, ch' avea l' una e l' altra man mozza,
> Levando i moncherin per l' aura fosca,
> Si che 'l sangue facea la faccia sozza,
> Gridò: "Ricorderati anche del Mosca,
> Che dissi, lasso: Capo ha cosa fatta,
> Che fu 'l mal seme della gente Tosca."
>
> "Then one
> Maimed of each hand, uplifted in the gloom
> The bleeding stumps, that they with gory spots
> Sullied his face, and cried: 'Remember thee

Of Mosca too—I who, alas! exclaimed,
"The deed once done, there is an end"—that proved
A seed of sorrow to the Tuscan race.'"
(Cary's "Dante.")

This Italian proverb was adopted by Milton; for when deeply engaged in writing "The Defence of the People," and warned that it might terminate in his blindness, he resolvedly concluded his work, exclaiming with great magnanimity, although the fatal prognostication had been accomplished, Cosa fatta capo ha! Did this proverb also influence his awful decision on that great national event, when the most honest-minded fluctuated between doubts and fears?

Of a person treacherously used, the Italian proverb says that he has eaten of

Le frutte di fratre Alberigo.
"The fruit of brother Alberigo."

Landino, on the following passage of Dante, preserves the tragic story:

Io son fratre Alberigo,
Io son quel dalle frutta del mal orto
Che qui reprendo, etc. (Canto xxxiii.)

"'The friar Alberigo,' answered he,
'Am I, who from the evil garden plucked
Its fruitage, and am here repaid the date
More luscious for my fig.'"
(Cary's "Dante.")

This was Manfred, the Lord of Fuenza, who, after many cruelties, turned friar. Reconciling himself to those whom he had so often opposed, to celebrate the renewal of their friendship he invited them to a magnificent entertainment. At the end of the dinner the horn blew to announce the dessert—but it was the signal of this dissimulating conspirator!—and the fruits which that day were served to his guests were armed men, who, rushing in, immolated their victims.

Among these historical proverbs none are more entertaining than those which perpetuate national events, connected with those of another people. When a Frenchman would let us understand that he has settled with his creditors, the proverb is, J'ai payé tous mes Anglois—"I have paid all my English." This proverb originated when

John, the French king, was taken prisoner by our Black Prince. Levies of money were made for the king's ransom, and for many French lords; and the French people have thus perpetuated the military glory of our nation, and their own idea of it, by making the English and their creditors synonymous terms. Another relates to the same event, Le Pape est devenu François, et Jesus Christ Anglais—"Now the Pope is become French and Jesus Christ English"; a proverb which arose when the Pope, exiled from Rome, held his court at Avignon in France, and the English prospered so well that they possessed more than half the kingdom. The Spanish proverb concerning England is well known:

Con todo el mondo guerra,
Y paz con Inglaterra!
"War with the world,
And peace with England!"

Whether this proverb was one of the results of their memorable armada, and was only coined after their conviction of the splendid folly which they had committed, I can not ascertain. England must always have been a desirable ally to Spain against her potent rival and neighbour. The Italians have a proverb, which formerly, at least, was strongly indicative of the travelled Englishmen in their country, Inglese Italianato è un diavolo incarnato—"The Italianized Englishman is a devil incarnate." Formerly there existed a closer intercourse between our country and Italy than with France. Before and during the reigns of Elizabeth and James I that land of the elegant arts modelled our taste and manners: and more Italians travelled into England, and were more constant residents, from commercial concerns, than afterward when France assumed a higher rank in Europe by her political superiority. This cause will sufficiently account for the number of Italian proverbs relating to England, which show an intimacy with our manners that could not else have occurred. It was probably some sarcastic Italian, and, perhaps, horologer, who, to describe the disagreement of persons, proverbed our nation, "They agree like the clocks of London!" We were once better famed for merry Christmases and their pies; and it must have been

the Italians who had been domiciliated with us who gave currency to the proverb, Ha piu da fare che i forni di natale in Inghilterra—" He has more business than English ovens at Christmas." Our pie-loving gentry were notorious, and Shakespeare's folio was usually laid open in the great halls of our nobility to entertain their attendants, who devoured at once Shakespeare and their pasty. Some of those volumes have come down to us not only with the stains, but inclosing even the identical pie-crusts of the Elizabethan age.

I have thus attempted to develop the art of reading proverbs, but have done little more than indicate the theory, and must leave the skilful student to the delicacy of the practice. I am anxious to rescue from prevailing prejudices these neglected stores of curious amusement and of deep insight into the ways of man, and to point out the bold and concealed truths which are scattered in these collections. There seems to be no occurrence in human affairs to which some proverb may not be applied. All knowledge was long aphoristical and traditional, pithily contracting the discoveries which were to be instantly comprehended and easily retained. Whatever be the revolutionary state of man, similar principles and like occurrences are returning on us; and antiquity, whenever it is justly applicable to our times, loses its denomination, and becomes the truth of our own age. A proverb will often cut the knot which others in vain are attempting to untie. Johnson, palled with the redundant elegancies of modern composition, once said, " I fancy mankind may come in time to write all aphoristically, except in narrative; grow weary of preparation, and connection, and illustration, and all those arts by which a big book is made." Many a volume, indeed, has often been written to demonstrate what a lover of proverbs could show had long been ascertained by a single one in his favourite collections.

An insurmountable difficulty, which every parœmiographer has encountered, is that of forming an apt, a ready, and a systematic classification: the moral Linnæus of such a " systema naturæ " has not yet appeared. Each discovered his predecessor's mode imperfect, but each was doomed to meet the same fate.[12] The arrangement of

proverbs has baffled the ingenuity of every one of their collectors. Our Ray, after long premeditation, has chosen a system with the appearance of an alphabetical order; but, as it turns out, his system is no system, and his alphabet is no alphabet. After ten years' labour, the good man could only arrange his proverbs by commonplaces—by complete sentences—by phrases or forms of speech—by proverbial similes—and so on. All these are pursued in alphabetical order, "by the first letter of the most 'material word,' or, if there be more words 'equally material,' by that which usually stands foremost." The most patient examiner will usually find that he wants the sagacity of the collector to discover that word which is "the most material," or "the words equally material." We have to search through all that multiplicity of divisions, or conjuring boxes, in which this juggler of proverbs pretends to hide the ball.

A still more formidable objection against a collection of proverbs for the impatient reader is their unreadableness. Taking in succession a multitude of insulated proverbs, their slippery nature resists all hope of retaining one in a hundred; the study of proverbs must be a frequent recurrence to a gradual collection of favourite ones, which we ourselves must form. The experience of life will throw a perpetual freshness over these short and simple texts; every day may furnish a new commentary; and we may grow old and find novelty in proverbs by their perpetual application.

There are, perhaps, about twenty thousand proverbs among the nations of Europe: many of these have spread in their common intercourse; many are borrowed from the ancients, chiefly the Greeks, who themselves largely took them from the Eastern nations. Our own proverbs are too often deficient in that elegance and ingenuity which are often found in the Spanish and the Italian. Proverbs frequently enliven conversation, or enter into the business of life in those countries without any feeling of vulgarity being associated with them: they are too numerous, too witty, and too wise to cease to please by their poignancy and their aptitude. I have heard them fall from the lips of men of letters and of statesmen. When recently the

disorderly state of the manufacturers of Manchester menaced an insurrection, a profound Italian politician observed to me that it was not of a nature to alarm a great nation; for that the remedy was at hand, in the proverb of the Lazzaroni of Naples, Metà consiglio, metà esempio, metà denaro!—"Half advice, half example, half money!" The result confirmed the truth of the proverb, which, had it been known at the time, might have quieted the honest fears of a great part of the nation.

Proverbs have ceased to be studied or employed in conversation since the time we have derived our knowledge from books; but in a philosophical age they appear to offer infinite subjects for speculative curiosity. Originating in various eras, these memorials of manners, of events, and of modes of thinking, for historical as well as for moral purposes, still retain a strong hold on our attention. The collected knowledge of successive ages and of different people must always enter into some part of our own! Truth and nature can never be obsolete.

Proverbs embrace the wide sphere of human existence, they take all the colours of life, they are often exquisite strokes of genius, they delight by their airy sarcasm or their caustic satire, the luxuriance of their humour, the playfulness of their turn, and even by the elegance of their imagery, and the tenderness of their sentiment. They give a deep insight into domestic life, and open for us the heart of man, in all the various states which he may occupy—a frequent review of proverbs should enter into our readings; and although they are no longer the ornaments of conversation, they have not ceased to be the treasuries of thought!

NOTES

[1] Taylor's "Translation of Plato's Works," vol. v, p. 36.

[2] Shakespeare satirically alludes to the quality of such rhymes in his "Merchant of Venice," act v, scene 1. Speaking of one—

> "Whose poesy was
> For all the world like cutler's poetry
> Upon a knife, Love me, and leave me not."

[3] One of the fruit trenchers, for such these roundels are called in the "Gentleman's Magazine" for 1793, p. 398, is engraved there, and the inscriptions of an entire set given. (See also the Supplement to that volume, p. 1187.) The author of the "Art of English Poesie," 1589, tells us they never contained above one verse, or two at the most,

but the shorter the better. Two specimens may suffice the reader. One, under the symbol of a skull, thus morally discourses:

"Content thyself with thine estate,
And send no poor wight from thy gate;
For why, this counsel I you give,
To learne to die, and die to live."

On another, decorated with pictures of fruit, are these satirical lines:

"Feed and be fat: hear's pears and plums,
Will never hurt your teeth or spoil your gums.
And I wish those girls that painted are,
No other food than such fine painted fare."

[4] This constant custom of engraving "posies," as they were termed, on rings is noted by many authors of the Elizabethan era. Lilly, in his "Euphues," addresses the ladies for a favourable judgment on his work, hoping it will be recorded "as you do the posies in your rings, which are always next to the finger not to be seene of him that holdeth you by the hand, and yet knowne by you that weare them on your hands." They were always engraved withinside of the ring. A manuscript of the time of Charles I furnishes us with a single posy, of one line, to this effect: "This hath alloy; my love is pure." From the same source we have the two following rhyming, or "double posies":

"Constancy and heaven are round,
And in this the emblem's found."
"Weare me out, love shall not waste;
Love beyond tyme still is placed."

[5] Heywood's "Dialogue, conteyninge the Number in Effecte of all the Proverbes in the English Tunge, 1561."

[6] The whole of Tusser's "Five Hundred Pointes of Good Husbandrie," 1580, was composed in quaint couplets, long remembered by the peasantry for their homely worldly wisdom. One, constructed for the bakehouse, runs thus:

"New bread is a drivell (waste);
Much crust is as evil."

Another for the dairymaid assures her:

"Good dairie doth pleasure;
Ill dairie spends treasure."

Another might rival any lesson of thrift:

"Where nothing will last,
Spare such as thou hast."

[7] Townshend's "Historical Collections," p. 283.

[8] It was published in 1616; the writer only catches at some verbal expressions, as, for instance:

The vulgar proverb runs, "The more the merrier."
The cross, "Not so! one hand is enough in a purse."
The proverb, "It is a great way to the bottom of the sea."
The cross, "Not so! it is but a stone's cast."
The proverb, "The pride of the rich makes the labours of the poor."
The cross, "Not so! the labours of the poor make the pride of the rich."
The proverb, "He runs far who never turns."
The cross, "Not so! he may break his neck in a short course."

[9] It has been suggested that this whimsical amusement has been lately revived, to a certain degree, in the acting of charades among juvenile parties.

[10] Now the punning motto of a noble family.

[11] At the Royal Institution there is a fine copy of Polydore Vergil's

"Adagia," with his other work, curious in its day, "De Inventoribus Rerum," printed by Frobenius, in 1521. The wood-cuts of this edition seem to me to be executed with inimitable delicacy, resembling a pencilling which Raphael might have envied.

[12] Since the appearance of the present article several collections of proverbs have been attempted. A little unpretending volume, entitled "Select Proverbs of All Nations, with Notes and Comments," by Thomas Fielding, 1824, is not ill arranged; an excellent book for popular reading. The editor of a recent miscellaneous compilation, "The Treasury of Knowledge," has whimsically bordered the four sides of the pages of a dictionary with as many proverbs. The plan was ingenious, but the proverbs are not. Triteness and triviality are fatal to a proverb.

A COMPLAINT OF THE DECAY OF BEGGARS

AND

THE CONVALESCENT

BY

CHARLES LAMB

Charles Lamb was born in London, February 18, 1775. He was educated at Christ's Hospital, and had Coleridge for a school-fellow. An impediment in his speech prevented him from taking holy orders, and he became a book-keeper, first in the South Sea House and afterward in the India House. His description of the former stands first in his collected essays, and when the latter retired him with a pension at the age of fifty he wrote that which bears the title "The Superannuated Man." There was a hereditary taint of insanity, and at the age of twenty he spent six weeks in an asylum. The next year his elder sister, Mary, in a fit of derangement, killed her mother. Charles thereupon gave up a marriage engagement and devoted himself to the care of his sister. They lived quietly in London, hating the country, and found their pastime in the theatre and perusal of old folios. Lamb had published a few poems, a tale, and a tragedy, when at the age of thirty-five he began to write the essays that have given him a permanent place in English literature. These appeared first in periodicals, and bore the signature "Elia." The Lambs used to have little Wednesday evening receptions at their lodgings in the Inner Temple, which were attended by nearly all the English authors of that day who have become famous, and are described as being very odd and interesting. Charles is said to have been a brilliant talker. They lived afterward in Islington, Enfield, and Edmonton, and Charles died December 27, 1834.

A COMPLAINT OF THE DECAY OF BEGGARS

IN THE METROPOLIS

THE all-sweeping besom of societarian reformation—your only modern Alcides's club to rid the time of its abuses—is uplift with many-handed sway to extirpate the last fluttering tatters of the bugbear Mendicity from the metropolis. Scrips, wallets, bags—staves, dogs, and crutches—the whole mendicant fraternity, with all their baggage, are fast posting out of the purlieus of this eleventh persecution. From the crowded crossing, from the corners of streets and turnings of alleys, the parting Genius of Beggary is "with sighing sent."

I do not approve of this wholesale going to work, this impertinent crusado, or bellum ad exterminationem, proclaimed against a species. Much good might be sucked from these beggars.

They were the oldest and the honourablest form of pauperism. Their appeals were to our common nature; less revolting to an ingenuous mind than to be a suppliant to the particular humours or caprice of any fellow-creature, or set of fellow-creatures, parochial or societarian. Theirs were the only rates uninvidious in the levy, ungrudged in the assessment.

There was a dignity springing from the very depth of their desolation; as to be naked is to be so much nearer to being a man than to go in livery.

The greatest spirits have felt this in their reverses; and when Dionysius from king turned schoolmaster, do we feel anything toward him but contempt? Could Vandyke have made a picture of him, swaying a ferula for a sceptre, which would have affected our minds with the same heroic pity, the same compassionate admiration, with which we regard his Belisarius begging for an obolus?

Would the moral have been more graceful, more pathetic?

The Blind Beggar in the legend—the father of pretty Bessy—whose story doggerel rhymes and ale-house signs can not so degrade or attenuate but that some sparks of a lustrous spirit will shine through the disguisements—this noble Earl of Cornwall (as, indeed, he was) and memorable sport of fortune, fleeing from the unjust sentence of his liege lord, stripped of all, and seated on the flowering green of Bethnal, with his more fresh and springing daughter by his side, illumining his rags and his beggary—would the child and parent have cut a better figure doing the honours of a counter, or expiating their fallen condition upon the three-foot eminence of some sempstering shop-board?

In tale or history your beggar is ever the just antipode to your king. The poets and romancical writers (as dear Margaret Newcastle would call them), when they would most sharply and feelingly paint a reverse of fortune, never stop till they have brought down their hero in good earnest to rags and the wallet. The depth of the descent illustrates the height he falls from. There is no medium which can be presented to the imagination without offence. There is no breaking the fall. Lear, thrown from his palace, must divest him of his garments, till he answer " mere Nature "; and Cresseid, fallen from a prince's love, must extend her pale arms, pale with other whiteness than of beauty, supplicating lazar arms with bell and clap-dish.

The Lucian wits knew this very well; and, with a converse policy, when they would express scorn of greatness without the pity, they show us an Alexander in the shades cobbling shoes, or a Semiramis getting up foul linen.

How would it sound in song that a great monarch had declined his affections upon the daughter of a baker! yet do we feel the imagination at all violated when we read the " true ballad," where King Cophetua wooes the beggar maid?

Pauperism, pauper, poor man, are expressions of pity, but pity alloyed with contempt. No one properly contemns a beggar. Poverty is a comparative thing, and each degree of it is mocked by its " neighbour grice." Its poor rents and comings-in are soon summed up and told. Its

pretences to property are almost ludicrous. Its pitiful attempts to save excite a smile. Every scornful companion can weigh his trifle-bigger purse against it. Poor man reproaches poor man in the street with impolitic mention of his condition, his own being a shade better, while the rich pass by and sneer at both. No rascally comparative insults a beggar, or thinks of weighing purses with him. He is not in the scale of comparison. He is not under the measure of property. He confessedly hath none, any more than a dog or a sheep. No one twitteth him with ostentation above his means. No one accuses him of pride, or upbraideth him with mock humility. None jostle with him for the wall, or pick quarrels for precedency. No wealthy neighbour seeketh to eject him from his tenement. No man sues him. No man goes to law with him. If I were not the independent gentleman that I am, rather than I would be a retainer to the great, a led captain, or a poor relation, I would choose, out of the delicacy and true greatness of my mind, to be a beggar.

Rags, which are the reproach of poverty, are the beggar's robes, and graceful insignia of his profession, his tenure, his full dress, the suit in which he is expected to show himself in public. He is never out of the fashion, or limpeth awkwardly behind it. He is not required to put on court mourning. He weareth all colours, fearing none. His costume hath undergone less change than the Quaker's. He is the only man in the universe who is not obliged to study appearances. The ups and downs of the world concern him no longer. He alone continueth in one stay. The price of stock or land affecteth him not. The fluctuations of agricultural or commercial prosperity touch him not, or at worst but change his customers. He is not expected to become bail or surety for any one. No man troubleth him with questioning his religion or politics. He is the only free man in the universe.

The mendicants of this great city were so many of her sights, her lions. I can no more spare them than I could the cries of London. No corner of a street is complete without them. They are as indispensable as the ballad singer, and in their picturesque attire as ornamental as the signs of old London. They were the standing morals,

emblems, mementoes, dial-mottoes, the spital sermons, the books for children, the salutary checks and pauses to the high and rushing tide of greasy citizenry:

"——Look
Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there."

Above all, those old blind Tobits that used to line the wall of Lincoln's-Inn Garden, before modern fastidiousness had expelled them, casting up their ruined orbs to catch a ray of pity, and (if possible) of light, with their faithful dog guide at their feet—whither are they fled? or into what corners, blind as themselves, have they been driven, out of the wholesome air and sun-warmth? immersed between four walls, in what withering poor-house do they endure the penalty of double darkness, where the chink of the dropped halfpenny no more consoles their forlorn bereavement, far from the sound of the cheerful and hope-stirring tread of the passenger? Where hang their useless staves? and who will farm their dogs? Have the overseers of St. L—— caused them to be shot? or were they tied up in sacks and dropped into the Thames, at the suggestion of B——, the mild rector of ——?

Well fare the soul of unfastidious Vincent Bourne—most classical, and, at the same time, most English of the Latinists!—who has treated of this human and quadrupedal alliance, this dog and man friendship, in the sweetest of his poems, the "Epitaphium in Canem," or, "Dog's Epitaph." Reader, peruse it; and say, if customary sights, which could call up such gentle poetry as this, were of a nature to do more harm or good to the moral sense of the passengers through the daily thoroughfares of a vast and busy metropolis:

Pauperis hic Iri requiesco Lyciscus, herilis,
Dum vixi, tutela vigil columenque senectæ,
Dux cæco fidus: nec, me ducente, solebat,
Prætenso hinc atque hinc baculo, per iniqua locorum
Incertam explorare viam; sed fila secutus,
Quæ dubios regerent passûs, vestigia tuta
Fixit inoffenso gressu; gelidumque sedile
In nudo nactus saxo, quâ prætereuntium
Unda frequens confluxit, ibi miserisque tenebras
Lamentis, noctemque oculis ploravit obortam.
Ploravit nec frustra; obolum dedit alter et alter,
Queis corda et mentem indiderat natura benignam.

Ad latus interea jacui sopitus herile,
Vel mediis vigil in somnis; ad herilia jussa
Auresque atque animum arrectus, seu frustula amicè
Porrexit sociasque dapes, seu longa diei
Tædia perpessus, reditum sub nocte parabat.
Hi mores, hæc vita fuit, dum fata sinebant,
Dum neque languebam morbis, nec inerte senectâ
Quæ tandem obrepsit, veterique satellite cæcum
Orbavit dominum; prisci sed gratia facti
Ne tota intereat, longos deleta per annos,
Exiguum hunc Irus tumulum de cespite fecit,
Etsi inopis, non ingratæ, munuscula dextræ;
Carmine signavitque brevi, dominumque canemque,
Quod memoret, fidumque Canem dominumque Benignum.

"Poor Irus' faithful wolf-dog here I lie,
That wont to tend my old blind master's steps,
His guide and guard; nor, while my service lasted,
Had he occasion for that staff, with which
He now goes picking out his path in fear
Over the highways and crossings; but would plant,
Safe in the conduct of my friendly string,
A firm foot forward still, till he had reached
His poor seat on some stone, nigh where the tide
Of passers-by in thickest confluence flowed:
To whom with loud and passionate laments
From morn to eve his dark estate he wailed.
Nor wailed to all in vain: some here and there,
The well-disposed and good, their pennies gave.
I meantime at his feet obsequious slept;
Not all-asleep in sleep, but heart and ear
Pricked up at his least motion; to receive
At his kind hand my customary crumbs,
And common portion in his feast of scraps;
Or when night warned us homeward, tired and spent
With our long day and tedious beggary.
These were my manners, this my way of life
Till age and slow disease me overtook,
And severed from my sightless master's side.
But lest the grace of so good deeds should die,
Through tract of years in mute oblivion lost,
This slender tomb of turf hath Irus reared,
Cheap monument of no ungrudging hand,
And with short verse inscribed it, to attest,
In long and lasting union to attest,
The virtues of the beggar and his dog."

These dim eyes have in vain explored for some months past a well-known figure, or part of the figure, of a man, who used to glide his comely upper half over the pavements of London, wheeling along with most ingenious celerity upon a machine of wood, a spectacle to natives, to foreigners, and to children. He was of a robust make, with a florid sailorlike complexion, and his head was bare

to the storm and sunshine. He was a natural curiosity, a speculation to the scientific, a prodigy to the simple. The infant would stare at the mighty man brought down to his own level. The common cripple would despise his own pusillanimity, viewing the hale stoutness and hearty heart of this half-limbed giant. Few but must have noticed him, for the accident which brought him low took place during the riots of 1780, and he has been a groundling so long. He seemed earth-born, an Antæus, and to suck in fresh vigour from the soil which he neighboured. He was a grand fragment; as good as an Elgin marble. The nature, which should have recruited his reft legs and thighs, was not lost, but only retired into his upper parts, and he was half a Hercules. I heard a tremendous voice thundering and growling, as before an earthquake, and casting down my eyes, it was this mandrake reviling a steed that had started at his portentous appearance. He seemed to want but his just stature to have rent the offending quadruped in shivers. He was as the man-part of a centaur, from which the horse-half had been cloven in some dire Lapithan controversy. He moved on, as if he could have made shift with yet half of the body portion which was left him. The os sublime was not wanting, and he threw out yet a jolly countenance upon the heavens. Forty-and-two years had he driven this out-of-door trade, and now that his hair is grizzled in the service, but his good spirits no way impaired, because he is not content to exchange his free air and exercise for the restraints of a poor-house, he is expiating his contumacy in one of those houses (ironically christened) of correction.

Was a daily spectacle like this to be deemed a nuisance, which called for legal interference to remove? or not rather a salutary and a touching object to the passers-by in a great city? Among her shows, her museums, and supplies for ever-gaping curiosity (and what else but an accumulation of sights—endless sights—is a great city? or for what else is it desirable?) was there not room for one Lusus (not Naturæ, indeed, but) Accidentium? What if in forty-and-two-years' going about the man had scraped together enough to give a portion to his child (as the rumour ran) of a few hundreds—whom had he injured?—whom had he

CHARLES LAMB

From an etching after a painting by Henry Meyer

imposed upon? The contributors had enjoyed their sight for their pennies. What if after being exposed all day to the heats, the rains, and the frosts of heaven—shuffling his ungainly trunk along in an elaborate and painful motion—he was enabled to retire at night to enjoy himself at a club of his fellow cripples over a dish of hot meat and vegetables, as the charge was gravely brought against him by a clergyman deposing before a House of Commons' committee—was this, or was his truly paternal consideration, which (if a fact) deserved a statue rather than a whipping-post, and is inconsistent, at least, with the exaggeration of nocturnal orgies which he has been slandered with—a reason that he should be deprived of his chosen, harmless, nay, edifying way of life, and be committed in hoary age for a sturdy vagabond?

There was a Yorick once whom it would not have shamed to have sat down at the cripples' feast, and to have thrown in his benediction, ay, and his mite too, for a companionable symbol. "Age, thou hast lost thy breed."

Half of these stories about the prodigious fortunes made by begging are (I verily believe) misers' calumnies. One was much talked of in the public papers some time since, and the usual charitable inferences deduced. A clerk in the bank was surprised with the announcement of a five-hundred-pound legacy left him by a person whose name he was a stranger to. It seems that in his daily morning walks from Peckham (or some village thereabouts) where he lived, to his office, it had been his practice for the last twenty years to drop his halfpenny duly into the hat of some blind Bartimeus that sat begging alms by the wayside in the borough. The good old beggar recognised his daily benefactor by the voice only, and when he died left all the amassings of his alms (that had been half a century, perhaps, in the accumulating) to his old bank friend. Was this a story to purse up people's hearts and pennies against giving an alms to the blind? or not rather a beautiful moral of well-directed charity on the one part, and noble gratitude upon the other?

I sometimes wish I had been that bank clerk.

I seem to remember a poor old grateful kind of creature, blinking, and looking up with his no eyes in the sun.

Is it possible I could have steeled my purse against him? Perhaps I had no small change.

Reader, do not be frightened at the hard words imposition, imposture—give, and ask no questions. Cast thy bread upon the waters. Some have unawares (like this bank clerk) entertained angels.

Shut not thy purse-strings always against painted distress. Act a charity sometimes. When a poor creature (outwardly and visibly such) comes before thee, do not stay to inquire whether the "seven small children," in whose name he implores thy assistance, have a veritable existence. Rake not into the bowels of unwelcome truth to save a halfpenny. It is good to believe him. If he be not all that he pretendeth, give, and under a personate father of a family, think (if thou pleasest) that thou hast relieved an indigent bachelor. When they come with their counterfeit looks, and mumping tones, think them players. You pay your money to see a comedian feign these things, which, concerning these poor people, thou canst not certainly tell whether they are feigned or not.

["Pray God, your honour, relieve me," said a poor beadswoman to my friend L—— one day; "I have seen better days." "So have I, my good woman," retorted he, looking up at the welkin, which was just then threatening a storm—and the jest (he will have it) was as good to the beggar as a tester. It was, at all events, kinder than consigning her to the stocks, or the parish beadle.

But L—— has a way of viewing things in rather a paradoxical light on some occasions.]

THE CONVALESCENT

A PRETTY severe fit of indisposition which, under the name of a nervous fever, has made a prisoner of me for some weeks past, and is but slowly leaving me, has reduced me to an incapacity of reflecting upon any topic foreign to itself. Expect no healthy conclusions from me this month, reader; I can offer you only sick men's dreams.

And truly the whole state of sickness is such; for what else is it but a magnificent dream for a man to lie a-bed and draw daylight curtains about him; and, shutting out the sun, to induce a total oblivion of all the works which are going on under it? To become insensible to all the operations of life, except the beatings of one feeble pulse?

If there be a regal solitude, it is a sick-bed. How the patient lords it there; what caprices he acts without control! how kinglike he sways his pillow—tumbling, and tossing, and shifting, and lowering, and thumping, and flatting, and moulding it, to the ever-varying requisitions of his throbbing temples!

He changes sides oftener than a politician. Now he lies full length, then half length, obliquely, transversely, head and feet quite across the bed; and none accuses him of tergiversation. Within the four curtains he is absolute. They are his Mare Clausum.

How sickness enlarges the dimensions of a man's self to himself! he is his own exclusive object. Supreme selfishness is inculcated upon him as his only duty. 'Tis the "Two Tables of the Law" to him. He has nothing to think of but how to get well. What passes out of doors, or within them, so he hear not the jarring of them, affects him not.

A little while ago he was greatly concerned in the event

of a lawsuit, which was to be the making or the marring of his dearest friend. He was to be seen trudging about upon this man's errand to fifty quarters of the town at once, jogging this witness, refreshing that solicitor. The cause was to come on yesterday. He is absolutely as indifferent to the decision as if it were a question to be tried at Pekin. Peradventure from some whispering, going on about the house, not intended for his hearing, he picks up enough to make him understand that things went cross-grained in the court yesterday, and his friend is ruined. But the word "friend," and the word "ruin," disturb him no more than so much jargon. He is not to think of anything but how to get better.

What a world of foreign cares are merged in that absorbing consideration!

He has put on the strong armour of sickness, he is wrapped in the callous hide of suffering; he keeps his sympathy, like some curious vintage, under trusty lock and key, for his own use only.

He lies pitying himself, honing and moaning to himself; he yearneth over himself; his bowels are even melted within him, to think what he suffers; he is not ashamed to weep over himself.

He is forever plotting how to do some good to himself; studying little stratagems and artificial alleviations.

He makes the most of himself; dividing himself, by an allowable fiction, into as many distinct individuals as he hath sore and sorrowing members. Sometimes he meditates—as of a thing apart from him—upon his poor aching head, and that dull pain which, dozing or waking, lay in it all the past night like a log, or palpable substance of pain, not to be removed without opening the very skull, as it seemed, to take it thence. Or he pities his long, clammy, attenuated fingers. He compassionates himself all over, and his bed is a very discipline of humanity and tender heart.

He is his own sympathizer, and instinctively feels that none can so well perform that office for him. He cares for few spectators to his tragedy. Only that punctual face of the old nurse pleases him, that announces his broths and his cordials. He likes it because it is so unmoved, and

because he can pour forth his feverish ejaculations before it as unreservedly as to his bed-post.

To the world's business he is dead. He understands not what the callings and occupations of mortals are; only he has a glimmering conceit of some such thing when the doctor makes his daily call; and even in the lines on that busy face he reads no multiplicity of patients, but solely conceives of himself as the sick man. To what other uneasy couch the good man is hastening when he slips out of his chamber, folding up his thin douceur so carefully, for fear of rustling—is no speculation which he can at present entertain. He thinks only of the regular return of the same phenomenon at the same hour to-morrow.

Household rumours touch him not. Some faint murmur, indicative of life going on within the house, soothes him, while he knows not distinctly what it is. He is not to know anything, not to think of anything. Servants gliding up or down the distant staircase, treading as upon velvet, gently keep his ear awake, so long as he troubles not himself further than with some feeble guess at their errands. Exacter knowledge would be a burden to him; he can just endure the pressure of conjecture. He opens his eye faintly at the dull stroke of the muffled knocker, and closes it again without asking "Who was it?" He is flattered by a general notion that inquiries are making after him, but he cares not to know the name of the inquirer. In the general stillness and awful hush of the house he lies in state, and feels his sovereignty.

To be sick is to enjoy monarchal prerogatives. Compare the silent tread and quiet ministry, almost by the eye only, with which he is served—with the careless demeanour, the unceremonious goings in and out (slapping of doors, or leaving them open) of the very same attendants, when he is getting a little better—and you will confess that from the bed of sickness (throne let me rather call it) to the elbow-chair of convalescence is a fall from dignity, amounting to a deposition.

How convalescence shrinks a man back to his pristine stature! Where is now the space which he occupied so lately in his own, in the family's eye?

The scene of his regalities, his sick-room, which was his

presence-chamber, where he lay and acted his despotic fancies—how is it reduced to a common bedroom! The trimness of the very bed has something petty and unmeaning about it. It is made every day. How unlike to that wavy, many-furrowed, oceanic surface, which it presented so short a time since, when to make it was a service not to be thought of at oftener than three or four day revolutions, when the patient was with pain and grief to be lifted for a little while out of it, to submit to the encroachments of unwelcome neatness, and decencies which his shaken frame deprecated; then to be lifted into it again, for another three or four days' respite, to flounder it out of shape again, while every fresh furrow was a historical record of some shifting posture, some uneasy turning, some seeking for a little ease; and the shrunken skin scarce told a truer story than the crumpled coverlid.

Hushed are those mysterious sighs—those groans—so much more awful while we knew not from what caverns of vast hidden suffering they proceeded. The Lernean pangs are quenched. The riddle of sickness is solved, and Philoctetes is become an ordinary personage.

Perhaps some relic of the sick man's dream of greatness survives in the still lingering visitations of the medical attendant. But how is he, too, changed with everything else! Can this be he—this man of news, of chat, of anecdote, of everything but physic—can this be he who so lately came between the patient and his cruel enemy, as on some solemn embassy from Nature, erecting herself into a high mediating party? Pshaw! 'tis some old woman.

Farewell with him all that made sickness pompous; the spell that hushed the household; the desertlike stillness, felt throughout its inmost chambers; the mute attendance; the inquiry by looks; the still softer delicacies of self-attention; the sole and single eye of distemper alonely fixed upon itself; world-thoughts excluded; the man a world unto himself, his own theatre—

"What a speck is he dwindled into!"

In this flat swamp of convalescence, left by the ebb of sickness, yet far enough from the terra-firma of established health, your note, dear editor, reached me, requesting—an

article. In Articulo Mortis, thought I; but it is something hard, and the quibble, wretched as it was, relieved me. The summons, unseasonable as it appeared, seemed to link me on again to the petty businesses of life, which I had lost sight of; a gentle call to activity, however trivial; a wholesome weaning from that preposterous dream of self-absorption—the puffy state of sickness—in which I confess to have lain so long, insensible to the magazines and monarchies of the world alike; to its laws, and to its literature. The hypochondriac flatus is subsiding; the acres, which in imagination I had spread over—for the sick man swells in the sole contemplation of his single sufferings, till he becomes a Tityus to himself—are wasting to a span; and for the giant of self-importance, which I was so lately, you have me once again in my natural pretensions—the lean and meagre figure of your insignificant Essayist.

RURAL FUNERALS

BY

WASHINGTON IRVING

Of purely literary writers, WASHINGTON IRVING was the earliest American whose works are permanent and classic. He was born in New York city, April 3, 1783. Leaving school at the age of sixteen, he studied law; but his natural bent for literature was so strong that he could hardly think seriously of any other profession. He began writing at the age of nineteen, using the pen-name Jonathan Oldstyle. A few years later he travelled in Europe for his health, became intimate with Washington Allston in Rome, and made a feeble attempt to learn painting. On his return home, with his brother William and James K. Paulding he began a serial entitled "Salmagundi," the humour and local allusions of which insured its success. In 1809 he published his humorous "History of New York," four years later edited a magazine in Philadelphia, and in 1815 became a silent partner in his brother's mercantile house and sailed for Europe. The house soon became bankrupt, and Irving then turned seriously to literature for a livelihood. He now wrote the essays that form the "Sketch Book"—one of which is here presented—and sent them home to New York, where they were published in pamphlet numbers in 1818. He had difficulty in getting the book published in London, till Scott persuaded Murray to take it. This was so successful that when he produced his next book, "Bracebridge Hall," Murray paid one thousand guineas for the copyright without seeing the manuscript; and for the next book, "Tales of a Traveller," he paid fifteen hundred pounds. These were large prices for those days. Irving was employed to translate documents relating to Columbus which had been collected by Navarrete, and then wrote his "Life of Columbus," for which he received three thousand guineas from the publisher, and the gold medal offered by George IV for historical composition. He was appointed Secretary of the American legation in London in 1829, and from 1842 to 1846 he was Minister at Madrid. His Spanish studies had resulted in "The Alhambra" and other books, and after his return home he wrote several relating to the far West. His last and most elaborate work was the "Life of Washington," the final volume of which appeared only three months before his death, which occurred at his home on the Hudson, November 28, 1859.

RURAL FUNERALS

"Here's a few flowers; but about midnight, more:
The herbs that have on them cold dew o' the night
Are strewings fitt'st for graves—
You were as flowers, now withered: even so
These herb'lets shall, which we upon you strow."
(Cymbeline.)

AMONG the beautiful and simple-hearted customs of rural life which still linger in some parts of England are those of strewing flowers before the funerals and planting them at the graves of departed friends. These, it is said, are the remains of some of the rites of the primitive church; but they are of still higher antiquity, having been observed among the Greeks and Romans, and frequently mentioned by their writers, and were, no doubt, the spontaneous tributes of unlettered affection, originating long before art had tasked itself to modulate sorrow into song or story it on the monument. They are now only to be met with in the most distant and retired places of the kingdom, where fashion and innovation have not been able to throng in and trample out all the curious and interesting traces of the olden time.

In Glamorganshire, we are told, the bed whereon the corpse lies is covered with flowers, a custom alluded to in one of the wild and plaintive ditties of Ophelia:

"White his shroud as the mountain snow,
Larded all with sweet flowers;
Which be-wept to the grave did go,
With true love showers."

There is also a most delicate and beautiful rite observed in some of the remote villages of the south at the funeral of a female who has died young and unmarried. A chaplet of white flowers is borne before the corpse by a young girl, nearest in age, size, and resemblance, and

is afterward hung up in the church over the accustomed seat of the deceased. These chaplets are sometimes made of white paper, in imitation of flowers, and inside of them is generally a pair of white gloves. They are intended as emblems of the purity of the deceased, and the crown of glory which she has received in heaven.

In some parts of the country, also, the dead are carried to the grave with the singing of psalms and hymns; a kind of triumph, "to show," says Bourne, "that they have finished their course with joy, and are become conquerors." This, I am informed, is observed in some of the northern counties, particularly in Northumberland, and it has a pleasing though melancholy effect to hear, of a still evening, in some lonely country scene, the mournful melody of a funeral dirge swelling from a distance and to see the train slowly moving along the landscape:

> "Thus, thus, and thus, we compass round
> Thy harmless and unhaunted ground,
> And as we sing thy dirge, we will
> The daffodil
> And other flowers lay upon
> The altar of our love, thy stone." (Herrick.)

There is also a solemn respect paid by the traveller to the passing funeral in these sequestered places; for such spectacles, occurring among the quiet abodes of Nature, sink deep into the soul. As the mourning train approaches he pauses, uncovered, to let it go by; he then follows silently in the rear; sometimes quite to the grave, at other times for a few hundred yards, and, having paid this tribute of respect to the deceased, turns and resumes his journey.

The rich vein of melancholy which runs through the English character, and gives it some of its most touching and ennobling graces, is finely evidenced in these pathetic customs, and in the solicitude shown by the common people for an honoured and a peaceful grave. The humblest peasant, whatever may be his lowly lot while living, is anxious that some little respect may be paid to his remains. Sir Thomas Overbury, describing the "faire and happy milkmaid," observes, "Thus lives she, and all her care is that she may die in the springtime, to have store

of flowers stucke upon her winding-sheet." The poets, too, who always breathe the feeling of a nation, continually advert to this fond solicitude about the grave. In "The Maid's Tragedy," by Beaumont and Fletcher, there is a beautiful instance of the kind describing the capricious melancholy of a broken-hearted girl:

> "When she sees a bank
> Stuck full of flowers, she, with a sigh, will tell
> Her servants, what a pretty place it were
> To bury lovers in; and made her maids
> Pluck 'em, and strew her over like a corse."

The custom of decorating graves was once universally prevalent: osiers were carefully bent over them to keep the turf uninjured, and about them were planted evergreens and flowers. "We adorn their graves," says Evelyn in his "Sylva," "with flowers and redolent plants, just emblems of the life of man, which has been compared in holy Scriptures to those fading beauties whose roots, being buried in dishonour, rise again in glory." This usage has now become extremely rare in England; but it may still be met with in the churchyards of retired villages among the Welsh mountains; and I recollect an instance of it at the small town of Ruthven, which lies at the head of the beautiful vale of Clewyd. I have been told also by a friend, who was present at the funeral of a young girl in Glamorganshire, that the female attendants had their aprons full of flowers, which, as soon as the body was interred, they stuck about the grave.

He noticed several graves which had been decorated in the same manner. As the flowers had been merely stuck in the ground, and not planted, they had soon withered, and might be seen in various states of decay: some drooping, other quite perished. They were afterward to be supplanted by holly, rosemary, and other evergreens; which on some graves had grown to great luxuriance, and overshadowed the tombstones.

There was formerly a melancholy fancifulness in the arrangement of these rustic offerings that had something in it truly poetical. The rose was sometimes blended with the lily, to form a general emblem of frail mortality. "This sweet flower," said Evelyn, "borne on a branch set

with thorns, and accompanied with the lily, are natural hieroglyphics of our fugitive, umbratile, anxious, and transitory life, which, making so fair a show for a time, is not yet without its thorns and crosses." The nature and colour of the flowers, and of the ribbons with which they were tied, had often a particular reference to the qualities or story of the deceased, or were expressive of the feelings of the mourner. In an old poem, entitled "Corydon's Doleful Knell," a lover specifies the decorations he intends to use:

"A garland shall be framed
By Art and Nature's skill,
Of sundry coloured flowers,
In token of good-will.

"And sundry coloured ribbons
On it I will bestow;
But chiefly blacke and yellowe
With her to grave shall go.

"I'll deck her tomb with flowers
The rarest ever seen;
And with my tears as showers
I'll keep them fresh and green."

The white rose, we are told, was planted at the grave of a virgin; her chaplet was tied with white ribbons, in token of her spotless innocence, though sometimes black ribbons were intermingled, to bespeak the grief of the survivors. The red rose was occasionally used, in remembrance of such as had been remarkable for benevolence; but roses in general were appropriated to the graves of lovers. Evelyn tells us that the custom was not altogether extinct in his time, near his dwelling in the county of Surrey, "where the maidens yearly planted and decked the graves of their defunct sweethearts with rose bushes." And Camden likewise remarks, in his "Britannia": "Here is also a certain custom, observed time out of mind, of planting rose trees upon the graves, especially by the young men and maids who have lost their loves; so that this churchyard is now full of them."

When the deceased had been unhappy in their loves, emblems of a more gloomy character were used, such as the yew and cypress; and if flowers were strewed, they

were of the most melancholy colours. Thus, in poems by Thomas Stanley, Esq. (published in 1651), is the following stanza:

"Yet strew
Upon my dismall grave
Such offerings as you have,
Forsaken cypresse and yewe;
For kinder flowers can take no birth
Or growth from such unhappy earth."

In "The Maid's Tragedy," a pathetic little air is introduced, illustrative of this mode of decorating the funerals of females who have been disappointed in love:

"Lay a garland on my hearse
Of the dismal yew,
Maidens willow branches wear,
Say I died true.

"My love was false, but I was firm,
From my hour of birth,
Upon my buried body lie
Lightly, gentle earth."

The natural effect of sorrow over the dead is to refine and elevate the mind; and we have a proof of it in the purity of sentiment and the unaffected elegance of thought which pervaded the whole of these funeral observances. Thus it was an especial precaution that none but sweet-scented evergreens and flowers should be employed. The intention seems to have been to soften the horrors of the tomb, to beguile the mind from brooding over the disgraces of perishing mortality, and to associate the memory of the deceased with the most delicate and beautiful objects in Nature. There is a dismal process going on in the grave ere dust can return to its kindred dust, which the imagination shrinks from contemplating; and we seek still to think of the form we have loved with those refined associations which it awakened when blooming before us in youth and beauty. "Lay her i' the earth," says Laertes of his virgin sister,

"And from her fair and unpolluted flesh
May violets spring."

Herrick also, in his "Dirge of Jephtha," pours forth a fragrant flow of poetical thought and image, which in a

manner embalms the dead in the recollections of the living:

"Sleep in thy peace, thy bed of spice,
And make this place all paradise:
May sweets grow here! and smoke from hence
Fat frankincense.
Let balme and cassia send their scent
From out thy maiden monument.
. . . . . .
May all shie maids at wonted hours
Come forth to strew thy tombe with flowers!
May virgins, when they come to mourn,
Male incense burn
Upon thine altar! then return
And leave thee sleeping in thy urn."

I might crowd my pages with extracts from the older British poets, who wrote when these rites were more prevalent, and delighted frequently to allude to them; but I have already quoted more than is necessary. I can not, however, refrain from giving a passage from Shakespeare, even though it should appear trite, which illustrates the emblematical meaning often conveyed in these floral tributes, and at the same time possesses that magic of language and appositeness of imagery for which he stands pre-eminent:

"With fairest flowers,
While summer lasts, and I live here, Fidele,
I'll sweeten thy sad grave; thou shalt not lack
The flower that's like thy face, pale primrose; nor
The azured harebell like thy veins; no, nor
The leaf of eglantine; whom not to slander,
Outsweetened not thy breath."

There is certainly something more affecting in these prompt and spontaneous offerings of Nature than in the most costly monuments of art; the hand strews the flower while the heart is warm, and the tear falls on the grave as affection is binding the osier round the sod; but pathos expires under the slow labour of the chisel, and is chilled among the cold conceits of sculptured marble.

It is greatly to be regretted that a custom so truly elegant and touching has disappeared from general use, and exists only in the most remote and insignificant villages. But it seems as if poetical custom always shuns the walks of cultivated society. In proportion as people grow polite they cease to be poetical. They talk of

poetry, but they have learned to check its free impulses, to distrust its sallying emotions, and to supply its most affecting and picturesque usages, by studied form and pompous ceremonial. Few pageants can be more stately and frigid than an English funeral in town. It is made up of show and gloomy parade: mourning carriages, mourning horses, mourning plumes, and hireling mourners, who make a mockery of grief. "There is a grave digged," says Jeremy Taylor, "and a solemn mourning, and a great talk in the neighbourhood, and when the daies are finished, they shall be, and they shall be remembered no more." The associate in the gay and crowded city is soon forgotten: the hurrying succession of new intimates and new pleasures effaces him from our minds, and the very scenes and circles in which he moved are incessantly fluctuating. But funerals in the country are solemnly impressive. The stroke of death makes a wider space in the village circle, and is an awful event in the tranquil uniformity of rural life. The passing bell tolls its knell in every ear; it steals with its pervading melancholy over hill and vale, and saddens all the landscape.

The fixed and unchanging features of the country also perpetuate the memory of the friend with whom we once enjoyed them; who was the companion of our most retired walks, and gave animation to every lonely scene. His idea is associated with every charm of Nature: we hear his voice in the echo which he once delighted to awaken; his spirit haunts the grove which he once frequented; we think of him in the wild upland solitude or amid the pensive beauty of the valley. In the freshness of joyous morning we remember his beaming smiles and bounding gaiety; and when sober evening returns, with its gathering shadows and subduing quiet, we call to mind many a twilight hour of gentle talk and sweet-souled melancholy:

> "Each lonely place shall him restore,
> For him the tear be duly shed,
> Beloved, till life can charm no more,
> And mourned till pity's self be dead."

Another cause that perpetuates the memory of the deceased in the country is that the grave is more imme-

diately in sight of the survivors. They pass it on their way to prayer; it meets their eyes when their hearts are softened by the exercise of devotion; they linger about it on the Sabbath, when the mind is disengaged from worldly cares, and most disposed to turn aside from present pleasures and loves, and to sit down among the solemn mementoes of the past. In North Wales the peasantry kneel and pray over the graves of their deceased friends for several Sundays after the interment; and where the tender rite of strewing and planting flowers is still practised, it is always renewed on Easter, Whitsuntide, and other festivals, when the season brings the companion of former festivity more vividly to mind. It is also invariably performed by the nearest relatives and friends; no menials nor hirelings are employed, and if a neighbour yields assistance it would be deemed an insult to offer compensation.

I have dwelt upon this beautiful rural custom because, as it is one of the last, so is it one of the holiest offices of love. The grave is the ordeal of true affection. It is there that the divine passion of the soul manifests its superiority to the instinctive impulse of mere animal attachment. The latter must be continually refreshed and kept alive by the presence of its object; but the love that is seated in the soul can live on long remembrance. The mere inclinations of sense languish and decline with the charms which excited them, and turn with shuddering and disgust from the dismal precincts of the tomb; but it is thence that truly spiritual affection rises purified from every sensual desire, and returns, like a holy flame, to illumine and sanctify the heart of the survivor.

The sorrow for the dead is the only sorrow from which we refuse to be divorced. Every other wound we seek to heal—every other affliction to forget; but this wound we consider it a duty to keep open—this affliction we cherish and brood over in solitude. Where is the mother who would willingly forget the infant that perished like a blossom from her arms though every recollection is a pang? Where is the child that would willingly forget the most tender of parents, though to remember be but to lament? Who, even in the hour of agony, would for-

get the friend over whom he mourns? Who, even when the tomb is closing upon the remains of her he most loved, when he feels his heart, as it were, crushed in the closing of its portal, would accept of consolation that must be bought by forgetfulness? No, the love which survives the tomb is one of the noblest attributes of the soul. If it has its woes, it has likewise its delights; and when the overwhelming burst of grief is calmed into the gentle tear of recollection—when the sudden anguish and the convulsive agony over the present ruins of all that we most loved, is softened away into pensive meditation on all that it was in the days of its loveliness—who would root out such a sorrow from the heart? Though it may sometimes throw a passing cloud over the bright hour of gaiety, or spread a deeper sadness over the hour of gloom, yet who would exchange it even for the song of pleasure or the burst of revelry? No, there is a voice from the tomb sweeter than song. There is a remembrance of the dead, to which we turn even from the charms of the living. Oh, the grave!—the grave! It buries every error—covers every defect — extinguishes every resentment! From its peaceful bosom spring none but fond regrets and tender recollections. Who can look down upon the grave even of an enemy and not feel a compunctious throb that he should ever have warred with the poor handful of earth that lies mouldering before him?

But the grave of those we loved—what a place for meditation! There it is that we call up in long review the whole history of virtue and gentleness, and the thousand endearments lavished upon us almost unheeded in the daily intercourse of intimacy—there it is that we dwell upon the tenderness, the solemn, awful tenderness of the parting scene. The bed of death, with all its stifled griefs—its noiseless attendance—its mute, watchful assiduities. The last testimonies of expiring love! The feeble, fluttering, thrilling—oh! how thrilling!—pressure of the hand. The last fond look of the glazing eye, turning upon us even from the threshold of existence. The faint, faltering accents, struggling in death to give one more assurance of affection!

Ay, go to the grave of buried love and meditate!

There settle the account with thy conscience for every past benefit unrequited, every past endearment unregarded, of that departed being, who can never—never—never return to be soothed by thy contrition!

If thou art a child, and hast ever added a sorrow to the soul, or a furrow to the silvered brow of an affectionate parent—if thou art a husband, and hast ever caused the fond bosom that ventured its whole happiness in thy arms to doubt one moment of thy kindness or thy truth—if thou art a friend, and hast ever wronged, in thought, word, or deed, the spirit that generously confided in thee—if thou art a lover and hast ever given one unmerited pang to that true heart which now lies cold and still beneath thy feet—then be sure that every unkind look, every ungracious word, every ungentle action will come thronging back upon thy memory, and knocking dolefully at thy soul—then be sure that thou wilt lie down sorrowing and repentant on the grave, and utter the unheard groan, and pour the unavailing tear—more deep, more bitter, because unheard and unavailing.

Then weave thy chaplet of flowers and strew the beauties of Nature about the grave; console thy broken spirit, if thou canst, with these tender yet futile tributes of regret; but take warning by the bitterness of this thy contrite affliction over the dead, and henceforth be more faithful and affectionate in the discharge of thy duties to the living.

THOMAS ELLWOOD

BY

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

John Greenleaf Whittier, the Quaker poet, was born on a farm in Haverhill, Mass., December 7, 1807. He was educated at the academy of his native town, and at the age of twenty-two became a journalist in Boston. Then he took charge of a review in Hartford, but in a little while returned to the farm. He was elected to the Massachusetts Legislature in 1835, and a year later was made Secretary of the American Antislavery Society, and went to Philadelphia to edit the "Pennsylvania Freeman." In 1840 he settled in Amesbury, Mass., which was thenceforth his home. He was identified with the antislavery cause from his young manhood till American slavery was abolished, a period of more than thirty years, and he had the honour of being mobbed for his principles, just escaping with his life. He wrote many poems, the most striking of which relate to slavery and the civil war, but the domestic ones, especially "Snow-Bound," are perhaps the most pleasing. His popularity as a poet has somewhat obscured the fact that he was a graceful and vigorous writer of prose, the best of which is in his volume of "Old Portraits and Modern Sketches," from which the essay here presented is taken by the courtesy of Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., the publishers of his works. Whittier died in Hampton Falls, N. H., September 7, 1892. Holmes says of him: "All through Whittier's writings the spirit of trust in a beneficent order of things and a loving superintendence of the universe shows itself, ever hopeful, ever cheerful, always looking forward to a happier, brighter era, when the kingdom of heaven shall be established." Whittier's prose works, besides the volume already mentioned, are, "Legends of New England," "Justice and Expediency," "Leaves from Margaret Smith's Journal," and "Literary Recreations."

THOMAS ELLWOOD

COMMEND us to autobiographies! Give us the veritable notchings of Robinson Crusoe on his stick, the indubitable records of a life long since swallowed up in the blackness of darkness, traced by a hand the very dust of which has become undistinguishable. The foolishest egotist who ever chronicled his daily experiences, his hopes and fears, poor plans and vain reachings after happiness, speaking to us out of the past, and thereby giving us to understand that it was quite as real as our present, is in no mean sort our benefactor, and commands our attention in spite of his folly. We are thankful for the very vanity which prompted him to bottle up his poor records and cast them into the great sea of Time, for future voyagers to pick up. We note, with the deepest interest, that in him too was enacted that miracle of a conscious existence, the reproduction of which in ourselves awes and perplexes us. He, too, had a mother; he hated and loved; the light from old-quenched hearths shone over him; he walked in the sunshine over the dust of those who had gone before him, just as we are now walking over his. These records of him remain, the footmarks of a long-extinct life, not of mere animal organism, but of a being like ourselves, enabling us, by studying their hieroglyphic significance, to decipher and see clearly into the mystery of existence centuries ago. The dead generations live again in these old self-biographies. Incidentally, unintentionally, yet in the simplest and most natural manner, they make us familiar with all the phenomena of life in the bygone ages. We are brought in contact with actual flesh-and-blood men and women, not the ghostly outline figures which pass for such in what is called History. The horn lantern of the biographer, by the aid of which, with painful minuteness,

he chronicled, from day to day, his own outgoings and incomings, making visible to us his pitiful wants, labours, trials, and tribulations, of the stomach and of the conscience, sheds, at times, a strong clear light upon contemporaneous activities; what seemed before half fabulous, rises up in distinct and full proportions; we look at statesmen, philosophers, and poets, with the eyes of those who lived perchance their next-door neighbours, and sold them beer and mutton and household stuffs, had access to their kitchens, and took note of the fashion of their wigs and the colour of their breeches. Without some such light, all history would be just about as unintelligible and unreal as a dimly remembered dream.

The journals of the early Friends or Quakers are in this respect invaluable. Little, it is true, can be said, as a general thing, of their literary merits. Their authors were plain, earnest men and women, chiefly intent upon the substance of things, and having withal a strong testimony to bear against carnal wit and outside show and ornament. Yet, even the scholar may well admire the power of certain portions of George Fox's "Journal," where a strong spirit clothes its utterance in simple, downright Saxon words; the quiet and beautiful enthusiasm of Pennington; the torrent energy of Edward Burrough; the serene wisdom of Penn; the logical acuteness of Barclay; the honest truthfulness of Sewell; the wit and humour of John Roberts (for even Quakerism had its apostolic jokers and drab-coated Robert Halls); and last, not least, the simple beauty of Woolman's "Journal," the modest record of a life of good works and love.

Let us look at the "Life of Thomas Ellwood." The book before us is a hardly used Philadelphia reprint, bearing the date of 1775. The original was published some sixty years before. It is not a book to be found in fashionable libraries, or noticed in fashionable reviews, but it is none the less deserving of attention.

Ellwood was born in 1639, in the little town of Crowell, in Oxfordshire. Old Walter, his father, was of "gentlemanly lineage," and held a commission of the peace under Charles I. One of his most intimate friends was Isaac Pennington, a gentleman of estate and good reputation, whose

wife, the widow of Sir John Springette, was a lady of superior endowments. Her only daughter, Gulielma, was the playmate and companion of Thomas. On making this family a visit, in 1658, in company with his father, he was surprised to find that they had united with the Quakers, a sect then little known, and everywhere spoken against. Passing through the vista of nearly two centuries, let us cross the threshold, and look with the eyes of young Ellwood upon this Quaker family. It will doubtless give us a good idea of the earnest and solemn spirit of that age of religious awakening.

"So great a change from a free, debonair, and courtly sort of behaviour, which we had formerly found there, into so strict a gravity as they now received us with, did not a little amuse us, and disappointed our expectations of such a pleasant visit as we had promised ourselves.

"For my part, I sought, and at length found, means to cast myself into the company of the daughter, whom I found gathering flowers in the garden, attended by her maid, also a Quaker. But when I addressed her after my accustomed manner, with intention to engage her in discourse, on the foot of our former acquaintance, though she treated me with a courteous mien, yet, young as she was, the gravity of her looks and behaviour struck such an awe upon me that I found myself not so much master of myself as to pursue any further converse with her.

"We stayed dinner, which was very handsome, and lacked nothing to recommend it to me but the want of mirth and pleasant discourse, which we could neither have with them, nor, by reason of them, with one another; the weightiness which was upon their spirits and countenances keeping down the lightness that would have been up in ours."

Not long after they made a second visit to their sober friends, spending several days, during which they attended a meeting in a neighbouring farmhouse, where we are introduced by Ellwood to two remarkable personages, Edward Burrough, the friend and fearless reprover of Cromwell, and by far the most eloquent preacher of his sect; and James Nayler, whose melancholy after-history of fanaticism, cruel sufferings, and beautiful repentance, is so

well known to the readers of English history under the Protectorate. Under the preaching of these men, and the influence of the Pennington family, young Ellwood was brought into fellowship with the Quakers. Of the old justice's sorrow and indignation at this sudden blasting of his hopes and wishes in respect to his son, and of the trials and difficulties of the latter in his new vocation, it is now scarcely worth while to speak. Let us step forward a few years, to 1662, considering meantime how matters, political and spiritual, are changed in that brief period. Cromwell, the Maccabeus of Puritanism, is no longer among men; Charles II sits in his place; profane and licentious cavaliers have thrust aside the sleek-haired, painful-faced Independents, who used to groan approval to the scriptural illustrations of Harrison and Fleetwood; men easy of virtue, without sincerity, either in religion or politics, occupying the places made honourable by the Miltons, Whitlocks, and Vanes of the commonwealth. Having this change in view, the light which the farthing candle of Ellwood sheds upon one of these illustrious names will not be unwelcome. In his intercourse with Penn, and other learned Quakers, he had reason to lament his own deficiencies in scholarship, and his friend Pennington undertook to put him in a way of remedying the defect.

"He had," says Ellwood, "an intimate acquaintance with Dr. Paget, a physician of note in London, and he with John Milton, a gentleman of great note for learning throughout the learned world, for the accurate pieces he had written on various subjects and occasions.

"This person, having filled a public station in the former times, lived a private and retired life in London, and, having lost his sight, kept always a man to read for him, which usually was the son of some gentleman of his acquaintance, whom, in kindness, he took to improve in his learning.

"Thus, by the mediation of my friend Isaac Pennington with Dr. Paget, and through him with John Milton, was I admitted to come to him; not as a servant to him, nor to be in the house with him, but only to have the liberty of coming to his house at certain hours when I

would, and read to him what books he should appoint, which was all the favour I desired.

" He received me courteously, as well for the sake of Dr. Paget, who introduced me, as of Isaac Pennington, who recommended me, to both of whom he bore a good respect. And, having inquired divers things of me, with respect to my former progression in learning, he dismissed me, to provide myself with such accommodations as might be most suitable to my studies.

" I went, therefore, and took lodgings as near to his house (which was then in Jewen Street) as I conveniently could, and from thenceforward went every day in the afternoon, except on the first day of the week, and, sitting by him in his dining-room, read to him such books in the Latin tongue as he pleased to have me read.

" He perceiving with what earnest desire I had pursued learning, gave me not only all the encouragement, but all the help he could. For, having a curious ear, he understood by my tone when I understood what I read and when I did not, and accordingly would stop me, examine me, and open the most difficult passages to me."

Thanks, worthy Thomas, for this glimpse into John Milton's dining-room!

He had been with " Master Milton," as he calls him, only a few weeks when, being one " first day morning," at the Bull and Mouth meeting, Aldersgate, the train-bands of the city, " with great noise and clamour," headed by Major Rosewell, fell upon him and his friends. The immediate cause of this onslaught upon quiet worshippers was the famous plot of the Fifth Monarchy men, grim old fanatics, who (like the Millerites of the present day) had been waiting long for the personal reign of Christ and the saints upon earth, and in their zeal to hasten such a consummation, had sallied into London streets with drawn swords and loaded matchlocks. The government took strong measures for suppressing dissenters' meetings or " conventicles "; and the poor Quakers, although not at all implicated in the disturbance, suffered more severely than any others. Let us look at the " freedom of conscience and worship " in England under that irreverent Defender of the Faith, Charles II. Ellwood says: " He that

commanded the party gave us first a general charge to come out of the room. But we, who came thither at God's requiring to worship him (like that good man of old, who said we ought to obey God rather than man), stirred not, but kept our places. Whereupon he sent some of his soldiers among us, with command to drag or drive us out, which they did roughly enough." Think of it: grave men and women, and modest maidens, sitting there with calm, impassive countenances, motionless as death, the pikes of the soldiery closing about them in a circle of bristling steel! Brave and true ones! Not in vain did ye thus oppose God's silence to the devil's uproar; Christian endurance and calm persistence in the exercise of your rights as Englishmen and men to the hot fury of impatient tyranny! From your day down to this, the world has been the better for your faithfulness.

Ellwood and some thirty of his friends were marched off to prison in Old Bridewell, which, as well as nearly all the other prisons, was already crowded with Quaker prisoners. One of the rooms of the prison was used as a torture chamber. "I was almost affrighted," says Ellwood, "by the dismalness of the place; for, besides that the walls were all laid over with black, from top to bottom, there stood in the middle a great whipping-post.

"The manner of whipping there is to strip the party to the skin, from the waist upward, and, having fastened him to the whipping-post (so that he can neither resist nor shun the strokes), to lash his naked body with long, slender twigs of holly, which will bend almost like thongs around the body; and these, having little knots upon them, tear the skin and flesh, and give extreme pain."

To this terrible punishment aged men and delicately nurtured young females were often subjected, during this season of hot persecution.

From the Bridewell, Ellwood was at length removed to Newgate, and thrust in, with other "Friends," amid the common felons. He speaks of this prison, with its thieves, murderers, and prostitutes, its overcrowded apartments, and loathsome cells, as "a hell upon earth." In a closet, adjoining the room where he was lodged, lay for several days the quartered bodies of Phillips, Tongue, and

Gibbs, the leaders of the Fifth Monarchy rising, frightful and loathsome, as they came from the bloody hand of the executioners! These ghastly remains were at length obtained by the friends of the dead, and buried. The heads were ordered to be prepared for setting up in different parts of the city. Read this grim passage of description:

" I saw the heads when they were brought to be boiled. The hangman fetched them in a dirty basket, out of some by-place, and setting them down among the felons, he and they made sport of them. They took them by the hair, flouting, jeering, and laughing at them; and then giving them some ill names, boxed them on their ears and cheeks; which done, the hangman put them into his kettle, and parboiled them with bay salt and cumin seed; that to keep them from putrefaction, and this to keep off the fowls from seizing upon them. The whole sight, as well that of the bloody quarters first, as this of the heads afterward, was both frightful and loathsome, and begat an abhorrence in my nature."

At the next session of the municipal court at the Old Bailey, Ellwood obtained his discharge. After paying a visit to " my Master Milton," he made his way to Chalfont, the home of his friends the Penningtons, where he was soon after engaged as a Latin teacher. Here he seems to have had his trials and temptations. Gulielma Springette, the daughter of Pennington's wife, his old playmate, had now grown to be " a fair woman of marriageable age," and, as he informs us, " very desirable, whether regard was had to her outward person, which wanted nothing to make her completely comely, or to the endowments of her mind, which were every way extraordinary, or to her outward fortune, which was fair." From all which we are not surprised to learn that " she was secretly and openly sought for by many of almost every rank and condition." " To whom," continues Thomas, " in their respective turns (till he at length came for whom she was reserved), she carried herself with so much evenness of temper, such courteous freedom, guarded by the strictest modesty, that as it gave encouragement or ground of hope to none, so neither did it administer any matter of offence or just cause of complaint to any."

Beautiful and noble maiden! How the imagination fills up this outline limning by her friend, and, if truth must be told, admirer! Serene, courteous, healthful; a ray of tenderest and blandest light, shining steadily in the sober gloom of that old household! Confirmed Quaker as she is, shrinking from none of the responsibilities and dangers of her profession, and therefore liable at any time to the penalties of prison and whipping-post, under that plain garb and in spite of that "certain gravity of look and behaviour," which, as we have seen, on one occasion awed young Ellwood into silence, youth, beauty, and refinement assert their prerogatives; love knows no creed; the gay, and titled, and wealthy crowd around her, suing in vain for her favour.

> "Followed, like the tided moon,
> She moves as calmly on,"

"until he at length comes for whom she was reserved," and her name is united with that of one worthy even of her, the world-renowned William Penn.

Meantime, one can not but feel a good degree of sympathy with young Ellwood, her old schoolmate and playmate, placed, as he was, in the same family with her, enjoying her familiar conversation and unreserved confidence; and, as he says, the "advantageous opportunities of riding and walking abroad with her, by night as well as by day, without any other company than her maid; for so great, indeed, was the confidence that her mother had in me, that she thought her daughter safe, if I was with her, even from the plots and designs of others upon her." So near, and yet, alas! in truth, so distant! The serene and gentle light which shone upon him, in the sweet solitudes of Chalfont, was that of a star, itself unapproachable. As he himself meekly intimates, she was reserved for another. He seems to have fully understood his own position in respect to her; although, to use his own words, "others measuring him by the propensity of their own inclinations, concluded he would steal her, run away with her and marry her." Little did these jealous surmisers know of the true and really heroic spirit of the young Latin master. His own apology and defence of his conduct, under circumstances of tempta-

tion which St. Anthony himself could have scarcely better resisted, will not be amiss:

" I was not ignorant of the various fears which filled the jealous heads of some concerning me, neither was I so stupid nor so divested of all humanity as not to be sensible of the real and innate worth and virtue which adorned that excellent dame, and attracted the eyes and hearts of so many, with the greatest importunity, to seek and solicit her; nor was I so devoid of natural heat as not to feel some sparklings of desire, as well as others; but the force of truth and sense of honour suppressed whatever would have risen beyond the bounds of fair and virtuous friendship. For I easily foresaw that, if I should have attempted anything in a dishonourable way, by fraud or force, upon her, I should have thereby brought a wound upon mine own soul, a foul scandal upon my religious profession, and an infamous stain upon mine honour, which was far more dear unto me than my life. Wherefore, having observed how some others had befooled themselves, by misconstruing her common kindness (expressed in an innocent, open, free, and familiar conversation, springing from the abundant affability, courtesy, and sweetness of her natural temper) to be the effect of a singular regard and peculiar affection to them, I resolved to shun the rock whereon they split; and, remembering the saying of the poet,

" ' Felix quem faciunt aliena Pericula cantum,'

I governed myself in a free yet respectful carriage toward her, thereby preserving a fair reputation with my friends, and enjoying as much of her favour and kindness, in a virtuous and firm friendship, as was fit for her to show or for me to seek."

Well and worthily said, poor Thomas! Whatever might be said of others, thou, at least, wast no coxcomb. Thy distant and involuntary admiration of " the fair Guli " needs, however, no excuse. Poor human nature, guard it as one may, with strictest discipline and painfully cramping environment, will sometimes act out itself; and, in thy case, not even George Fox himself, knowing thy beautiful young friend (and doubtless admiring her too, for he was

one of the first to appreciate and honour the worth and dignity of woman), could have found it in his heart to censure thee!

At this period, as was indeed most natural, our young teacher solaced himself with ocasional appeals to what he calls the "Muses." There is reason to believe, however, that the pagan sisterhood whom he ventured to invoke seldom graced his study with their personal attendance. In these rhyming efforts, scattered up and down his "Journal," there are occasional sparkles of genuine wit, and passages of keen sarcasm, tersely and fitly expressed. Others breathe a warm, devotional feeling; in the following brief prayer, for instance, the wants of the humble Christian are condensed in a manner worthy of Quarles or Herbert:

"Oh! that mine eye might closed be
To what concerns me not to see;
That deafness might possess mine ear
To what concerns me not to hear;
That Truth my tongue might always tie
From ever speaking foolishly;
That no vain thought might ever rest
Or be conceived in my breast;
That by each word and deed and thought,
Glory may to my God be brought!
But what are wishes? Lord, mine eye
On thee is fixed, to thee I cry:
Wash, Lord, and purify my heart,
And make it clean in every part;
And when 'tis clean, Lord, keep it too,
For that is more than I can do."

The thought in the following extracts from a poem, written on the death of his friend Pennington's son, is trite, but not inaptly or inelegantly expressed:

"What ground, alas! has any man
To set his heart on things below,
Which, when they seem most like to stand,
Fly like the arrow from the bow!
Who's now atop ere long shall feel
The circling motion of the wheel!

"The world can not afford a thing
Which to a well-composed mind
Can any lasting pleasure bring,
But in itself its grave will find.
All things unto their centre tend—
What had beginning must have end!

"No disappointment can befall
Us, having him who's all in all!
What can of pleasure him prevent
Who hath the Fountain of Content?"

In the year 1663 a severe law was enacted against the "sect called Quakers," prohibiting their meetings, with the penalty of banishment for the third offence! The burden of the prosecution which followed fell upon the Quakers of the metropolis, large numbers of whom were heavily fined, imprisoned, and sentenced to be banished from their native land. Yet in time our worthy friend Ellwood came in for his own share of trouble, in consequence of attending the funeral of one of his friends. An evil-disposed justice of the county obtained information of the Quaker gathering; and, while the body of the dead was "borne on Friends' shoulders through the street, in order to be carried to the burying ground, which was at the town's end," says Ellwood, "he rushed out upon us with the constables and a rabble of rude fellows whom he had gathered together, and, having his drawn sword in his hand, struck one of the foremost of the bearers with it, commanding them to set down the coffin. But the Friend who was so stricken, being more concerned for the safety of the dead body than for his own, lest it should fall, and any indecency thereupon follow, held the coffin fast; which the justice observing, and being enraged that his word was not forthwith obeyed, set his hand to the coffin and with a forcible thrust threw it off from the bearers' shoulders, so that it fell to the ground in the middle of the street, and there we were forced to leave it, for the constables and rabble fell upon us and drew some and drove others into the inn. Of those thus taken," continues Ellwood, "I was one. They picked out ten of us and sent us to Aylesbury jail.

"They caused the body to lie in the open street and cartway, so that all travellers that passed, whether horsemen, coaches, carts, or wagons, were fain to break out of the way to go by it, until it was almost night. And then, having caused a grave to be made in the unconsecrated part of what is called the churchyard, they forcibly took the body from the widow and buried it there."

He remained a prisoner only about two months, during which period he comforted himself by such verse-making as follows, reminding us of similar enigmas in Bunyan's " Pilgrim's Progress ":

" Lo! a Riddle for the wise,
In the which a Mystery lies.

" RIDDLE

" Some men are free while they in prison lie;
Others who ne'er saw prison, captives die.

" CAUTION

" He that can receive it may,
He that can not, let him stay,
Not be hasty, but suspend
Judgment till he sees the end.

" SOLUTION

" He's only free, indeed, who's free from sin,
And he is fastest bound that's bound therein."

In the meantime where is our " Master Milton "? We left him deprived of his young companion and reader, sitting lonely in his small dining-room in Jewen Street. It is now the year 1665; is not the pestilence in London? A sinful and godless city, with its bloated bishops, fawning around the Nell Gwynns of a licentious and profane Defender of the Faith; its swaggering and drunken cavaliers; its ribald jesters; its obscene ballad-singers; its loathsome prisons, crowded with God-fearing men and women. Is not the measure of its iniquity already filled up? Three years only have passed since the terrible prayer of Vane went upward from the scaffold on Tower Hill, " When my blood is shed upon the block, let it, O God! have a voice afterward! " Audible to thy ear, oh, bosom friend of the martyr! has that blood cried from earth; and now how fearfully is it answered! Like the ashes which the seer of the Hebrews cast toward heaven, it has returned in boils and blains upon the proud and oppressive city. John Milton, sitting blind in Jewen Street, has heard the toll of the death bells, and the night-long rumble of the burial carts, and the terrible summons, " Bring out your dead! " The Angel of the Plague, in yellow mantle, purple-spotted, walks the streets. Why

should he tarry in a doomed city, forsaken of God? Is not the command, even to him, "Arise! and flee for thy life"? In some green nook of the quiet country he may finish the great work which his hands have found to do. He bethinks him of his old friends, the Penningtons, and his young Quaker companion, the patient and gentle Ellwood. "Wherefore," says the latter, "some little time before I went to Aylesbury jail I was desired by my quondam Master Milton to take a house for him in the neighbourhood where I dwelt, that he might go out of the city for the safety of himself and his family, the pestilence then growing hot in London. I took a pretty box for him in Giles Chalfont, a mile from me, of which I gave him notice, and intended to have waited on him and seen him well settled, but was prevented by that imprisonment. But now being released and returned home, I soon made a visit to him to welcome him into the country. After some common discourse had passed between us, he called for a manuscript of his, which, having brought, he delivered to me, bidding me take it home with me and read it at my leisure, and when I had so done return it to him with my judgment thereupon."

Now what does the reader think young Ellwood carried in his gray coat pocket across the dikes and hedges and through the green lanes of Giles Chalfont that autumn day? Let us look further: "When I came home, and had set myself to read it, I found it was that excellent poem which he entitled 'Paradise Lost.' After I had, with the best attention, read it through, I made him another visit; and, returning his book with due acknowledgment of the favour he had done me in communicating it to me, he asked me how I liked it, and what I thought of it, which I modestly but freely told him; and, after some further discourse about it, I pleasantly said to him: 'Thou hast said much here of Paradise Lost; what hast thou to say of Paradise Found?' He made me no answer, but sat some time in a muse, then brake off that discourse, and fell upon another subject."

"I modestly but freely told him what I thought" of "Paradise Lost"! What he told him remains a mystery. One would like to know more precisely what the first

critical reader of that song "of man's first disobedience" thought of it. Fancy the young Quaker and blind Milton sitting some pleasant afternoon of the autumn of that old year, in "the pretty box" at Chalfont, the soft wind through the open window lifting the thin hair of the glorious old poet! Backslidden England, plague-smitten, and accursed with her faithless Church and libertine king, knows little of poor "Master Milton," and takes small note of his Puritanic verse-making. Alone, with his humble friend, he sits there, conning over that poem which, he fondly hoped, the world, which had grown all dark and strange to the author, "would not willingly let die." The suggestion in respect to "Paradise Found," to which, as we have seen, "he made no answer, but sat some time in a muse," seems not to have been lost; for, "after the sickness was over," continues Ellwood, "and the city well cleansed, and become safely habitable again, he returned thither; and when afterward I waited on him there, which I seldom failed of doing whenever my occasions drew me to London, he showed me his second poem, called 'Paradise Gained'; and in a pleasant tone said to me, 'This is owing to you, for you put it into my head by the question you put to me at Chalfont, which before I had not thought of.'"

Golden days were these for the young Latin reader, even if it be true, as we suspect, that he was himself very far from appreciating the glorious privilege which he enjoyed of the familiar friendship and confidence of Milton. But they could not last. His amiable host, Isaac Pennington, a blameless and quiet country gentleman, was dragged from his house by a military force and lodged in Aylesbury jail; his wife and family forcibly ejected from their pleasant home, which was seized upon by the government as security for the fines imposed upon its owner. The plague was in the village of Aylesbury, and in the very prison itself; but the noble-hearted Mary Pennington followed her husband, sharing with him the dark peril. Poor Ellwood, while attending a monthly meeting at Hedgerly, with six others (among them one Morgan Watkins, a poor old Welshman, who, painfully endeavouring to utter his testimony in his own dialect, was suspected

by the Dogberry of a justice of being a Jesuit trolling over his Latin), was arrested and committed to Wiccomb House of Correction.

This was a time of severe trial for the sect with which Ellwood had connected himself. In the very midst of the pestilence, when thousands perished weekly in London, fifty-four Quakers were marched through the almost deserted streets and placed on board a ship, for the purpose of being conveyed, according to their sentence of banishment, to the West Indies. The ship lay for a long time, with many others similarly situated, a helpless prey to the pestilence. Through that terrible autumn the prisoners sat waiting for the summons of the ghastly destroyer; and from their floating dungeon—

> "Heard the groan
> Of agonizing ships from shore to shore;
> Heard nightly plunged beneath the sullen wave
> The frequent corse."

When the vessel at length set sail, of the fifty-four who went on board, twenty-seven only were living. A Dutch privateer captured her when two days out and carried the prisoners to North Holland, where they were set at liberty. The condition of the jails in the city, where were large numbers of Quakers, was dreadful in the extreme. Ill ventilated, crowded, and loathsome with the accumulated filth of centuries, they invited the disease which daily decimated their cells. "Go on!" says Pennington, writing to the king and bishops from his plague-infected cell in the Aylesbury prison, "try it out with the spirit of the Lord, come forth with your laws, and prisons, and spoiling of goods, and banishment and death, if the Lord please, and see if ye can carry it! Whom the Lord loveth he can save at his pleasure. Hath he begun to break our bonds and deliver us, and shall we now distrust him? Are we in a worse condition than Israel was when the sea was before them, the mountains on either side, and the Egyptians behind pursuing them?"

Brave men and faithful! It is not necessary that the present generation, now quietly reaping the fruit of your heroic endurance, should see eye to eye with you in respect to all your testimonies and beliefs, in order to recog-

nise your claim to gratitude and admiration. For, in an age of hypocritical hollowness and mean self-seeking, when, with noble exceptions, the very Puritans of Cromwell's reign of the saints were taking profane lessons from their old enemies, and putting on an outside show of conformity for the sake of place or pardon, ye maintained the austere dignity of virtue, and, with king and Church and Parliament arrayed against you, vindicated the rights of conscience at the cost of home, fortune, and life. English liberty owes more to your unyielding firmness than to the blows stricken for her at Worcester and Naseby.

In 1667 we find the Latin teacher in attendance at a great meeting of Friends in London, convened at the suggestion of George Fox, for the purpose of settling a little difficulty which had arisen among the Friends, even under the pressure of the severest persecution, relative to the very important matter of "wearing the hat." George Fox, in his love of truth and sincerity, in word and action, had discountenanced the fashionable doffing of the hat and other flattering obeisances toward men holding stations in Church or state as savouring of man-worship, giving to the creature the reverence only due to the Creator, as undignified and wanting in due self-respect, and tending to support unnatural and oppressive distinctions among those equal in the sight of God. But some of his disciples evidently made much more of this "hat testimony" than their teacher. One John Perrott, who had just returned from an unsuccessful attempt to convert the Pope at Rome (where that dignitary, after listening to his exhortations, and finding him in no condition to be benefited by the spiritual physicians of the Inquisition, had quietly turned him over to the temporal ones of the Insane Hospital), had broached the doctrine that, in public or private worship, the hat was not to be taken off without an immediate revelation or call to do so! Ellwood himself seems to have been on the point of yielding to this notion, which appears to have been the occasion of a good deal of dissension and scandal. Under these circumstances, to save truth from reproach, and an important testimony to the essential equality of mankind from running into sheer fanaticism, Fox summoned his

tried and faithful friends together from all parts of the United Kingdom, and, as it appears, with the happiest result. Hat revelations were discountenanced, good order and harmony re-established, and John Perrott's beaver, and the crazy head under it, were from thenceforth powerless for evil. Let those who are disposed to laugh at this notable Ecumenical Council of the Hat, consider that ecclesiastical history has brought down to us the records of many larger and more imposing convocations, wherein grave bishops and learned fathers took each other by the beard upon matters of far less practical importance.

In 1669 we find Ellwood engaged in escorting his fair friend Gulielma to her uncle's residence in Sussex. Passing through London, and, taking the Tunbridge Road, they stopped at Seven Oaks to dine. The Duke of York was on the road, with his guards and hangers-on, and the inn was filled with a rude company. "Hastening," says Ellwood, "from a place where we found nothing but rudeness, the roysterers who swarmed there, besides the damning oaths they belched out against each other, looked very sourly upon us, as if they grudged us the horses which we rode and the clothes we wore." They had proceeded but a little distance, when they were overtaken by some half dozen drunken rough-riding cavaliers, of the Wildrake stamp, in full pursuit after the beautiful Quakeress. One of them impudently attempted to pull her upon his horse before him, but was held at bay by Ellwood, who seems, on this occasion, to have relied somewhat upon his "stick," in defending his fair charge. Calling up Gulielma's servant, he bade him ride on one side of his mistress, while he guarded her on the other. "But he," says Ellwood, "not thinking it perhaps decent to ride so near his mistress, left room enough for another to ride between." In dashed the drunken retainer, and Gulielma was once more in peril. It was clearly no time for exhortations and expostulations, "so," says Ellwood, "I chopped in upon him, by a nimble turn, and kept him at bay. I told him I had hitherto spared him, but wished him not to provoke me further. This I spoke in such a tone as bespoke an high resentment of the abuse put upon us, and withal pressed him so hard with my horse that I

suffered him not to come up again to Guli." By this time it became evident to the companions of the ruffianly assailant that the young Quaker was in earnest, and they hastened to interfere. "For they," says Ellwood, "seeing the contest rise so high, and probably fearing it would rise higher, not knowing where it might stop, came in to part us, which they did by taking him away."

Escaping from these sons of Belial, Ellwood and his fair companion rode on through Tunbridge Wells, "the street thronged with men, who looked very earnestly at them, but offered them no affront," and arrived, late at night, in a driving rain, at the mansion house of Herbert Springette. The fiery old gentleman was so indignant at the insult offered to his niece that he was with difficulty dissuaded from demanding satisfaction at the hands of the Duke of York.

This seems to have been his last ride with Gulielma. She was soon after married to William Penn, and took up her abode at Worminghurst, in Sussex. How blessed and beautiful was that union may be understood from the following paragraph of a letter, written by her husband on the eve of his departure for America to lay the foundations of a Christian colony:

"My dear wife! remember thou wast the love of my youth, and much the joy of my life, the most beloved, as well as the most worthy of all my earthly comforts; and the reason of that love was more thy inward than thy outward excellences, which yet were many. God knows, and thou knowest it, I can say it was a match of Providence's making; and God's image in us both was the first thing and the most amiable and engaging ornament in our eyes."

About this time our friend Thomas, seeing that his old playmate at Chalfont was destined for another, turned his attention toward a "young Friend named Mary Ellis." He had been for several years acquainted with her, but now he "found his heart secretly drawn and inclining toward her." "At length," he tells us, "as I was sitting all alone, waiting upon the Lord for counsel and guidance in this, in itself and to me, important affair, I felt a word sweetly arise in me, as if I had heard a voice

which said, 'Go, and prevail!' and faith springing in my heart at the word, I immediately rose and went, nothing doubting." On arriving at her residence, he states that he "solemnly opened his mind to her, which was a great surprisal to her, for she had taken in an apprehension, as others had also done," that his eye had been fixed elsewhere and nearer home. "I used not many words to her," he continues, "but I felt a divine power went along with the words, and fixed the matter expressed by them so fast in her breast that, as she afterward acknowledged to me, she could not shut it out.

"I continued," he says, "my visits to my best-beloved Friend until we married, which was on the twenty-eighth day of the eighth month, 1669. We took each other in a select meeting of the ancient and grave Friends of that country. A very solemn meeting it was, and in a weighty frame of spirit we were." His wife seems to have had some estate; and Ellwood, with that nice sense of justice which marked all his actions, immediately made his will, securing to her, in case of his decease, all her own goods and moneys, as well as all that he had himself acquired before marriage. "Which," he tells, "was indeed but little, yet, by all that little, more than I had ever given her ground to expect with me." His father, who was yet unreconciled to the son's religious views, found fault with his marriage, on the ground that it was unlawful and unsanctioned by priest or liturgy, and consequently refused to render him any pecuniary assistance. Yet, in spite of this and other trials, he seems to have preserved his serenity of spirit. After an unpleasant interview with his father, on one occasion he wrote at his lodgings in an inn in London what he calls "A Song of Praise." An extract from it will serve to show the spirit of the good man in affliction:

"Unto the glory of thy holy name,
Eternal God! whom I both love and fear,
I hereby do declare, I never came
Before thy throne, and found thee loath to hear,
But always ready with an open ear,
And, though sometimes thou seem'st thy face to hide,
As one that had withdrawn his love from me,
'Tis that my faith may to the full be tried,
And that I thereby may the better see
How weak I am when not upheld by thee!"

The next year, 1670, an act of Parliament, in relation to "Conventicles," provided that any person who should be present at any meeting, under colour or pretence of any exercise of religion, in other manner than according to the liturgy and practice of the Church of England, "should be liable to fines of from five to ten shillings; and any person preaching at or giving his house for the meeting, to a fine of twenty pounds, one third of the fines being received by the informer or informers." As a natural consequence of such a law, the vilest scoundrels in the land set up the trade of informers and heresy hunters. Wherever a dissenting meeting or burial took place, there was sure to be a mercenary spy, ready to bring a complaint against all in attendance. The Independents and Baptists ceased, in a great measure, to hold public meetings, yet even they did not escape prosecution. Bunyan, for instance, in these days was dreaming, like another Jacob, of angels ascending and descending, in Bedford prison. But upon the poor Quakers fell as usual the great force of the unjust enactment. Some of these spies or informers, men of sharp wit, close countenances, pliant tempers, and skill in dissimulation, took the guise of Quakers, Independents, or Baptists, as occasion required, thrusting themselves into the meetings of the proscribed sects, ascertaining the number who attended, their rank and condition, and then informing against them. Ellwood, in his journal for 1670, describes several of these emissaries of evil. One of them came to a Friend's house in Bucks, professing to be a brother in the faith, but, overdoing his counterfeit Quakerism, was detected and dismissed by his host. Betaking himself to the inn, he appeared in his true character, drank and swore roundly, and confessed over his cups that he had been sent forth on his mission by the Rev. Dr. Mew, Vice-Chancellor of Oxford. Finding little success in counterfeiting Quakerism, he turned to the Baptists, where for a time he met with better success. Ellwood at this time rendered good service to his friends by exposing the true character of these wretches, and bringing them to justice for theft, perjury, and other misdemeanors.

While this storm of persecution lasted (a period of

two or three years), the different dissenting sects felt, in some measure, a common sympathy, and, while guarding themselves against their common foe, had little leisure for controversy with each other; but, as was natural, the abatement of their mutual suffering and danger was the signal for renewing their suspended quarrels. The Baptists fell upon the Quakers with pamphlet and sermon; the latter replied in the same way. One of the most conspicuous of the Baptist disputants was the famous Jeremy Ives, with whom our friend Ellwood seems to have had a good deal of trouble. "His name," says Ellwood, "was up for a topping disputant. He was well read in the fallacies of logic, and was ready in framing syllogisms. His chief art lay in tickling the humour of rude, unlearned, and injudicious hearers."

The following piece of Ellwood's, entitled "An Epitaph for Jeremy Ives," will serve to show that wit and drollery were sometimes found even among the proverbially sober Quakers of the seventeenth century:

"Beneath this stone, depressed doth lie
The Mirror of Hypocrisy—
Ives, whose mercenary tongue
Like a Weathercock was hung,
And did this or that way play,
As Advantage led the way.
If well hired, he would dispute,
Otherwise he would be mute.
But he'd bawl for half a day
If he knew and liked his pay.

"For his person, let it pass;
Only note his face was brass.
His heart was like a pumice-stone,
And for Conscience he had none.
Of Earth and Air he was composed,
With Water round about inclosed.
Earth in him had greatest share,
Questionless, his life lay there;
Thence his cankered Envy sprung,
Poisoning both his heart and tongue.

"Air made him frothy, light, and vain,
And puffed him with a proud disdain.
Into the Water oft he went,
And through the Water many sent,
That was, ye know his element!
The greatest odds that did appear
Was this, for aught that I can hear,

That he in cold did others dip,
But did himself hot water sip.

"And his cause he'd never doubt,
If well soaked o'er night in Stout;
But, meanwhile, he must not lack,
Brandy, and a draught of Sack.
One dispute would shrink a bottle
Of three pints, if not a pottle.
One would think he fetched from thence
All his dreamy eloquence.

"Let us now bring back the Sot
To his Aqua Vita pot,
And observe, with some content,
How he framed his argument.
That his whistle he might wet,
The bottle to his mouth he set,
And, being master of that art,
Thence he drew the Major part,
But left the Minor still behind;
Good reason why, he wanted wind;
If his breath would have held out,
He had Conclusion drawn, no doubt."

The residue of Ellwood's life seems to have glided on in serenity and peace. He wrote at intervals many pamphlets in defence of his society, and in favour of liberty of conscience. At his hospitable residence the leading spirits of the sect were warmly welcomed. George Fox and William Penn seem to have been frequent guests. We find that in 1683 he was arrested for seditious publications when on the eve of hastening to his early friend Gulielma, who, in the absence of her husband, Governor Penn, had fallen dangerously ill. On coming before the judge, "I told him," says Ellwood, "that I had that morning received an express out of Sussex, that William Penn's wife (with whom I had an intimate acquaintance and strict friendship, ab ipsis fere incunabilis, at least, a teneris unguiculis) lay now ill, not without great danger, and that she had expressed her desire that I would come to her as soon as I could." The judge said, "He was very sorry for Madam Penn's illness," of whose virtues he spoke very highly, but not more than was her due. Then he told me "that, for her sake, he would do what he could to further my visit to her." Escaping from the hands of the law, he visited his friend, who was by this time in a

way of recovery, and on his return learned that the prosecution had been abandoned.

At about this date his narrative ceases. We learn from other sources that he continued to write and print in defence of his religious views up to the year of his death, which took place in 1713. One of his productions, a poetical version of the "Life of David," may be still met with in the old Quaker libraries. On the score of poetical merit it is about on a level with Michael Drayton's verses on the same subject. As the history of one of the firm confessors of the old struggle for religious freedom, of a genial-hearted and pleasant scholar, the friend of Penn and Milton, and the suggester of "Paradise Regained," we trust our hurried sketch has not been altogether without interest; and that, whatever may be the religious views of our readers, they have not failed to recognise a good and true man in Thomas Ellwood.

ON A CERTAIN CONDESCENSION IN FOREIGNERS

BY

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

James Russell Lowell, who was not only the greatest of American poets, but a charming and often profound writer of prose as well, was the son of a clergyman, and was born in Cambridge, Mass., February 22, 1819. He was graduated at Harvard in 1838, studied in the Law School, and was admitted to the bar in 1840, but did not practise. In 1843, with Robert Carter, he edited "The Pioneer," a magazine that numbered among its contributors Hawthorne, Poe, John Neal, Whittier, William W. Story, and Elizabeth Barrett; but after the third number it failed, through the bankruptcy of the publisher. In 1844 Lowell married Maria White, who was the author of a few fine poems, and whose strong anti-slavery sentiments are believed to have shown their influence in some of his most famous work. His earliest volumes of poetry were scholarly but not remarkable. His first literary triumph was the "Biglow Papers," published serially in 1846–'48, a satire on slavery and the Mexican War. He wrote a great deal for magazines, and in 1855 succeeded Longfellow as Professor of Modern Languages at Harvard, and in 1857 was the first editor of the "Atlantic Monthly." During the civil war he published a second series of the "Biglow Papers," and at its close wrote his finest poem, the "Commemoration Ode." In 1877 he was appointed United States Minister at Madrid, and in 1880 was transferred to London, where he remained till 1885. While he was Minister to England he was elected Rector of the University of St. Andrews. He delivered several courses of lectures and single addresses, all of which are entertaining reading, but he was no orator. His critical studies of Shakespeare, Dante, and other great poets are masterpieces. He died in Cambridge, August 12, 1891, leaving one child, a daughter, who has since passed away. In the last year of his life he prepared a revised edition of his entire works, which was published in eleven volumes (four of poetry and seven of prose) by Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., through whose courtesy one of his most famous essays is presented here. It is protected by their copyright.

ON A CERTAIN CONDESCENSION IN FOREIGNERS

WALKING one day toward the village, as we used to call it in the good old days, when almost every dweller in the town had been born in it, I was enjoying that delicious sense of disenthralment from the actual which the deepening twilight brings with it, giving as it does a sort of obscure novelty to things familiar. The coolness, the hush, broken only by the distant bleat of some belated goat, querulous to be disburdened of her milky load, the few faint stars, more guessed as yet than seen, the sense that the coming dark would so soon fold me in the secure privacy of its disguise—all things combined in a result as near absolute peace as can be hoped for by a man who knows that there is a writ out against him in the hands of the printer's devil. For the moment I was enjoying the blessed privilege of thinking without being called on to stand and deliver what I thought to the small public who are good enough to take any interest therein. I love old ways, and the path I was walking felt kindly to the feet it had known for almost fifty years. How many fleeting impressions it had shared with me! How many times I had lingered to study the shadows of the leaves mezzotinted upon the turf that edged it by the moon, of the bare boughs etched with a touch beyond Rembrandt by the same unconscious artist on the smooth page of snow! If I turned round, through dusky tree-gaps came the first twinkle of evening lamps in the dear old homestead. On Corey's Hill I could see these tiny pharoses of love and home and sweet domestic thoughts flash out one by one across the blackening salt-meadow between. How much has not kerosene added to the cheerfulness of our evening landscape! A pair of

night-herons flapped heavily over me toward the hidden river. The war was ended. I might walk townward without that aching dread of bulletins that had darkened the July sunshine and twice made the scarlet leaves of October seem stained with blood. I remembered with a pang, half-proud, half-painful, how, so many years ago, I had walked over the same path and felt round my finger the soft pressure of a little hand that was one day to harden with faithful grip of sabre. On how many paths, leading to how many homes where proud Memory does all she can to fill up the fireside gaps with shining shapes, must not men be walking in such pensive mood as I? Ah, young heroes, safe in immortal youth as those of Homer, you at least carried your ideal hence untarnished! It is locked for you beyond moth or rust in the treasure-chamber of death.

Is not a country, I thought, that has had such as they in it, that could give such as they a brave joy in dying for it, worth something, then? And as I felt more and more the soothing magic of evening's cool palm upon my temples, as my fancy came home from its revery, and my senses, with reawakened curiosity, ran to the front windows again from the viewless closet of abstraction, and felt a strange charm in finding the old tree and shabby fence still there under the travesty of falling night, nay, were conscious of an unsuspected newness in familiar stars and the fading outlines of hills my earliest horizon, I was conscious of an immortal soul, and could not but rejoice in the unwaning goodliness of the world into which I had been born without any merit of my own. I thought of dear Henry Vaughan's rainbow, "Still young and fine!" I remembered people who had to go over to the Alps to learn what the divine silence of snow was, who must run to Italy before they were conscious of the miracle wrought every day under their very noses by the sunset, who must call upon the Berkshire Hills to teach them what a painter autumn was, while close at hand the Fresh Pond meadows made all orioles cheap with hues that showed as if a sunset cloud had been wrecked among their maples. One might be worse off than even in America, I thought. There are some things so elastic that even

the heavy roller of democracy can not flatten them altogether down. The mind can weave itself warmly in the cocoon of its own thoughts and dwell a hermit anywhere. A country without traditions, without ennobling associations, a scramble of parvenus, with a horrible consciousness of shoddy running through politics, manners, art, literature, nay, religion itself? I confess it did not seem so to me there in that illimitable quiet, that serene self-possession of Nature, where Collins might have brooded his "Ode to Evening," or where those verses on Solitude in Dodsley's "Collection," that Hawthorne liked so much, might have been composed. Traditions? Granting that we had none, all that is worth having in them is the common property of the soul—an estate in gavelkind for all the sons of Adam—and, moreover, if a man can not stand on his two feet (the prime quality of whoever has left any tradition behind him), were it not better for him to be honest about it at once, and go down on all fours? And for associations, if one have not the wit to make them for himself out of native earth, no ready-made ones of other men will avail much. Lexington is none the worse to me for not being in Greece, nor Gettysburg that its name is not Marathon. "Blessed old fields," I was just exclaiming to myself, like one of Mrs. Radcliffe's heroes, "dear acres, innocently secure from history, which these eyes first beheld, may you be also those to which they shall at last slowly darken!" when I was interrupted by a voice which asked me in German whether I was the Herr Professor, Doctor So-and-so? The "Doctor" was by brevet or vaticination, to make the grade easier to my pocket.

One feels so intimately assured that one is made up, in parts, of shreds and leavings of the past, in part of the interpolations of other people, that an honest man would be slow in saying yes to such a question. But "my name is So-and-so" is a safe answer, and I gave it. While I had been romancing with myself, the street-lamps had been lighted, and it was under one of these detectives that have robbed the Old Road of its privilege of sanctuary after nightfall that I was ambushed by my foe. The inexorable villain had taken my description, it appears, that I might have the less chance to escape him. Dr. Holmes

tells us that we change our substance not every seven years, as was once believed, but with every breath we draw. Why had I not the wit to avail myself of the subterfuge, and, like Peter, to renounce my identity, especially, as in certain moods of mind, I have often more than doubted of it myself? When a man is, as it were, his own front door, and is thus knocked at, why may he not assume the right of that sacred wood to make every house a castle, by denying himself to all visitations? I was truly not at home when the question was put to me, but had to recall myself from all out-of-doors, and to piece my self-consciousness hastily together as well as I could before I answered it.

I knew perfectly well what was coming. It is seldom that debtors or good Samaritans waylay people under gas-lamps in order to force money upon them, so far as I have seen or heard. I was also aware, from considerable experience, that every foreigner is persuaded that, by doing this country the favour of coming to it, he has laid every native thereof under an obligation, pecuniary or other, as the case may be, whose discharge he is entitled to on demand duly made in person or by letter. Too much learning (of this kind) had made me mad in the provincial sense of the word. I had begun life with the theory of giving something to every beggar that came along, though sure of never finding a native-born countryman among them. In a small way, I was resolved to emulate Hatem Tai's tent, with its three hundred and sixty-five entrances, one for every day in the year—I know not whether he was astronomer enough to add another for leap-years. The beggars were a kind of German-silver aristocracy; not real plate, to be sure, but better than nothing. Where everybody was overworked, they supplied the comfortable equipoise of absolute leisure, so æsthetically needful. Besides, I was but too conscious of a vagrant fibre in myself, which too often thrilled me in my solitary walks with the temptation to wander on into infinite space, and by a single spasm of resolution to emancipate myself from the drudgery of prosaic serfdom to respectability and the regular course of things. This prompting has been at times my familiar demon, and I

could not but feel a kind of respectful sympathy for men who had dared what I had only sketched out to myself as a splendid possibility. For seven years I helped maintain one heroic man on an imaginary journey to Portland—as fine an example as I have ever known of hopeless loyalty to an ideal. I assisted another so long in a fruitless attempt to reach Mecklenburg-Schwerin, that at last we grinned in each other's faces when we met, like a couple of augurs. He was possessed by this harmless mania as some are by the north pole, and I shall never forget his look of regretful compassion (as for one who was sacrificing his higher life to the fleshpots of Egypt) when I at last advised him somewhat strenuously to go to the D——, whither the road was so much travelled that he could not miss it. General Banks, in his noble zeal for the honour of his country, would confer on the Secretary of State the power of imprisoning, in case of war, all these seekers of the unattainable, thus by a stroke of the pen annihilating the single poetic element in our humdrum life. Alas! not everybody has the genius to be a Bobbin-Boy, or doubtless all these also would have chosen that more prosperous line of life! But moralists, sociologists, political economists, and taxes have slowly convinced me that my beggarly sympathies were a sin against society. Especially was the Buckle doctrine of averages (so flattering to our free-will) persuasive with me; for as there must be in every year a certain number who would bestow an alms on these abridged editions of the Wandering Jew, the withdrawal of my quota could make no possible difference, since some destined proxy must always step forward to fill my gap. Just so many misdirected letters every year and no more! Would it were as easy to reckon up the number of men on whose backs fate has written the wrong address, so that they arrive by mistake in Congress and other places where they do not belong! May not these wanderers of whom I speak have been sent into the world without any proper address at all? Where is our Dead-Letter Office for such? And if wiser social arrangements should furnish us with something of the sort, fancy (horrible thought!) how many a workingman's friend (a kind of industry in which the labour is light and

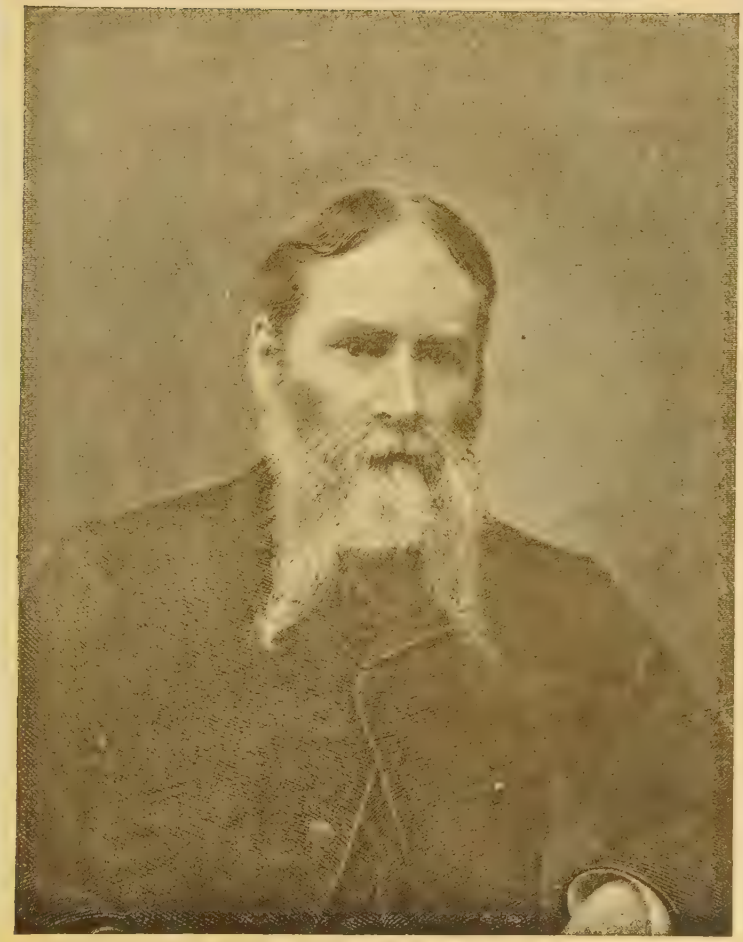
the wages heavy) would be sent thither because not called for in the office where he at present lies!

But I am leaving my new acquaintance too long under the lamp-post. The same Gano which had betrayed me to him revealed to me a well-set young man of about half my own age, as well dressed, so far as I could see, as I was, and with every natural qualification for getting his own livelihood as good, if not better, than my own. He had been reduced to the painful necessity of calling upon me by a series of crosses beginning with the Baden Revolution (for which, I own, he seemed rather young—but perhaps he referred to a kind of revolution practised every season at Baden-Baden), continued by repeated failures in business, for amounts which must convince me of his entire respectability, and ending with our Civil War. During the latter he had served with distinction as a soldier, taking a main part in every important battle, with a rapid list of which he favoured me, and no doubt would have admitted that, impartial as Jonathan Wild's great ancestor, he had been on both sides, had I baited him with a few hints of conservative opinions on a subject so distressing to a gentleman wishing to profit by one's sympathy and unhappily doubtful as to which way it might lean. For all these reasons, and, as he seemed to imply, for his merit in consenting to be born in Germany, he considered himself my natural creditor to the extent of five dollars, which he would handsomely consent to accept in greenbacks, though he preferred specie. The offer was certainly a generous one, and the claim presented with an assurance that carried conviction. But, unhappily, I had been led to remark a curious natural phenomenon. If I was ever weak enough to give anything to a petitioner of whatever nationality, it always rained decayed compatriots of his for a month after. Post hoc, ergo propter hoc, may not always be safe logic, but here I seemed to perceive a natural connection of cause and effect. Now, a few days before I had been so tickled with a paper (professedly written by a benevolent American clergyman) certifying that the bearer, a hard-working German, had long " sofered with rheumatic paints in his limps," that, after copying the passage into my notebook, I thought it but fair to pay a trifling honora-

rium to the author. I had pulled the string of the shower-bath! It had been running shipwrecked sailors for some time, but forthwith it began to pour Teutons, redolent of lager-bier. I could not help associating the apparition of my new friend with this series of otherwise unaccountable phenomena. I accordingly made up my mind to deny the debt, and modestly did so, pleading a native bias toward impecuniosity to the full as strong as his own. He took a high tone with me at once, such as an honest man would naturally take with a confessed repudiator. He even brought down his proud stomach so far as to join himself to me for the rest of my townward walk, that he might give me his views of the American people, and thus inclusively of myself.

I know not whether it is because I am pigeon-livered and lack gall, or whether it is from an overmastering sense of drollery, but I am apt to submit to such bastings with a patience which afterward surprises me, being not without my share of warmth in the blood. Perhaps it is because I so often meet with young persons who know vastly more than I do, and especially with so many foreigners whose knowledge of this country is superior to my own. However it may be, I listened for some time with tolerable composure as my self-appointed lecturer gave me in detail his opinions of my country and its people. America, he informed me, was without arts, science, literature, culture, or any native hope of supplying them. We were a people wholly given to money-getting, and who, having got it, knew no other use for it than to hold it fast. I am fain to confess that I felt a sensible itching of the biceps, and that my fingers closed with such a grip as he had just informed me was one of the effects of our unhappy climate. But happening just then to be where I could avoid temptation by dodging down a by-street, I hastily left him to finish his diatribe to the lamp-post, which could stand it better than I. That young man will never know how near he came to being assaulted by a respectable gentleman of middle age, at the corner of Church Street. I have never felt quite satisfied that I did all my duty by him in not knocking him down. But perhaps he might have knocked me down, and then?

The capacity of indignation makes an essential part of the outfit of every honest man, but I am inclined to doubt whether he is a wise one who allows himself to act upon its first hints. It should be rather, I suspect, a latent heat in the blood, which makes itself felt in character, a steady reserve for the brain, warming the ovum of thought to life, rather than cooking it by a too hasty enthusiasm in reaching the boiling point. As my pulse gradually fell back to its normal beat, I reflected that I had been uncomfortably near making a fool of myself—a handy salve of euphuism for our vanity, though it does not always make a just allowance to Nature for her share in the business. What possible claim had my Teutonic friend to rob me of my composure? I am not, I think, specially thin-skinned as to other people's opinions of myself, having, as I conceive, later and fuller intelligence on that point than anybody else can give me. Life is continually weighing us in very sensitive scales, and telling every one of us precisely what his real weight is to the last grain of dust. Whoever at fifty does not rate himself quite as low as most of his acquaintance would be likely to put him, must be either a fool or a great man, and I humbly disclaim being either. But if I was not smarting in person from any scattering shot of my late companion's commination, why should I grow hot at any implication of my country therein? Surely her shoulders are broad enough, if yours or mine are not, to bear up under a considerable avalanche of this kind. It is the bit of truth in every slander, the hint of likeness in every caricature, that makes us smart. "Art thou there, old Truepenny?" How did your blade know its way so well to that one loose rivet in our armour? I wondered whether Americans were over-sensitive in this respect, whether they were more touchy than other folks. On the whole, I thought we were not. Plutarch, who at least had studied philosophy, if he had not mastered it, could not stomach something Herodotus had said of Bœotia, and devoted an essay to showing up the delightful old traveller's malice and ill-breeding. French editors leave out of Montaigne's "Travels" some remarks of his about France, for reasons best known to themselves. Pachydermatous Deutschland,



JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

From an engraving by Alfred B. Hall

covered with trophies from every field of letters, still winces under that question which Père Bouhours put two centuries ago, Si un Allemand peut etre bel-esprit? John Bull grew apoplectic with angry amazement at the audacious persiflage of Pückler-Muskau. To be sure, he was a prince, but that was not all of it, for a chance phrase of gentle Hawthorne sent a spasm through all the journals of England. Then this tenderness is not peculiar to us? Console yourself, dear man and brother, whatever else you may be sure of, be sure at least of this, that you are dreadfully like other people. Human nature has a much greater genius for sameness than for originality, or the world would be at a sad pass shortly. The surprising thing is that men have such a taste for this somewhat musty flavour, that an Englishman, for example, should feel himself defrauded, nay, even outraged, when he comes over here and finds a people speaking what he admits to be something like English, and yet so very different from (or, as he would say, to) those he left at home. Nothing, I am sure, equals my thankfulness when I meet an Englishman who is not like every other, or, I may add, an American of the same odd turn.

Certainly it is no shame to a man that he should be as nice about his country as about his sweetheart, and who ever heard even the friendliest appreciation of that unexpressive she that did not seem to fall infinitely short? Yet it would hardly be wise to hold every one an enemy who could not see her with our own enchanted eyes. It seems to be the common opinion of foreigners that Americans are too tender upon this point. Perhaps we are; and if so, there must be a reason for it. Have we had fair play? Could the eyes of what is called Good Society (though it is so seldom true either to the adjective or noun) look upon a nation of democrats with any chance of receiving an undistorted image? Were not those, moreover, who found in the old order of things an earthly paradise, paying them quarterly dividends for the wisdom of their ancestors, with the punctuality of the seasons, unconsciously bribed to misunderstand if not to misrepresent us? Whether at war or at peace, there we were, a standing menace to all earthly paradises of that kind, fatal

underminers of the very credit on which the dividends were based, all the more hateful and terrible that our destructive agency was so insidious, working invisible in the elements, as it seemed, active while they slept, and coming upon them in the darkness like an armed man. Could Laius have the proper feelings of a father toward Œdipus, announced as his destined destroyer by infallible oracles, and felt to be such by every conscious fibre of his soul? For more than a century the Dutch were the laughing-stock of polite Europe. They were butter-firkins, swillers of beer and schnapps, and their vrouws from whom Holbein painted the all-but loveliest of Madonnas, Rembrandt the graceful girl who sits immortal on his knee in Dresden, and Rubens his abounding goddesses, were the synonymes of clumsy vulgarity. Even so late as Irving the ships of the greatest navigators in the world were represented as sailing equally well stern-foremost. That the aristocratic Venetians should have

> "Riveted with gigantic piles
> Thorough the centre their new-catchèd miles,"

was heroic. But the far more marvellous achievement of the Dutch in the same kind was ludicrous even to republican Marvell. Meanwhile, during that very century of scorn, they were the best artists, sailors, merchants, bankers, printers, scholars, jurisconsults, and statesmen in Europe, and the genius of Motley has revealed them to us, earning a right to themselves by the most heroic struggle in human annals. But, alas! they were not merely simple burghers who had fairly made themselves high mightinesses, and could treat on equal terms with anointed kings, but their commonwealth carried in its bosom the germs of democracy. They even unmuzzled, at least after dark, that dreadful mastiff, the press, whose scent is, or ought to be, so keen for wolves in sheep's clothing and for certain other animals in lions' skins. They made fun of sacred majesty, and, what was worse, managed uncommonly well without it. In an age when periwigs made so large a part of the natural dignity of man, people with such a turn of mind were dangerous. How could they seem other than vulgar and hateful?

In the natural course of things we succeeded to this unenviable position of general butt. The Dutch had thriven under it pretty well, and there was hope that we could at least contrive to worry along. And we certainly did in a very redoubtable fashion. Perhaps we deserved some of the sarcasm more than our Dutch predecessors in office. We had nothing to boast of in arts or letters, and were given to bragging overmuch of our merely material prosperity, due quite as much to the virtue of our continent as to our own. There was some truth in Carlyle's sneer, after all. Till we had succeeded in some higher way than this we had only the success of physical growth. Our greatness, like that of enormous Russia, was greatness on the map—barbarian mass only; but had we gone down, like that other Atlantis, in some vast cataclysm, we should have covered but a pin's point on the chart of memory, compared with those ideal spaces occupied by tiny Attica and cramped England. At the same time our critics somewhat too easily forgot that material must make ready the foundation for ideal triumphs, that the arts have no chance in poor countries. But it must be allowed that democracy stood for a great deal in our shortcoming. The "Edinburgh Review" never would have thought of asking, "Who reads a Russian book?" and England was satisfied with iron from Sweden without being impertinently inquisitive after her painters and statuaries. Was it that they expected too much from the mere miracle of freedom? Is it not the highest art of a republic to make men of flesh and blood, and not the marble ideals of such? It may be fairly doubted whether we have produced this higher type of man yet. Perhaps it is the collective, not the individual, humanity that is to have a chance of nobler development among us. We shall see. We have a vast amount of imported ignorance, and, still worse, of native ready-made knowledge, to digest before even the preliminaries of such a consummation can be arranged. We have got to learn that statesmanship is the most complicated of all arts, and to come back to the apprenticeship system too hastily abandoned. At present we trust a man with making constitutions on less proof of competence than

we should demand before we gave him our shoe to patch. We have nearly reached the limit of the reaction from the old notion, which paid too much regard to birth and station as qualifications for office, and have touched the extreme point in the opposite direction, putting the highest of human functions up at auction to be bid for by any creature capable of going upright on two legs. In some places we have arrived at a point at which civil society is no longer possible, and already another reaction has begun, not backward to the old system, but toward fitness either from natural aptitude or special training. But will it always be safe to let evils work their own cure by becoming unendurable? Every one of them leaves its taint in the constitution of the body politic, each in itself perhaps trifling, yet all together powerful for evil.

But whatever we might do or leave undone, we were not genteel, and it was uncomfortable to be continually reminded that, though we should boast that we were the Great West till we were black in the face, it did not bring us an inch nearer to the world's West End. That sacred inclosure of respectabilty was tabooed to us. The Holy Alliance did not inscribe us on its visiting list. The Old World of wigs and orders and liveries would shop with us, but we must ring at the area bell, and not venture to awaken the more august clamours of the knocker. Our manners, it must be granted, had none of those graces that stamp the caste of Vere de Vere, in whatever museum of British antiquities they may be hidden. In short, we were vulgar.

This was one of those horribly vague accusations the victim of which has no defence. An umbrella is of no avail against a Scotch mist. It envelops you, it penetrates at every pore, it wets you through without seeming to wet you at all. Vulgarity is an eighth deadly sin, added to the list in these latter days, and worse than all the others put together, since it perils your salvation in this world—far the more important of the two in the minds of most men. It profits nothing to draw nice distinctions between essential and conventional, for the convention in this case is the essence, and you may break every command of the Decalogue with perfect good breed-

ing—nay, if you are adroit, without losing caste. We, indeed, had it not to lose, for we had never gained it. "How am I vulgar?" asks the culprit shudderingly. "Because thou art not like unto us," answers Lucifer, son of the morning, and there is no more to be said. The god of this world may be a fallen angel, but he has us there! We were as clean—so far as my observation goes, I think we were cleaner, morally and physically, than the English, and therefore, of course, than everybody else. But we did not pronounce the diphthong *ou* as they did, and we said *eether* and not *eyther*, following therein the fashion of our ancestors, who unhappily could bring over no English better than Shakespeare's; and we did not stammer as they had learned to do from the courtiers, who in this way flattered the Hanoverian king, a foreigner among the people he had come to reign over. Worse than all, we might have the noblest ideas and the finest sentiments in the world, but we vented them through that organ by which men are led rather than leaders, though some physiologists would persuade us that Nature furnishes her captains with a fine handle to their faces that opportunity may get a good purchase on them for dragging them to the front.

This state of things was so painful that excellent people were not wanting who gave their whole genius to reproducing here the original Bull, whether by gaiters, the cut of their whiskers, by a factitious brutality in their tone, or by an accent that was forever tripping and falling flat over the tangled roots of our common tongue. Martyrs to a false ideal, it never occurred to them that nothing is more hateful to gods and men than a second-rate Englishman, and for the very reason that this planet never produced a more splendid creature than the first-rate one, witness Shakespeare and the Indian Mutiny. Witness that truly sublime self-abnegation of those prisoners lately among the bandits of Greece, where average men gave an example of quiet fortitude for which all the stoicism of antiquity can show no match. Witness the wreck of the Birkenhead, an example of disciplined heroism, perhaps the most precious, as the rarest, of all. If we could contrive to be not too unobtrusively our simple

selves, we should be the most delightful of human beings, and the most original; whereas, when the plating of Anglicism rubs off, as it always will in points that come to much wear, we are liable to very unpleasing conjectures about the quality of the metal underneath. Perhaps one reason why the average Briton spreads himself here with such an easy air of superiority may be owing to the fact that he meets with so many bad imitations as to conclude himself the only real thing in a wilderness of shams. He fancies himself moving through an endless Bloomsbury, where his mere apparition confers honour as an avatar of the court end of the universe. Not a Bull of them all but is persuaded he bears Europa upon his back. This is the sort of fellow whose patronage is so divertingly insufferable. Thank Heaven he is not the only specimen of cater-cousinship from the dear old Mother Island that is shown to us! Among genuine things, I know nothing more genuine than the better men whose limbs were made in England. So manly tender, so brave, so true, so warranted to wear, they make us proud to feel that blood is thicker than water.

But it is not merely the Englishman; every European candidly admits in himself some right of primogeniture in respect of us, and pats this shaggy continent on the back with a lively sense of generous unbending. The German who plays the bass-viol has a well-founded contempt, which he is not always nice in concealing, for a country so few of whose children ever take that noble instrument between their knees. His cousin, the Ph. D. from Göttingen, can not help despising a people who do not grow loud and red over Aryans and Turanians, and are indifferent about their descent from either. The Frenchman feels an easy mastery in speaking his mother tongue, and attributes it to some native superiority of parts that lifts him high above us barbarians of the West. The Italian prima donna sweeps a curtsy of careless pity to the overfacile pit which unsexes her with the bravo! innocently meant to show a familiarity with foreign usage. But all without exception make no secret of regarding us as the goose bound to deliver them a golden egg in return for their cackle. Such men as Agassiz, Guyot, and

Goldwin Smith come with gifts in their hands; but since it is commonly European failures who bring hither their remarkable gifts and acquirements, this view of the case is sometimes just the least bit in the world provoking. To think what a delicious seclusion of contempt we enjoyed till California and our own ostentatious parvenus, flinging gold away in Europe that might have endowed libraries at home, gave us the ill repute of riches! What a shabby downfall from the Arcadia which the French officers of our Revolutionary War fancied they saw here through Rousseau-tinted spectacles! Something of Arcadia there really was, something of the old age; and that divine provincialism were cheaply repurchased could we have it back again in exchange for the tawdry upholstery that has taken its place.

For some reason or other the European has rarely been able to see America except in caricature. Would the first "Review" of the world have printed the niaiseries of M. Maurice Sand as a picture of society in any civilized country? M. Sand, to be sure, has inherited nothing of his famous mother's literary outfit, except the pseudonym. But since the conductors of the "Revue" could not have published his story because it was clever, they must have thought it valuable for its truth. As true as the last-century Englishman's picture of Jean Crapaud! We do not ask to be sprinkled with rose-water, but may perhaps fairly protest against being drenched with the rinsings of an unclean imagination. The next time the "Revue" allows such ill-bred persons to throw their slops out of its first-floor windows, let it honestly preface the discharge with a gare l'eau! that we may run from under in season. And M. Duvergier de Hauranne, who knows how to be entertaining! I know that le Français est plutôt indiscret que confiant, and the pen slides too easily when indiscretions will fetch so much a page; but should we not have been tant-soit-peu more cautious had we been writing about people on the other side of the Channel? But then it is a fact in the natural history of the American long familiar to Europeans that he abhors privacy, knows not the meaning of reserve, lives in hotels because of their greater publicity, and is never so

pleased as when his domestic affairs (if he may be said to have any) are paraded in the newspapers. Barnum, it is well known, represents perfectly the average national sentiment in this respect. However it be, we are not treated like other people, or perhaps I should say like people who are ever likely to be met with in society.

Is it in the climate? Either I have a false notion of European manners, or else the atmosphere affects them strangely when exported hither. Perhaps they suffer from the sea voyage like some of the more delicate wines. During our Civil War an English gentleman of the highest description was kind enough to call upon me, mainly, as it seemed, to inform me how entirely he sympathized with the Confederates, and how sure he felt that we could never subdue them—"they were the gentlemen of the country, you know." Another, the first greetings hardly over, asked me how I accounted for the universal meagreness of my countrymen. To a thinner man than I, or from a stouter man than he, the question might have been offensive. The Marquis of Hartington[1] wore a secession badge at a public ball in New York. In a civilized country he might have been roughly handled; but here, where the bienséances are not so well understood, of course nobody minded it. A French traveller told me he had been a good deal in the British colonies, and had been astonished to see how soon the people became Americanized. He added, with delightful bonhomie, and as if he were sure it would charm me, that "they even began to talk through their noses, just like you!" I was naturally ravished with this testimony to the assimilating power of democracy, and could only reply that I hoped they would never adopt our democratic patent method of seeming to settle one's honest debts, for they would find it paying through the nose in the long run. I am a man of the New World, and do not know precisely the present fashion of May Fair, but I have a kind of feeling that if an American (mutato nomine, de te is always frightfully possible) were to do this kind of thing under a European roof, it would induce some disagreeable reflections as to the ethical results of democracy. I read the other day in print the remark of a British tourist who

had eaten large quantities of our salt, such as it is (I grant it has not the European savour), that the Americans were hospitable, no doubt, but that it was partly because they longed for foreign visitors to relieve the tedium of their dead-level existence, and partly from ostentation. What shall we do? Shall we close our doors? Not I, for one, if I should so have forfeited the friendship of L. S., most lovable of men. He somehow seems to find us human, at least, and so did Clough, whose poetry will one of these days perhaps be found to have been the best utterance in verse of this generation. And T. H., the mere grasp of whose manly hand carries with it the pledge of frankness and friendship, of an abiding simplicity of Nature as affecting as it is rare!

The fine old Tory aversion of former times was not hard to bear. There was something even refreshing in it, as in a northeaster to a hardy temperament. When a British parson, travelling in Newfoundland while the slash of our separation was still raw, after prophesying a glorious future for an island that continued to dry its fish under the ægis of Saint George, glances disdainfully over his spectacles in parting at the U. S. A., and forebodes for them a "speedy relapse into barbarism," now that they have madly cut themselves off from the humanizing influences of Britain, I smile with barbarian self-conceit. But this kind of thing became by degrees an unpleasant anachronism. For meanwhile the young giant was growing, was beginning indeed to feel tight in his clothes, was obliged to let in a gore here and there in Texas, in California, in New Mexico, in Alaska, and had the scissors and needle and thread ready for Canada when the time came. His shadow loomed like a Brocken spectre over against Europe—the shadow of what they were coming to, that was the unpleasant part of it. Even in such misty image as they had of him it was painfully evident that his clothes were not of any cut hitherto fashionable, nor conceivable by a Bond Street tailor—and this in an age, too, when everything depends upon clothes, when, if we do not keep up appearances, the seeming solid frame of this universe—nay, your very God—would slump into himself, like a mockery king of snow, being nothing, after

all, but a prevailing mode, a make-believe of believing. From this moment the young giant assumed the respectable aspect of a phenomenon, to be got rid of if possible, but at any rate as legitimate a subject of human study as the Glacial period or the Silurian what-d'ye-call-'ems. If the man of the primeval drift heaps be so absorbingly interesting, why not the man of the drift that is just beginning, of the drift into whose irresistible current we are just being sucked whether we will or no? If I were in their place, I confess I should not be frightened. Man has survived so much, and contrived to be comfortable on this planet after surviving so much! I am something of a Protestant in matters of government also, and am willing to get rid of vestments and ceremonies and to come down to bare benches, if only faith in God take the place of a general agreement to profess confidence in ritual and sham. Every mortal man of us holds stock in the only public debt that is absolutely sure of payment, and that is the debt of the Maker of this universe to the universe he has made. I have no notion of selling out my shares in a panic.

It was something to have advanced even to the dignity of a phenomenon, and yet I do not know that the relation of the individual American to the individual European was bettered by it; and that, after all, must adjust itself comfortably before there can be a right understanding between the two. We had been a desert, we became a museum. People came hither for scientific and not social ends. The very cockney could not complete his education without taking a vacant stare at us in passing. But the sociologists (I think they call themselves so) were the hardest to bear. There was no escape. I have even known a professor of this fearful science to come disguised in petticoats. We were cross-examined as a chemist cross-examines a new substance. Human? Yes, all the elements are present, though abnormally combined. Civilized? Hm! that needs a stricter assay. No entomologist could take a more friendly interest in a strange bug. After a few such experiences I, for one, have felt as if I were merely one of those horrid things preserved in spirits (and very bad spirits, too) in a cabinet. I was

not the fellow-being of these explorers: I was a curiosity; I was a specimen. Hath not an American organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions even as a European hath? If you prick us, do we not bleed? If you tickle us, do we not laugh? I will not keep on with Shylock to his next question but one.

Till after our Civil War it never seemed to enter the head of any foreigner, especially of any Englishman, that an American had what could be called a country, except as a place to eat, sleep, and trade in. Then it seemed to strike them suddenly. "By Jove, you know, fellahs don't fight like that for a shop-till!" No, I rather think not. To Americans America is something more than a promise and an expectation. It has a past and traditions of its own. A descent from men who sacrificed everything and came hither not to better their fortunes, but to plant their idea in virgin soil, should be a good pedigree. There was never colony save this that went forth not to seek gold, but God. Is it not as well to have sprung from such as these as from some burly beggar who came over with Wilhelmus Conquestor, unless, indeed, a line grow better as it runs farther away from stalwart ancestors? And for our history, it is dry enough, no doubt, in the books, but, for all that, is of a kind that tells in the blood. I have admitted that Carlyle's sneer had a show of truth in it. But what does he himself, like a true Scot, admire in the Hohenzollerns? First of all, that they were canny, a thrifty, forehanded race. Next, that they make a good fight from generation to generation with the chaos around them. That is precisely the battle which the English race on this continent has been pushing doughtily forward for two centuries and a half. Doughtily and silently, for you can not hear in Europe "that crash, the death song of the perfect tree," that has been going on here from sturdy father to sturdy son, and making this continent habitable for the weaker Old-World breed that has swarmed to it during the last half century. If ever men did a good stroke of work on this planet, it was the forefathers of those whom you are wondering whether it would not be prudent to acknowledge as far-off cousins. Alas! man of genius, to whom we owe so much, could

you see nothing more than the burning of a foul chimney in that clash of Michael and Satan which flamed up under your very eyes?

Before our war we were to Europe but a huge mob of adventurers and shopkeepers. Leigh Hunt expressed it well enough when he said that he could never think of America without seeing a gigantic counter stretched all along the seaboard. And Leigh Hunt, without knowing it, had been more than half Americanized, too! Feudalism had by degrees made commerce, the great civilizer, contemptible. But a tradesman with sword on thigh and very prompt of stroke was not only redoubtable, he had become respectable also. Few people, I suspect, alluded twice to a needle in Sir John Hawkwood's presence, after that doughty fighter had exchanged it for a more dangerous tool of the same metal. Democracy had been hitherto only a ludicrous effort to reverse the laws of Nature by thrusting Cleon into the place of Pericles. But a democracy that could fight for an abstraction, whose members held life and goods cheap compared with that larger life which we call country, was not merely unheard-of, but portentous. It was the nightmare of the Old World taking upon itself flesh and blood, turning out to be substance and not dream. Since the Norman crusader clanged down upon the throne of the porphyrogeniti, carefully draped appearances had never received such a shock, had never been so rudely called on to produce their titles to the empire of the world. Authority has had its periods not unlike those of geology, and at last comes man claiming kingship in right of his mere manhood. The world of the Saurians might be in some respects more picturesque, but the march of events is inexorable, and that world is bygone.

The young giant had certainly got out of long clothes. He had become the enfant terrible of the human household. It was not and will not be easy for the world (especially for our British cousins) to look upon us as grown up. The youngest of nations, its people must also be young and to be treated accordingly, was the syllogism—as if libraries did not make all nations equally old in all those respects, at least, where age is an advantage and

not a defect. Youth, no doubt, has its good qualities, as people feel who are losing it, but boyishness is another thing. We had been somewhat boyish as a nation, a little loud, a little pushing, a little braggart. But might it not partly have been because we felt that we had certain claims to respect that were not admitted? The war which established our position as a vigorous nationality has also sobered us. A nation, like a man, can not look death in the eye for four years without some strange reflections, without arriving at some clearer consciousness of the stuff it is made of, without some great moral change. Such a change, or the beginning of it, no observant person can fail to see here. Our thought and our politics, our bearing as a people, are assuming a manlier tone. We have been compelled to see what was weak in democracy as well as what was strong. We have begun obscurely to recognise that things do not go of themselves, and that popular government is not in itself a panacea, is no better than any other form except as the virtue and wisdom of the people make it so, and that when men undertake to do their own kingship they enter upon the dangers and responsibilities as well as the privileges of the function. Above all, it looks as if we were on the way to be persuaded that no government can be carried on by declamation. It is noticeable also that facility of communication has made the best English and French thought far more directly operative here than ever before. Without being Europeanized, our discussion of important questions in statesmanship, in political economy, in æsthetics, is taking a broader scope and a higher tone. It had certainly been provincial, one might almost say local, to a very unpleasant extent. Perhaps our experience in soldiership has taught us to value training more than we have been popularly wont. We may possibly come to the conclusion one of these days that self-made men may not be always equally skilful in the manufacture of wisdom, may not be divinely commissioned to fabricate the higher qualities of opinion on all possible topics of human interest.

So long as we continue to be the most common-schooled and the least cultivated people in the world I suppose we must consent to endure this condescending

manner of foreigners toward us. The more friendly they mean to be the more ludicrously prominent it becomes. They can never appreciate the immense amount of silent work that has been done here, making this continent slowly fit for the abode of man, and which will demonstrate itself, let us hope, in the character of the people. Outsiders can only be expected to judge a nation by the amount it has contributed to the civilization of the world; the amount, that is, that can be seen and handled. A great place in history can only be achieved by competitive examinations—nay, by a long course of them. How much new thought have we contributed to the common stock? Till that question can be triumphantly answered, or needs no answer, we must continue to be simply interesting as an experiment, to be studied as a problem, and not respected as an attained result or an accomplished solution. Perhaps, as I have hinted, their patronizing manner toward us is the fair result of their failing to see here anything more than a poor imitation, a plaster cast of Europe. And are they not partly right? If the tone of the uncultivated American has too often the arrogance of the barbarian, is not that of the cultivated as often vulgarly apologetic? In the America they meet with is there the simplicity, the manliness, the absence of sham, the sincere human nature, the sensitiveness to duty and implied obligation, that in any way distinguishes us from what our orators call "the effete civilization of the Old World"? Is there a politician among us daring enough (except a Dana here and there) to risk his future on the chance of our keeping our word with the exactness of superstitious communities like England? Is it certain that we shall be ashamed of a bankruptcy of honour if we can only keep the letter of our bond? I hope we shall be able to answer all these questions with a frank Yes. At any rate, we would advise our visitors that we are not merely curious creatures, but belong to the family of man, and that as individuals we are not to be always subjected to the competitive examination above mentioned, even if we acknowledged their competence as an examining board. Above all, we beg them to remember that America is not to us, as to them, a mere object of external in-

terest to be discussed and analyzed, but in us, part of our very marrow. Let them not suppose that we conceive of ourselves as exiles from the graces and amenities of an older date than we, though very much at home in a state of things not yet all it might be or should be, but which we mean to make so, and which we find both wholesome and pleasant for men (though perhaps not for dilettanti) to live in. "The full tide of human existence" may be felt here as keenly as Johnson felt it at Charing Cross, and in a larger sense. I know one person who is singular enough to think Cambridge the very best spot on the habitable globe. "Doubtless God could have made a better, but doubtless he never did."

It will take England a great while to get over her airs of patronage toward us, or even passably to conceal them. She can not help confounding the people with the country, and regarding us as lusty juveniles. She has a conviction that whatever good there is in us is wholly English, when the truth is that we are worth nothing except so far as we have disinfected ourselves of Anglicism. She is especially condescending just now, and lavishes sugar plums on us as if we had not outgrown them. I am no believer in sudden conversions, especially in sudden conversions to a favourable opinion of people who have just proved you to be mistaken in judgment, and therefore unwise in policy. I never blamed her for not wishing well to democracy—how should she?—but Alabamas are not wishes. Let her not be too hasty in believing Mr. Reverdy Johnson's pleasant words. Though there is no thoughtful man in America who would not consider a war with England the greatest of calamities, yet the feeling toward her here is very far from cordial, whatever our minister may say in the effusion that comes after ample dining. Mr. Adams, with his famous "My lord, this means war," perfectly represented his country. Justly or not, we have a feeling that we have been wronged, not merely insulted. The only sure way of bringing about a healthy relation between the two countries is for Englishmen to clear their minds of the notion that we are always to be treated as a kind of inferior and deported Englishman whose nature they perfectly understand, and

whose back they accordingly stroke the wrong way of the fur with amazing perseverance. Let them learn to treat us naturally on our merits as human beings, as they would a German or a Frenchman, and not as if we were a kind of counterfeit Briton whose crime appeared in every shade of difference, and before long there would come that right feeling which we naturally call a good understanding. The common blood, and still more the common language, are fatal instruments of misapprehension. Let them give up trying to understand us, still more thinking that they do, and acting in various absurd ways as the necessary consequence, for they will never arrive at that devoutly-to-be-wished consummation till they learn to look at us as we are and not as they suppose us to be. Dear old long-estranged mother-in-law, it is a great many years since we parted. Since 1660, when you married again, you have been a stepmother to us. Put on your spectacles, dear madam. Yes, we have grown, and changed likewise. You would not let us darken your doors if you could help it. We know that perfectly well. But pray, when we look to be treated as men, don't shake that rattle in our faces, nor talk baby to us any longer.

> "Do, child, go to it grandam, child;
> Give grandam kingdom, and it grandam will
> Give it a plum, a cherry, and a fig!"

NOTE

[1] One of Mr. Lincoln's neatest strokes of humour was his treatment of this gentleman when a laudable curiosity induced him to be presented to the President of the Broken Bubble. Mr. Lincoln persisted in calling him Mr. Partington. Surely the refinement of good breeding could go no further. Giving the young man his real name (already notorious in the newspapers) would have made his visit an insult. Had Henry IV done this, it would have been famous.

INTELLECTUAL HEALTH AND DISEASE

BY

EDWIN PERCY WHIPPLE

Edwin Percy Whipple, critic and essayist, was born in Gloucester, Mass., March 8, 1819. He began to write for newspapers at the age of fourteen, became a bank clerk, and a few years later was on the lecture platform. His lectures had a wide range of subjects, and he is said to have addressed more than a thousand audiences. He was one of the most pleasing of essayists and one of the sanest of critics, constantly at work, and very fastidious even in the preparation of an ephemeral article. Though he was self-educated, he could hardly have been more learned had he gone through academies and universities. He died in Boston, June 16, 1886. His collected works are published in a uniform edition, in nine volumes. The essay that follows was originally written for delivery before the literary societies of Dartmouth College, and it is reproduced here by the courtesy of his publishers, Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., whose copyright protects it.

INTELLECTUAL HEALTH AND DISEASE

A PROMINENT characteristic of the present day, and in many respects an admirable one, is the universal attention given to the subject of bodily health; but, like many other movements founded on half truths, it has been pushed by fanaticism into ludicrous perversions. Physiology has been systematized into a kind of popular gospel, in whose doctrines the soul seems of little importance in comparison with the gastric juice. Physic having become a fashion, a valetudinary air is now the sign of your true coxcomb; and every idle person has his pet complaint, which he nurses in some genteel infirmary. There is a universal cant about health; every city and hamlet is beleaguered by the hosts of Hippocrates, the floods of hydropathy, and the animalculæ of homœopathy; and no person can venture into the street without being assaulted by some hygeian highwayman, who presents a vial to his head, and demands his patience or his purse. Now the practical consequence of this deification of the body and worship of dietetics is to bring men under the dominion of a sickly selfishness and a craven cowardice, while pretending to teach them the physical laws of their being. Man obeys the highest law of his being when he takes his life in his hand and boldly ventures it for something he values more than self. Life cast away for truth or duty, even for fame or knowledge, is better than life saved for the sake of living. But your true disciple of physiological religion, with his morbid consciousness of that collection of veins, bones, muscles, and appetites, which he calls himself, would consider it a monstrous violation of the physical laws of his being to obey a benevolent impulse which endangered a blood-vessel, or to purchase the discovery of a new truth at the

expense of deranged digestion: and he would survey with lazy wonder the strange ignorance of Howard penetrating into pestilential prisons; of Washington exposing his person to a storm of bullets; of Ridley serenely yielding his frame to that baptism of fire which enrolled him forever in the glorious army of martyrs. Such acts as these were doubtless violations of physical laws, and prove that heroes are not framed on accurate physiological principles.

Indeed, health and disease, in their highest meaning, refer more to the mind than to the body. A code of ethics built on physical laws can but inculcate a selfish superficial prudence; and prudence, except in weaklings, will not restrain self-indulgence, and ought not to restrain self-sacrifice. There are no duties, therefore, which are not resolvable into moral duties; no vices which have not their scorpion nest in the heart. Do you suppose that any knowing prattle about the breathing or digesting apparatus will still the hoarse clamour of gluttony and sensuality? Will it relax the grasp of Satanic pride? In truth, you will find that prudence without conscience holds but a rein of flax on the wild war horses of passion. But it is a characteristic weakness of the day to superficialize evil; to spread a little cold cream over Pandemonium, erect a nice little earthly paradise upon it, and then to rush into misanthropy because the thin structure instantly melts. Indeed, it is at the very core of the mind that we must search for the principles of health and disease—in the mysteries of will, intelligence, sentiment, and passion, rather than in the organs which are their instruments or victims. Besides, bodily maladies may be badges of disgrace or titles of honour; your drunkard and your philosopher may both take their "leap into the dark" from apoplexy; and there is a great difference between Milton, sacrificing his eyesight from the love of liberty, and Byron, sacrificing his digestion from the love of gin.

The subject, therefore, to which I would call your attention is intellectual health and disease as it exists in individuals and in nations. To one who reflects on the nature and capacity of the human mind, there is something inconceivably awful in its perversions. Look at it as it comes, fresh and plastic, from its Maker; look at it

as it returns, stained and hardened, to its Maker. Conceive of a mind, a living soul, with the germs of faculties which infinity can not exhaust, as it first beams upon you in its glad morning of existence; quivering with life and joy; exulting in the bounding sense of its developing energies; beautiful, and brave, and generous, and joyous, and free—the clear, pure spirit bathed in the auroral light of its unconscious immortality: and then follow it, in its dark passage through life, as it stifles and kills, one by one, every inspiration and aspiration of its being, until it becomes but a dead soul entombed in a living frame. It may be that a selfish frivolity has sunk it into contented worldliness, or given it the vapid air of complacent imbecility. It may be that it is marred and disfigured by the hoof-prints of appetite, its humanity extinguished in the mad tyranny of animal ferocities. It may be that pride has stamped the scowl of hatred upon its front; that avarice and revenge, set on fire of hell, have blasted and blackened its unselfish affections. The warm sensibility gushing spontaneously out in world-wide sympathies—the bright and strong intellect, eager for action and thirsting for truth—the rapturous devotion, mounting upward in a pillar of flame to God—all gone, and only remembered as childish enthusiasm, to point the sneer of the shrewd and the scoff of the brutal! Where, in this hard mass of animated clay, wrinkled by cunning or brutalized by selfishness, are the power and joy prophesied in the aspirations of youth?

> "Whither hath fled the visionary gleam?
> Where is it now, the glory and the dream?"

To give the philosophy of this mental disease, to subject the mind to that scrutiny which shall account for its perversions, we must pass behind its ordinary operations of understanding, sensibility, and imagination, and attempt to clutch its inmost spirit and essence. Now an analysis of our consciousness, or rather a contemplation of the mysterious processes of our inward life, reveals no faculties and no impulses which can be disconnected from our personality. The mind is no collection of self-acting powers and passions, but a vital, indissoluble unit and person,

capable, it is true, of great variety of manifestation, but still in its nature a unit, not an aggregate. For the purposes of science, or verbal convenience, we may call its various operations by different names, according as it perceives, feels, understands, or imagines; but the moment science breaks it up into a series of disconnected parts, and considers each part by itself as a separate power, that moment the living principle of mind is lost, and the result is an anarchy of faculties. Fortunately, however, we can not free ourselves, by any craft of analysis, from personal pronouns. A man who speaks or acts instinctively mentions it as—I said, I did. We do not say that Milton's imagination wrote "Paradise Lost," but that Milton wrote it. There is no mental operation in which the whole mind is not present; nothing produced but by the joint action of all its faculties, under the direction of its central personality. This central principle of mind is spiritual force —capacity to cause, to create, to assimilate, to be. This underlies all faculties; interpenetrates, fuses, directs all faculties. This thinks, this feels, this imagines, this worships; this is what glows with health, this is what is enfeebled and corrupted by disease. Call it what you please —will, personality, individuality, character, force of being —but recognise it as the true spiritual power which constitutes a living soul. This is the only peculiarity which separates the impersonal existence of a vegetable from the personal life of a man. The material universe is instinct with spiritual existence, but only in man is it individualized into spiritual life.

Now there is no such thing as faculty which has not its root in this personal force. Without this, thought is but insanity, and action, fate. Men do not stumble, and blunder, and happen into "Iliads," and "Æneids," and "Divina Commedias," and "Othellos," in a drunken dream of poetic inspiration, but work and grow up to them. It is common, I know, to point to some lazy gentleman and say that there is a protuberance on his forehead or temple sufficiently large to produce a "Hamlet" or a "Principia" if he only had an active temperament. But the thing which produces "Hamlets" and "Principias" is not physical temperament, but spiritual power. What a man does is the real

test of what a man is; and to declare that he has great capacity but nothing great to set his capacity in motion is an absurdity in terms.

This mind, this free spiritual force, can not grow, can not even exist, by itself. It can only grow by assimilating something external to itself, the very condition of mental life being the exercise of power within on objects without. The form and superficial qualities of objects it perceives; their life and spirit it conceives. Only what the mind conceives it assimilates and draws into its own life—intellectual conception indicating a penetrating vision into the heart of things through a fierce, firm exertion of vital creative force. In this distinction between perception and conception we have a principle which accounts for the limited degree in which so many persons grow in intelligence and character, in grace and gracelessness. Here, also, is the distinction between assent and faith, theory and practice. In the one case, opinions lie on the surface of the mind, mere objects, the truth of which it perceives, but which do not influence its will; in the other, ideas penetrate into the very substance of the mind, become one with it, and are springs of living thought and action. For instance, you may cram whole folios of morality and divinity into the heads of Dick Turpin and Captain Kidd, and both will cordially assent to their truth; but the captives of Dick's blunderbuss will still have to give up their purses, and the prisoners of Kidd's piracy will still have to walk the plank. On the other hand, you may pour all varieties of immoral opinions and images into the understanding of a pure and high nature, and there they will remain, unassimilated, uncorrupting; his mind, like that of Ion,

> "Though shapes of ill
> May hover round its surface, glides in light,
> And takes no shadow from them."

In accordance with the same principle all knowledge, however imposing in its appearance, is but superficial knowledge if it be merely the mind's furniture, not the mind's nutriment. It must be transmitted into mind, as food is into blood, to become wisdom and power. There is many a human parrot and memory monger who has

read and who recollects more history than Webster; but in Webster history has become judgment, foresight, executive force, mind. That seemingly instinctive sagacity by which an able man does exactly the right thing at the right moment is nothing but a collection of facts thus assimilated into thought. This power of instantaneous action without reflection is the only thing which saves men in great emergencies; but far from being independent of knowledge and experience, it is their noblest result. Many of the generals opposed to Napoleon understood military science as well as he did; but he beat them on every occasion where victory depended on a wise movement made at a moment's thought, because science had been transfused into his mind, while it was only attached to theirs. Every truly practical man, whether he be merchant, mechanic, or agriculturist, thus transmutes his experience into intelligence until his will operates with the celerity of instinct. In the order of intellectual development intuition does not precede observation and reflection, but is their last perfection. First, slow steps, cautious examination, comparison, reasoning; then thought and action, swift, sharp, and sure as the lightning.

If the mind thus grows by assimilating external objects, it is plain that the character of the objects it assimilates will determine the form of its development, and its health or disease. Mental health consists in the self-direction of mental power, in the capacity to perceive its own relations to objects and the relations of objects to each other, and to choose those which will conduce to its enlargement and elevation. Disease occurs both when it loses its self-direction and its self-distrust. When it loses its self-direction it surrenders itself to every outward impression; when it loses its self-distrust, it surrenders itself to every inward whim. In the one case it loses all moral and intellectual character, becomes unstrung, sentimental, dissolute, with feebleness at the very heart of its being; in the other, it perversely misconceives and discolours external things, views every object as a mirror of self, and, having no reverence for aught above itself, subsides into a poisonous mass of egotism, conceit, and falsehood.

Thus disease occurs both when the mind loses itself in objects and when objects are lost in it—when it parts with will and when it becomes wilful. The last consequence of will submerged is sensuality, brutality, slavishness; the last consequence of will perverted is Satanic pride. Now it is an almost universal law that the diseased weak, the men of unrestrained appetites, shall become the victims and slaves of the diseased strong, the men of unrestrained wills, and that the result of this relation shall be misery, decay, and death to both. Here is the principle of all slavery, political, intellectual, and religious, in individuals and in communities.

Thus if the primitive principle of mind be simply the capacity to assimilate external objects, and if objects in this process become mind and character, it is obvious that self-direction—the power to choose, to resist, to act in reference to law, and not from the impulse of desire—is the condition of health and enduring strength. Let us now consider how these objects—which may be included under the general terms of nature and other minds—influence for evil or good the individual soul, according as their impulse is blindly followed, wilfully perverted, or genially assimilated.

The objects which have the most power over the mind are probably those in visible nature which refer to appetite and passion. These are continually striving to draw the mind into themselves, to weaken the force at its centre and soul, to reduce it into mere perception and sensation, and to destroy its individual life. The emotion which accompanies this yielding of the mind to death has, with a bitterness of irony never excelled by man or demon, been called pleasure. Now it is a mistake which is apt to vitiate theology, to confound will with wilfulness, and to make destruction of will the condition of rising to God. But will weakened or will destroyed ever goes downward. It delivers itself to sensuality—or to fanaticism, which is the sensuality of the religious sentiment—not to spirituality, not to Deity. A being placed like man among strong and captivating visible objects becomes, the moment he loses self-direction, a slave, in the most terribly comprehensive meaning of that all-annihilating word; and I be-

lieve the doctrine runs not that we are slaves, but children of God.

Will is also often confounded with wilfulness in the metaphysics of that æsthetic criticism which deals with the grandest creations of genius. The highest mood of the mind is declared to be that where it loses its individuality in the objects it contemplates; where it becomes objective and healthy, in distinction from subjective or morbid. This objectiveness is confounded with self-abandonment, and thus causative force is absurdly denied while treating of the soul's creative acts. But it is not by self-abandonment that the far-darting, all-assimilating intellect of genius identifies itself for the moment with its conceptions; it is rather by the sublimest exercise of will and central force. Let us take, in illustration, three poets in an ascending scale of intellectual precedence—Keats, the representative of sensitiveness ; Byron, of wilfulness; Shakespeare, of self-direction. Now in Keats—a mind of immense spontaneous fruitfulness—a certain class of objects take his intellect captive, melt and merge his individual being in themselves, are stronger than he, and hold him in a state of soft diffusion in their own nature. The impression left on the imagination is of sensuous beauty, but spiritual weakness. Then Byron, arrogant, domineering, egotistic, diseased—viewing Nature and man altogether in relation to himself, and spurning the objective laws of things—forces objects, with autocratic insolence, into the shape of his own morbid nature, stamps them with his mark, and leaves the impression of intense, narrow, wilful energy. But Shakespeare, the strongest of creative intellects, and comprehensive because he was strong, passes, by the gigantic force of his will, into the heart of other natures; is sensuous, impassioned, witty, beautiful, sublime, and terrible at pleasure; rises by the same force with which he stoops; in his most prodigious exertions of energy ever observes laws instead of obeying caprice; comprehends all his creations without being comprehended by them; and comes out at the end, not Falstaff, or Faulconbridge, or Hamlet, or Timon, or Lear, or Perdita, but Shakespeare, the beneficent and august intellect which includes them all. The difference between him

and other poets is that, in virtue of passing into another life by force of will, not by being drawn in by force of the object, he could escape from it with ease, and proceed to animate other existences, thus keeping his mind constantly assimilating and working with Nature. Keats was drawn into his particular class of objects, and could not get out. Byron drew objects into himself, and then poisoned them by capriciously distorting and discolouring their essential character. Keats would have stayed with Perdita; Byron, with Timon.

Let us next consider, in further illustration of our theme, those potent forces which come, through history, through literature, and through social communion, from other minds, and from whose action a continual stream of influences is pouring in upon the individual soul. Those which proceed from society, to benefit or corrupt, are so obvious that it is needless to emphasize their power. Look around any community, and you find it dotted over with men, marked and ticketed as not belonging to themselves, but to some other man, from whom they take their literature, their politics, their religion. They are willing captives of a stronger nature; feed on his life as though it were miraculous manna rained from heaven; complacently parade his name as an adjective to point out their own; and give wonderful pertinence to that nursery rhyme, whose esoteric depth irradiates even its exoteric expression:

"Whose dog are you?
I am Billy Patton's dog;
Whose dog are you?"

This social servility, as seen in its annual harvest of dwindled souls, abject in everything, from the tie of a neckcloth to the points of a creed, is a sufficiently strong indication of the tyranny which a few forcible persons can establish in any of our "free and enlightened" communities; but perhaps a more subtle influence than that which proceeds from social relations comes from that abstract and epitome of the whole mind of the whole world which we find in history and literature. Here the thought and action of the race are brought home to the individual intelligence; and the danger is, that we make what should

be our emancipation an instrument of servitude, fall a victim to one author or one age, and lose the power of learning from many minds, by sinking into the contented vassal of one; and end, at last, in an intellectual resemblance to that gentleman who only knew two tunes, "one of which," he said, "was 'Old Hundred,' and the other—wasn't." The danger to individuality in reading is not that we repeat an author's opinions or expressions, but that we be magnetized by his spirit to the extent of being drawn into his stronger life, and losing our particular being. Now no man is benefited by being conquered; and the most modest might say to the mightiest—to Homer, to Dante, to Milton, to Goethe—"Keep off, gentlemen—not so near, if you please; you can do me vast service provided you do not swallow me up; my personal being is small, but allow me to say of it, as Touchstone said of Audrey, his wife, 'A poor thing, sir, but mine own.'"

Indeed, we can never fully realize and reverence a great nature, never grow through a reception of his spirit, unless we keep our individuality distinct from his. In the case of a large and diseased mind, the caution becomes more important. The most popular poet of the present century is so in consequence of the weakness of his readers, who are not so much his pupils as his slaves. Byron, in virtue of his superior force, breaks into their natures, so to speak—passes into the very core of their moral and intellectual being—makes them live, in thought, his life—Byronizes them; and the result of the conquest is a horde of minor Byrons, with their thin dilutions of misanthropy and licentiousness, not half so good as the original Peter and John they have delivered up. "It was nae great head in itsel'," said the old Scotchwoman as that of Duke Hamilton rolled from the block, "but it was a sair loss to him." In view of the enfeebling and corrupting influence exercised by a morbid nature, one is reminded of the anecdote told of Whitefield, the preacher. A drunkard once reeled up to him with the remark, "Mr. Whitefield, I am one of your converts." "I think it very likely," was the reply, "for I am sure you are none of God's."

The truth probably is that the fallacies on this subject

of will and personality, in matters pertaining both to intellect and morals, have their source in man's hatred to work, to the independent exercise of power; accordingly, he tries, cunningly enough, to ignore the fact that work is the law by which the mind grows, and affects reverie, the opium eating of the intellect, and calls it thinking. Theology and philosophy are both apt to be pervaded by a kind of pantheism, in which the perfection of our nature is represented to consist in merging the soul in universal being, and its heaven a state where it loses itself in a sea of delicious sensations. It is needless to add that many realize a tolerable heaven of their kind—on earth.

Passing from the individual to the community, let us now survey the two forms of mental disease, self-worship and self-abandonment, as expressed in the history of states. A nation is no more a mere collection of individuals than an individual is a mere collection of faculties. It has a national life, more or less peculiar in its features, and subject to disease and decay; and of this national life its form of civilization is the embodiment. Now in the earlier ages of the world, in the childhood of humanity, the characteristic form of mental disease is feebleness of personal being, and the consequent absorption of the individual in surrounding objects. He deifies and worships every form and expression of external power, perceiving a god, audible or visible, in every outward force. He is, of course, the natural prey of craft, ferocity, and tyranny, and his weakness is perverted into a besotted superstition, and a worship even of beasts and inanimate idols. Such were the myriads of that dark Egypt which looms so gloomily up above the clouds of oblivion, the very image of disease and death. The civilization of India had the same inherent weakness—the popular mythology, a medley of picturesque brutalities; the learned philosophy, a dreamy pantheism, wasting and withering the primitive springs of action, its first principle the immersion of the individual soul in the infinite. India fell by a law as certain as gravitation before the ferocity of Mohammedan conquest, and the Mohammedan conquerors as certainly before the energy of England.

The civilization of the Asiatics, indeed, was a sys-

tematized anarchy of wretchedness and rapine—a monstrous agglomeration, representing a despot, a priesthood, and a huddled mass of human creatures with slave written upon and burned into their inmost being. The vices of the tyrant are caprice, self-exaggeration, defiance of restraint; the vices of the slave are falsehood, poltroonery, and sensuality; and a national life composed of such elements, demoniacal vices on the one hand, and abject vices on the other, must sink into imbecility, and totter to the tomb.

In passing from the simple forms of Asiatic life to the complex civilization of Greece, a more difficult problem presents itself. The Greek mind, with its combination of energy and objectiveness, its open sense to all the influences of Nature, its wonderful adaptation to philosophy, and art, and arms—where, it may be asked, can you detect disease in that? The answer to this question is fortunately partly contained in the statement of a fact. Greek civilization is dead; the Greek mind died out more than two thousand years ago; a race of heroes declined into a race of sycophants, sophists, and slaves; and no galvanic action of modern sympathy has ever yet convulsed it into even a resemblance of its old life. Now if it died, it must have died of disease; for nothing else has power to kill a nation. In considering the causes of the decay of a national mind so orderly, comprehensive, and creative as the Greek, we must keep steadily prominent the fact that it began in Satanic energy, and that it is a universal law that this energy in the end consumes itself. Perhaps the history of the Greek mind is best read in the characteristics of its three great dramatists—sublime and wilful in Æschylus, beautiful in Sophocles, sentimental in Euripides. The Greek deified man, first as an object of religion, then as an object of art. Now as it is a consequence of high culture that a superstition, having its source in human passions, shall subside from a religion into an art, the Greek became atheistical as he grew intelligent. He had, so to speak, a taste for divinities, but no belief in them. He acknowledged nothing higher than his own mind; waxed measurelessly proud and conceited; worshipped, in fact, himself. He had opinions on morals,

but he assimilated no moral ideas. Now the moment he became an atheist, the moment he ceased to rise above himself, he began to decay. The strength at the heart of a nation, which keeps it alive, must either grow or dwindle; and, after a certain stage in its progress, it can only grow by assimilating moral and religious truth. Moral corruption, which is the result of wilful energy, eats into the very substance and core of intellectual life. Energy, it is true, is requisite to all greatness of soul; but the energy of health, while it has the strength and fearlessness of Prometheus chained to the rock, or Satan buffeting the billows of fire, is also meek, aspiring, and reverential. Its spirit is that of the stout old martyr, who told the trembling brethren of the faith who clustered around his funeral pyre, that if his soul was serene in its last struggle with death, he would lift up his hands to them as a sign. They watched, with tremulous eagerness, the fierce element as it swept along and over his withered frame, and, in the awful agonies of that moment when he was encircled with fire, and wholly hidden from their view, two thin hands quivered up above fagot and flame and closed in the form of prayer.

In the Greek mind the wilful element took the form of conceit rather than pride, and it is therefore in the civilization of Rome that we must seek for the best expression of the power and the weakness of Satanic passion. The myth which declares its founders to have been suckled by a wolf aptly symbolizes that base of ferocity and iron will on which its colossal dominion was raised. The Roman mind, if we look at it in relation to its all-conquering courage and intelligence, had many sublime qualities; but pride—hard, fierce, remorseless, invulnerable pride—and contempt of right, was its ruling characteristic. It existed just as long as it had power to crush opposition. But avarice, licentiousness, effeminacy, the whole brood of the abject vices, are sure at last to fasten on the conqueror, humbling his proud will, and turning his strength into weakness. The heart of that vast empire was ulcerated long before it fell. The sensuality of a Mark Antony is a more frightful thing than the sensuality of a savage; and when self-abandonment thus succeeds to self-worship,

and men are literally given over to their lusts, a state of society exists which, in its demoniacal contempt of restraint, sets all description at defiance. The irruption of barbarian energy into that worn-out empire—the fierce horde of savages that swept in a devouring flame over its plains and cities—we view with something of the grim satisfaction with which an old Hebrew might have surveyed the ingulfing of Pharaoh and his host in the waters of the Red Sea.

In the dark ages which succeeded the overthrow of the Roman Empire modern civilization had its birth; and with those ages it is still connected by an organic bond. This civilization is the most complex that ever existed. If we pass back to its youth, we find in it two grand leading principles of order and disorder, of health and disease, whose contact, collision, and union almost constitute its history. These are the feudal system and the Christian Church. Now feudalism is the embodiment of Satanic pride. Its will is its law. It does everything it has power to do, without regard to the judgment of Heaven or earth. It plants its iron heel firm upon the weak, and lifts its iron front firm upon the strong, and says, in its pitiless valour, "What I obtained by force take by force if you can." I speak not of the feudalism of romance, but of history; not as we find it in Miss Porter's novels, but as we find it in the pages of Froissart and Monstrelet, of Michelet and Thierry. Feudalism as a fact was a cruel and remorseless oligarchy, in which a horde of independent barons, acknowledging allegiance to a central power in the state, but nullifying the decisions of that power at their own pleasure, wielded a merciless dominion over a nation of serfs. Now this relation of master and slave, this division of tyranny into many parts, and making each man a tyrant in his own domain, is the devil's own contrivance for ruining both the oppressor and the oppressed. It corrupts, corrodes, and consumes the inmost principle of national life. Accordingly, the chronicles of the middle ages teem with crimes which almost realize a good-natured man's idea of the bottomless pit. Hatred, rapine, revenge, lust, blasphemy—all those ferocious and suicidal vices which slowly consume the vigour whence they spring—rage and

revel there, with that peculiar demoniacal scorn of restraint which characterizes the brutalities of a spiritual being. The popular insurrections of the period reveal, as by a flash of lightning, the condition of that vaunted society where capital owns labour. For a moment you see the serf burst his bonds, pass from the brute into the maniac, and rush into the insanest excesses of licentiousness; and then comes the mailed baron, cool, collected, ruthless in his ferocity, trampling him down again with the diabolical malignity of inhuman strength. But hatred indulged to inferiors eventually generates hatred to equals, and poisons at last the domestic relation itself. The unnatural crimes which blacken the annals of so many families, ironically styled noble—father arrayed against son, brother against brother, and murder staining the very hearth-stones of the baronial castle—are but the final results of pampered self-will, conducting us into the black depths of minds, in whom hatred and moody pride have extinguished the last instinct to which reverence can cling.

Still, you may contend, in these old barons there dwelt a tremendous force. True: but was it durable? Who are their descendants? Mere weaklings in comparison with the descendants of their former serfs. Where is their system? Why, its fossil remains blew up not eighteen months ago, and a wondering people, who had long been scared by its frowning looks, found it to be a mere miserable shell and sham, its life and substance all eaten away —" self-fed and self-consumed."

But side by side with this feudalism was established the Christian Church. Thus pandemonium and heaven were both, so to speak, organized on earth; acted and reacted on each other, and passed into each other's life. The consequence of this mixture of principles was that the Church was corrupted, and feudalism improved, eventually to be destroyed. There was at least the recognition of something higher than man, something which the soul might reverence. This was the salvation of modern society, as it continually poured into veins, shrunken and withered by moral evil, some rills of moral life. The leading characteristic, however, of religion, at the period

of which we are speaking, consisted in its being an opinion or a fanaticism. The feudal baron would have been shocked had you called him an atheist, even while performing acts and pampering passions which are the essence of atheism, for he held to Christianity as an opinion; and when some overpowering calamity broke down his stubborn will, and remorse fixed its fangs upon his heart, he was as liable as the most slavish of his serfs to be swept away in a torrent of fanaticism. But this fanaticism, though itself a disease, and representing a will in ruins rather than a character built up, is still a reaction against pride, and limits the ravages of moral evil, as physical suffering limits unbridled appetites.

Now, if we examine modern history with a view to observe the working of the religious element in its events —watching this element as it mingles with the harsher qualities of that mass of humanity of whose life it forms a part—we can not fail to notice its agency in every great social convulsion which has saved modern civilization from the death of the ancient, and saved it by toppling down the institutions in which its social disease had come to a head. But we shall also see that each reform and revolution has partaken of the corruption of the community in which it originated; has been but an inadequate expression of moral force; and has exhibited unmistakable signs of the Satanic element blended with its beneficent purpose. In short, modern civilization, in regard to its life, is a corrupted Christianity. It has opinions more or less true, but it has imperfectly assimilated truth. It assents to perfect doctrines, but it lives a kind of Christian diabolism. Consequently, all the great movements of the European mind have been but fits of splendid fanaticism, followed by reactions toward apathy; and have indicated little more than the desperate moral disease they partially eradicated. The Crusades, the Reformation, the English Revolutions of 1640 and 1688, the French Revolutions of 1789 and 1848, all prove that a community can not lift itself by a convulsive throe above the high-water mark of its practical life. Its contortions are signs of vitality, but of vitality struggling with death. There has been progress in European society, if we reckon it not by years but cen-

turies; but it has been a progress marked by jerks rather than by steps. It has not yet arrived at that degree of spiritual force, that momentum of moral energy, which is the condition of healthy motion—of steady, temperate, determined, onward, ever onward movement. At the present time it presents no spectacle of order, but rather of disorder after stagnation. Peace it does not deserve, and peace it will not obtain. Repose is harmonious activity, the top and crown of the highest force, leaning for support on eternal laws; not that sultry and sluggish apathy which lazily welters in fleeting expedients. The legitimist, who would establish apathy under the forms of monarchy; the agrarian, who would establish apathy under the forms of communism, are both mistaking immobility for order, and seeking material happiness through intellectual death. Comfort is the god of this world, but comfort it will never obtain by making it an object.

In considering the national life of our own country, I would wish to treat it neither in the style of a Jeremiad, nor in the style of a Fourth-of-July oration. Our national life is peculiar, not only as a composite formed from an imperfect fusion of different races, but it is open to influences from all ages and all times. Though a civilization may die, it leaves imperishable records of itself in history and in literature, and these, after the nation itself is dead, become living and active agents in moulding the natures of all with whom they come in contact. Accordingly, as everybody here reads or listens, India, Greece, and Rome, as well as Germany, France, and England, rush into our national life through a thousand conductors—their diseased as well as healthy elements becoming objects which we assimilate, and which palpably affect our conduct. The conceit of Greece, the pride of Rome, the arrogance of feudal Europe, speak and act in America to-day from the lips and in the lives of democrat and moneycrat, of philanthropist and misanthrope. The national life, in short, is to a certain extent diseased, and our people more or less believe in the capital error that they can thrive by selfishness, injustice, and energy unregulated by law.

This wilful element is so modified by institutions, that in the Northerner it appears as conceit, in the Southerner

as pride. Both doubtless possess great virtues, but as both are sufficiently well acquainted with that fact, let us here dwell ungraciously on the vices of each. The leading defect of the Yankee consists in the gulf which separates his moral opinions from his moral principles. His talk about virtue in the abstract would pass as sound in a nation of saints, but he still contrives that his interests shall not suffer by the rigidity of his maxims. He goes, so to speak, for the linen decencies of sin; and the Evil One, being an accommodating personage, will as readily appear in satin slippers as in cloven hoofs. Your true Yankee, indeed, has a spruce, clean, Pecksniffian way of doing a wrong, which is inimitable. He passes resolutions declaring himself the most moral and religious man in the land, and then, with the solemn strut of an Alsatian hero, proceeds to the practical business of life. Believing, after a certain fashion, in justice and retribution, he still thinks that a sly, shrewd, keen, supple gentleman like himself, can dodge, in a quiet way, the moral laws of the universe, without any particular pother being made about it. He is a self-admiration society in one. He will never be first in a scheme of rapine; but, once drawn in, to him, as to Macbeth, returning is as tedious as to go on. If you ask his opinion about a recent war, he will put on a moral face, declare bloodshed to be an exceedingly naughty business, and roll off a series of resounding schoolboy commonplaces, as though he expected a choir of descending angels had paused in mid air to hear and be edified; but then, he adds with a compromising chuckle, that it was an amazingly bright thing though, that whipping of the Mexicans! Here it is—he really believes in whipping the weak. He loves energy in itself, apart from the purposes which make energy beneficent; and as he is apt to deem his intelligence appropriately employed in preying on those who have less, his practical philosophy has sometimes found vent in that profound and elegant maxim—"Every one for himself, and Satan catch the hindmost." True, Satan does catch the hindmost, but all history teaches that in the end he catches the foremost also.

But, I think I hear you ask, what say you of our philanthropy? Certainly nothing here as to its beneficent

action, but a word as to its diseased aspect. It is to be feared that our benevolence is more opinion than life, and, accordingly, it is apt to degenerate into sentimentality or malice; to be mere inoffensively ineffective primer morality and elegant recreation of conscience, or morose, snappish, and snarling invective; in other words, to lack will, or to be wilful. In a community whose life is in any way diseased, it is difficult for the best men to escape the ruling contagion; to oppose an evil without catching it; to war with the devil without using the devil's own weapons.

But perhaps the chief Satanic element in our national life comes from the South. There, in the "full tide" of unsuccessful "experiment," is a feudal system, modified by modern humanity, but modified also by modern thrift. The feudal baron did not sell his serfs. Now, this peculiar institution has one vital evil which alone would ruin any country outside of Adam's paradise—it makes labour disreputable. But it is bad in every respect, corrupting the life both of master and slave; and it will inevitably end, if allowed to work out its own damnation, in a storm of fire and blood, or in mental and moral sterility and death. Looking at it, not sentimentally or shrewishly, much less with any mean feeling of local exultation, but simply with the eye of reason—what is it but a rude and shallow system of government, which has been tried over and over again, and exploded over and over again, the mere cast-off nonsense of extinct civilizations, bearing on its front the sign of being a more stupid blunder than it is a crime? Now, we can sympathize with a person who has had the gout transmitted to him, the only legacy of a loving father; but that a man should go deliberately to work, bottle in hand, to establish the gout in his own system, is an absurdity which touches the Quixotic in diabolism. Yet this, or something like to this, has been gravely proposed, and some of our Southern brethren have requested us to aid in the ludicrously iniquitous work. No; we should say to these gentlemen, If you have a taste for the ingenuities of mischief, plant, if you will, on your new territory, small-pox and typhus fever, plant plague, cholera, and pestilence, but refrain, if not from common honesty,

at least from common intelligence, from planting a moral disease infinitely more destructive, and which will make the world shake with laughter or execrations, according as men consider the madness of its folly, or the brazen impudence of its guilt.

In these remarks on Intellectual Disease I have referred all along, negatively at least, to intellectual health. We have seen that this health consists neither in the self-abandonment of the sensitively weak, nor the self-worship of the wilfully strong. A few words more, to guard against some possible misconceptions. Self-direction of mental power, which has been assumed as the condition of healthy mind, is the only possible means of self-devotion, of self-sacrifice, of rising above self. It indicates a mind serene, cheerful, hopeful, courageous, ever active, ever aspiring, with reverence for all above itself, and genial love, not bitter contempt, for all below. But I might well be accused of shallow philosophy did I leave the subject here. Mind, it is true, is free spiritual force, but it is inscrutably dependent on the force which created it. It is a cause, but a limited cause; a power, constituted such by an Infinite Power; and it grows mightier as it ascends to its source. In this connection, let me not presume to speak, but call witnesses from the mountain peaks and pinnacles of intellect—beings who rose thither in virtue of an amazing force directed upward—that they may testify to their deep sense of this mysterious dependence. Thus Newton closes the greatest work of pure science which ever came from the mind of man, with an affecting thanksgiving to that Infinite Intelligence who bestowed the power which produced it. Thus Spenser, with his exhaustless opulence of fanciful creation, and burning sense of the loveliness of things, can still find in the world of Nature and the world of imagination no fit symbols of the vision which haunts his soul, until it is lifted up in a "Hymn to Heavenly Beauty." Thus Milton, in whom glowed a spirit that braved every storm of fortune and spurned every touch of fear, from whose brow glanced harmless the thunders of dominant hierarchies, and who, opposed to unnatural persecution adamantine will, still never "soared in the high reason of his fancies, with his

garland and singing robes about him," without first, in his own divine words, " pouring out his soul in devout prayer to that Eternal Spirit, who can enrich with all utterance and knowledge, and sends out his seraphim, with the hallowed fire of his altar, to touch and purify the lips of whom he pleases." And from one of England's most curious and not least skeptical of intellects, a deep and prying inquirer into the mysteries of his consciousness, comes that burst of mournful rapture, which has awed and thrilled every soul in which it has entered, that " there is a common spirit which plays within us yet makes no part of us, the spirit of God, the fire and scintillation of that noble and mighty essence which is the life and radical heat of all minds; and," he adds, " whosoever feels not the warm breath and gentle ventilation of this spirit (though I feel his pulse), I can not say he lives; for, truly, without this, to me there is no heat under the tropic, and no light, though I dwelt in the very body of the sun."

HINDRANCES TO SPIRITUAL GROWTH

BY

JOHN CAMPBELL SHAIRP

JOHN CAMPBELL SHAIRP was born in Scotland, July 30, 1819. He was graduated in 1844 at Oxford, where he took high honours, and from 1846 to 1857 was Master at Rugby. He then became Professor of Latin at St. Andrews, and in 1868 succeeded to the principalship. He was Professor of Poetry at Oxford from 1877 till he died, September 18, 1885. His love of his native land was so intense that he considered any summer wasted if it was not spent in Scotland. He enjoyed the friendship and confidence of many eminent men, and is described as a most genial and lovable character. He wrote many fugitive poems, which had their admirers, and several volumes of essays, including "Studies in Poetry and Philosophy," "Culture and Religion in some of their Relations," "The Poetic Interpretation of Nature," and "Sketches in History and Poetry." His studies of Wordsworth and Coleridge are especially valuable.

HINDRANCES TO SPIRITUAL GROWTH

IT has often happened that when the sons of a family, after having been for some sessions at college, have returned to their own homes, bursars, or scholars, or M. A.'s with honours, the family have felt that somehow they were changed, had lost their old simple natures, and for this loss college learning and distinctions seemed but a poor substitute. This, however, may be only a temporary result of severe mental tension and seclusion. When the bow has been for a time unstrung, the unnaturalness passes, and the native, simple self reappears.

But I have known other stories than these. I have heard of devout and self-denying parents, working late and early, and stinting themselves to send their sons to college, and in sending them their fond hope was that these young men would return stored with knowledge and wisdom, and be able to help their parents in those religious subjects on which their hearts were most set. Such hopes, we may trust, have many times been realized. But one has heard of cases which had another issue. A young man has come home, after a college course, acute, logical, speculative, full of the newest views, prating of high matters, scientific and philosophical, a very prodigy of enlightenment. But that on which early piety had fed was forsaken, the old reverence was gone, and the parents saw, with helpless sorrow, that their son had chosen for himself a far other road than that on which they were travelling, and in which they had hoped he would travel with them.

It is a common tale, one which has often been repeated, but none the less pathetic for that. It brings before us the collision that often occurs when newly awakened intellect first meets with early faith. No one

who has observed men ever so little but must know something, either through his own experience or from watching others, of these travail-pangs that often accompany the birth of thought.

The special trial of each spirit lies in that very field in which his strength and activity are put forth. The temptation of the busy trader does not consist in mental questionings, but in the tendency to inordinate love of gain. The æsthetic spirit finds its trial, not in coarse pleasures, but in the temptation to follow beauty exclusively, and to turn effeminately from duty and self-denial. And in like manner the student or man of letters will most likely find his trial in dealing rightly with the intellectual side of things, giving to it its due place, and not more. What are some of the difficulties and temptations which the student is apt to meet with, and which may be the best way to deal with them?—this is the subject which will engage us today. Before entering on it, however, let me say distinctly that I do not believe that painful questionings and violent mental convulsions are an ordeal which all thoughtful persons must needs pass through. So far from this, some of the finest spirits, those whose vision is most intuitive and penetrating, are the most exempt from such anxious soul-travail. Indeed, I believe that there is no such safeguard against the worst consequences of such perplexities as a heart that is pure, humble, and "at leisure from itself." In the words of a modern divine, one well known at the present time, both as an upholder of freedom of inquiry, and also as a religious and devoted man:

"There are some who are never troubled with doubts at all. They live so heavenly a life that doubts and perplexities fall off their minds without fastening. They find enough in their faith to feed their spiritual life. They do not need to inquire into the foundations of their belief, they are inspired by a power within their hearts. The heavenly side of all truths is so clear to them that any doubts about the human form of it are either unintelligible or else at once rejected. They grow in knowledge by quiet, steady increase of light, without any intervals of darkness and difficulty. This is the most blessed state—that of those who can believe without the evidence either

of sense or of laboured argument. There are such minds. There are those to whom the inward proof is everything. They believe not on the evidence of their senses, or of their mere reason, but on that of their consciences and hearts. Their spirits within them are so attuned to the truth that the moment it is presented to them they accept it at once. And this is certainly the higher state, the more blessed, the more heavenly."

These are they who have always rejoiced in a serene, unclouded vision till they are taken home. And we have known such.

Let none, therefore, pique themselves on having doubts and questionings on religious subjects, as if it were a fine thing to have them, proving them to be intellectual athletes, and entitling them to look down on those who are free from them as inferior persons, less mentally gifted. For there is a higher state than their own—there is a purer atmosphere, which has been breathed by persons of as strong intellect as themselves, but of a finer spirit. But such is not the state of all thoughtful men. There are many who when they reach the reasoning age find themselves in the midst of many difficulties, hedged in with "perplexities which they can not explain to themselves, much less to others, and no one to help them." They are afraid to tell their sad heart-secrets to others, and especially to their elders, lest they find no sympathy. And so they are tempted to shut them up within their own breasts, and brood over them till they get morbid and magnify their difficulties out of all proportion to their reality. In the case of such persons it becomes a serious question how they should be advised to treat the difficulties that occur to them. On the one hand, while they are not to make little questions of great consequence, neither must they make grave questions and perplexities of little consequence. They are to be told that while all doubts are painful, all are not necessarily wrong. For some are natural, born of honesty, and, when rightly dealt with, have often ere now become the birth-pangs of larger knowledge—the straits through which men passed to clearer light. There are, on the other hand, doubts which are sinful, born of levity, irreverence, and self-conceit, or of a hard

and perverted conscience. To determine to which class any particular mental perplexities belong is not easy for a man even in his own case; much more is it difficult, nay, impossible, for us to read the mental state of another, and pronounce judgment on it. The fact that some doubts are not sinless, that they may arise out of the state of a man's spirit, suggests to every one cautiousness and self-scrutiny. This is a work which no man can do for his brother. Each man must take his own difficulties into the light of conscience and of God, and there deal with them honestly yet humbly, seeking to be guided aright. For the spirit of a man is a very delicate instrument, which, if it be distorted out of its natural course, this way or that, by prejudice or interest or double-dealing on the one hand, or foolhardiness and self-confidence on the other, may never perhaps in this life recover its equilibrium.

I should be loath to seem to trespass either on the speculative field of the theological professor, or on the practical one of the Christian minister. But, without doing either, there is room enough for offering such suggestions as have been gathered from a number of years not unobservant of what has been going on in that border land where faith and knowledge meet. To young and ardent spirits the wrestling with hard questions on the very verge of human knowledge has a wonderful fascination. They throw themselves fearlessly into the abyss, and think that they shall be able to dive down to depths hitherto unsounded. Problems that have baffled the world's best thinkers will, they fancy, yield up to them their secret. Yet these things "do take a sober colouring" from eyes which have seen too many young men, some of them the finest spirits of our time, setting forth in over-confidence in their own powers, imagining that they were sufficient to meet all difficulties, and coming before long to mournful shipwreck. When experience has impressed us with the full importance of the mental tendencies for good and for evil which often begin at college, who would not be earnestly disposed to turn his experience, if he might, to the help of those younger than himself, at that interesting time of life when they most need help, and often least find it? But then there comes upon

the mind the conviction that this is an issue wherein, in the last resort, no one can bear his brother's burden. All that we can do is to suggest certain dangers to which the student is from the nature of his occupations peculiarly exposed, and to leave it to each for himself to apply what is said conscientiously, according as he feels that it bears on his need.

The first hindrance I will notice is one which arises out of the very nature of mental cultivation. If there is one thing which more than another distinguishes a well-trained mind, it is the power of thinking clearly, of dividing with a sharp line between its knowledge and its ignorance. One of the best results of a logical and also of a scientific discipline is that it leads us to form definite, clearly cut conceptions of things. Indeed, this power of limiting, defining, making a ὅρος or bound round each object you think of, and thus making them thinkable, is of the very essence of thought. For what is all thought but a rescuing, a cutting off by the mind's inherent power of bounding, objects from out the vague and undefined? But this quality of all thought, which in trained thought is raised to a higher power, while it constitutes mental strength, contains also its own weakness, or rather limitation. Clearly defined knowledge is mainly of things we see. All find it much easier to form definite conceptions of objects of the outer sense than of objects of the inner sense—to conceive clearly things we see, hear, and touch, than those thoughts which have not any outward object corresponding to them. If thoughts are difficult adequately to grasp, much more are emotions—with their infinite complexity, their evanescent shades. But each man gains a power of realizing and firmly conceiving those things he habitually deals with, and not other things. The man whose training has lain exclusively in physics, accurately conceives physical forces, however subtle, and can lay down their relations to each other; but then he will probably be comparatively weak in apprehending subtleties of thought and mental relations. Again, the mere logician, while strong to grasp logical distinctions, will generally be found comparatively at sea when he has to

catch the imaginative aspects of things, and fix evanescent hues of feeling. This takes something of the poetic faculty. Each man is strong in that he is trained in, weak in other regions—so much so that often the objects there seem to him non-existent.

Now the scientific mind and the logical mind, when turned toward the supersensible world, are apt to find the same difficulty, only in a much greater degree, as they find in dealing with objects of imagination, or with pure emotions. Whoever has tried to think steadily at all on religious subjects must be aware of this difficulty. When we look upward, and try to think of God and of the soul's relation to him, we are apt to feel as if we had stepped out into a world in which the understanding finds little or no firm footing. We can not present to ourselves these truths adequately, and as they really are. Therefore we are under the necessity of " substituting anthropomorphic conceptions, determined by accidents of place and time, to speak of God as dwelling above, to attribute a before and an after to the Divine thought." With these feeble adumbrations, which are the nearest approaches to the reality we can make, the devout mind is content, feeling them to be full of meaning. But the scientific and the logical mind often feels great difficulty in being content with these. It craves more exactness of outline, and is tempted to reject as non-existent things which it can not subject to the laws of thought to which it is accustomed —in fact, to limit the orb of belief to the orb of exact knowledge. Mere adumbrations of spiritual realities are an offence to the mind that will accept only scientific exactness. The falsity of this way of reasoning has been well exposed by Coleridge, where he protests against " the application of deductive and conclusive logic to subjects concerning which the premises are expressed in not merely inadequate but accommodated terms. But to conclude terms proper and adèquate from quasific and mendicant premises is illogical logic with a vengeance. Water can not rise higher than its source, neither can human reasoning."

The fact is, those root-truths, on which the foundations of our being rest, are apprehended not logically at

all, but mystically. This faculty of spiritual apprehension, which is a very different one from those which are trained in schools and colleges, must be educated and fed, not less but more carefully than our lower faculties, else it will be starved and die, however learned or able in other respects we may become. And the means which train it are reverent thought, meditation, prayer, and all those other means by which the divine life is fed.

But because the primary truths of religion refuse to be caught in the grip of the logical vice—because they are, as I said, transcendent, and only mystically apprehended—are thinking men therefore either to give up these objects as impossible to think about, or to content themselves with a vague religiosity, and unreal sentimentalism? Not so. There are certain veritable facts of consciousness to which religion makes its appeal. These the thinking man must endeavour to apprehend with as much definiteness as their nature admits of—must verify them by his own inward experience, and by the recorded experience of the most religious men. And there are other facts outside of our consciousness and above it, which are revealed that they may fit into and be taken up by those needs of which we are conscious. Rightly to apprehend them, so that we shall make them our own inwardly, so that they shall supplement, deepen, and expand our moral perceptions, not contradict and traverse them, this is no easy work. It is the work of the reflective side of the religious life. But when all is done, it will still remain, that in the whole process intellect or the mere understanding is but a subordinate agent, and must be kept so. The primary agent, on our side, is that power of spiritual apprehension which we know under many names, none perhaps better than those old ones, "the hearing ear, the understanding heart." The main condition is that the spiritual ear should be open to overhear and patiently take in, and the will ready to obey, that testimony which, I believe, God bears in every human heart, however dull, to those great truths which the Bible reveals. This, and not logic, is the way to grow in religious knowledge, to know that the truths of religion are not shadows, but deep realities.

Akin to the desire for exact conceptions is the desire for system. The longing to systematize, to form a completely rounded theory of the universe, which shall embrace all known facts, and assign to each its proper place, this craving lies deep in the intellectual man. It is at the root of science and of philosophy in its widest sense; out of it has arisen the whole fabric of exact and scientific knowledge. But this, like other good tendencies, may be overdone, and become rash and one-sided. From this impulse, too hastily carried out, arise such theories of life as that of Professor Huxley, which was discussed in a former lecture. It is this that gives to positivism the charm it has for many energetic minds. It seems such gain to reach a comprehensive, all-embracing point of view from which all knowledge shall be seen mapped out, every object and science falling into its proper place, and all uncertainty, all cloudy horizons, rigorously shut out. To many minds, nothing seems too great a price to pay for this. And to secure it they have to pay a great price. They have to cut off unsparingly all the ragged rims of knowledge, to exclude from view the whole borderland between the definitely conceived and the dimly apprehended, the very region in which the main difficulties of thought peculiarly lie. They have to shut their eyes to all those phenomena, often the most interesting, which they can not locate. But though such systematizers exclude them from their system, they can not exclude them from reality. There they remain rooted all the same, whether we recognise them or not. Shut them out as you may, they will, in spite of all theories, reappear, cropping out in human history and in human consciousness. Now it so happens that of these facts which refuse to be systematized, a large part, but by no means all, arise out of man's religious nature. The existence of evil, manifesting itself in man's consciousness as the sense of sin, or estrangement from God, recovery from this, not by any power evolved from man's own resources, but by a power which descended from above, when " heaven opened itself anew to man's long-alienated race "—these, and all the facts they imply, are, and always have been, a stumbling-block to those who are bent on a rounded system. Hence every age, and this age pre-

eminently, has seen attempts to resolve Christianity into a natural product. Because it enters into all things human, and moulds them to itself, the attempt is made to account for it by the joint action of those spiritual elements which pre-existed in human nature. Such attempts Christianity has for eighteen centuries withstood, and will withstand till the end. The idea of a power coming down from a higher sphere to work in and renew the natural forces of humanity must always be repugnant to any mode of thought which makes a complete system the first necessity. No doubt the craving for a system is a deep instinct of the purely intellectual man, but it is a very different thing from the craving for rightness with God, which is the prime instinct of the spiritual man. When once awakened, the spiritual faculty for outgoes all systems, scientific, philosophic, or theological, and apprehends and lives by truths which these can not reduce to system.

Again, there is another way in which thought seems often to get caught in its own meshes, and so fall short of the highest truth. There is a tendency, not peculiar to the present day, though very prevalent now, to rest in law, whether in the natural or moral world, and to shrink from going beyond it up to God. There are those who think that when science has ascended to the most general uniformities of sequence and coexistence, then knowledge has reached its limit, and all beyond is mere conjecture. To this I will not reply, in the old phrase, about a law and a lawgiver, for this to some seems a play on words. But one thing, often said before, must be repeated. This supposed necessity to rest in the perception of ordered phenomena is no necessity at all, but an artificial and arbitrarily imposed limitation, against which thought left to its natural action rebels. It is impossible for any reflective mind, not dominated by a system, to regard the ordered array of physical forces, and to rest satisfied with this order, without going on to ask whence it came, what placed it there. Thought can not be kept back, when it sees arrangement, from asking what is the arranging power; when it sees existence, from inquiry how it came to exist. And the question is a natural and legiti-

mate one, in spite of all that phenomenalism may say against it, and it will not cease to be asked while there are reasoning men to ask it.

The same habit of mind is fain, in moral subjects, to rest in moral law. But, if we look closely at reality, what are moral law, moral order, but abstractions generalized from facts felt and observed by all men? They are not self-subsisting entities, such as our own personality is. And a living will would be justified in refusing allegiance to a mere abstraction, however high or seemingly imperative, if there was nothing behind it. It is because moral law is but a condensed expression for the energy of, shall I say, a higher personality, or something greater, more living, more all-encompassing, than personality, that it comes home to us with the power it does.

These are but a few of the more obvious ways in which our intellectual habits may, and often do, become a hindrance instead of a help toward spiritual progress. There are many other ways, more subtle and hard to deal with, some of which I had intended to notice. But for to-day you have probably had enough of abstractions. And what remains of our time must be given to more practical considerations.

Religious men are always trying to set forth in defence of their faith demonstrations which shall be irrefragable. This is natural, nor do I say that it is altogether unwise. For as facts and doctrines form the intellectual outworks of faith, historical criticism must make good the one, sound philosophy must so far warrant the other. But when all that argument can do has been done, it still remains true that the best and most convincing grounds of faith will still remain behind unshaped into argument. There is a great reserve fund of conviction arising from the increased experience which Christian men have of the truth of what they believe. And this can not be beat out into syllogisms. It is something too inward, too personal, too mystical, to be set forth so. It is not on that account the less real and powerful. Indeed, it may be said that once felt it is the most self-evidencing of all proofs. This is what Coleridge said: "If you wish to be assured of the truth of Christianity, try it." "Believe, and if thy belief

be right, that insight which gradually transmutes faith into knowledge will be the reward of thy belief." To be vitally convinced of the truth of "the process of renewal described by Scripture, a man must put himself within that process." His own experience of its truth, and the confident assurances of others, whom, if candid, he will feel to be better than himself, will be the most sufficing evidence. But this is an evidence which, while it satisfies a man's self, can not be brought to bear on those who stand without the pale, and deny those things of which they have not themselves experience.

Many are apt to imagine that a hard head and a blameless deportment make a man free of the inner shrine of Christian truth. When a scholar goes forth from college well equipped with the newest methods, he sometimes fancies that he holds the key to which all the secrets of faith must open. And if they do not at once yield to his mental efforts, he is tempted to regard them as untrue. But clear and trained intellect is one thing, spiritual discernment quite another. The former does not exclude, but neither does it necessarily include, the latter. They are energies of two different sides of our being. Unless the spiritual nature in a man is alive and active, it is in vain that he works at religious truth merely from the intellectual side. If he is not awake in a deeper region than his intellectual, though he may be an able critic or dialectician, a vital theologian or a religious man he can not be. Not long ago I read this remark of the German theologian Rothe: "It is only the pious subject that can speculate theologically. And why? Because it is he alone who has the original datum, in virtue of communion with God on which the dialectic lays hold. So soon as the original datum is there, everything else becomes simply a matter of logic." Or as a thoughtful English scholar and divine lately expressed it: "Of all qualities which a theologian must possess, a devotional spirit is the chief. For the soul is larger than the mind, and the religious emotions lay hold on the truths to which they are related on many sides at once. A powerful understanding, on the other hand, seizes on single points, and however enlarged in its own sphere, is of itself never safe from narrowness of view.

For its very office is to analyze, which implies that thought is fixed down to particular relations of the subject. No mental conception, still more no expression in words, can give the full significance of any fact, least of all of a divine fact. Hence it is that mere reasoning is found such an ineffectual measure against simple piety, and devotion is such a safeguard against intellectual errors." Yes, "the original datum," that is the main thing. And what is this but that which our old Puritan forefathers meant when they spoke of a man "having the root of the matter in him"? The devout spirit is not fed by purely intellectual processes; sometimes it is even frustrated by them. The hard brain-work and the seclusion of the student tend, if uncounteracted, to dry up the springs alike of the human sympathies and of the heavenward emotions. It was a saying of Dr. Arnold, certainly no disparager of intellect, that no student could continue long in a healthy religious state unless his heart was kept tender by mingling with children, or by frequent intercourse with the poor and the suffering.

And this suggests a subject which might occupy a whole lecture or course of lectures, to which, however, now only a few words can be given. It is one main object of all our education here to train the critical faculty. This faculty, educated by scholarship, has an important function to fill in matters bearing on religion. With regard to these it has a work to do which ought not to be disregarded, and that work it is at present doing actively enough. To weigh evidence, and form a sound judgment whether alleged facts are really true, whether documents really belong to the age and the authors they profess to be of; by trained historical imagination to enter into the whole circumstances and meaning of any past age; to examine the meaning of the sacred Scriptures, and see "how far its modes and figures of representation are merely vehicles of inner truth, or are of the essence of the truth itself; to understand the human conditions of the writers, and appreciate how far these may have influenced their statements; to give to past theological language its proper weight and not more than its proper weight; to trace the history of its terms so as not to confound

human thought with divine faith"—all these processes are essential to the theologian—some measure of them is required in every educated man who will think rightly on such subjects. I would not underrate the value of this kind of work. It is necessary in the educated, if well-grounded religion is to live among the people, and faith is not to be wholly dissevered from intellectual truth. At the same time it is carried on in the outworks rather than in the citadel, it deals with the shells rather than with the kernel of divine things. This vocation of the critic, however useful for others, has dangers for himself. There is a risk that criticism shall absorb his whole being. This is no imaginary danger. We are not called on to believe this or that doctrine which may be proposed to us till we can do so from honest conviction. But we are called on to trust, to trust ourselves to God, being sure that he will lead us right, to keep close to him, and to trust the promises which he whispers through our conscience; this we can do, and we ought to do. Every scholar who is also a religious man must have felt it, must be aware how apt he is to approach the simplest spiritual truths as a critic, not as a simple learner. And yet he feels that when all is said and done, it is trust, not criticism, that the soul lives by. If he is ever to get beyond the mere outer precinct and pass within the holy place, he must put off his critical apparatus, and enter as a simple contrite-hearted man. Not as men of science, not as critics, not as philosophers, but as little children, shall we enter into the kingdom of heaven. "Therefore," says Leighton, speaking of filial prayer, "many a poor unlettered Christian far outstrips your school rabbis in this attainment, because it is not effectually taught in these lower academies."

These are reflections needed perhaps at all times by those immersed in thought and study, never more needed than now. Numberless voices, through newspaper, pamphlet, periodical, from platform and pulpit, are telling us that we are in the midst of a transition age, so loudly that the dullest can not choose but hear. It is a busy, restless time, eager to cast off the old and reach forward to the new. It needs no diviner to tell us that this century will

not pass without a great breaking up of the dogmatic structures that have held ever since the Reformation or the succeeding age. From many sides at once a simplifying of the code, a revision of the standards, is being demanded. I will not ask whether this is good or bad, desirable or not. It is enough that it is inevitable. From such a removal of old landmarks two opposite results may arise. Either it may make faith easier by taking cumbrous forms out of the way—it may make the direct approach to Christ and God simple and more natural, may, in fact, bring God nearer to the souls of men—or it may remove him to a greater distance, and make life more completely secular. Which shall the result be? This depends for each of us on the way we use the new state of things, on the preparedness or non-preparedness of heart with which we meet it. Often it is seen that great changes, which in the long run turn to the good of the community, bring suffering and grievous loss on their way to many an individual. And a time of transition, when the old bonds are being broken up, is a time of trial to the spirits of men. At such a time, in anxiety but not in despair, we ask, How is the old piety to live on through all changes into the new world that is to be? If the outward framework that helped to strengthen our fathers is being removed, the more the need that we should cleave to the inward, the vital, the spiritual communion with Him on whom the soul lives. Secular and worldly common sense will discuss in newspapers, literary criticism in magazines, these momentous changes; but such talk touches only the outside aspect of them, and can not discern what is essential or what is not. Even refined intellectuality can not much help us here. That which passes safely through all changes is the tender conscience, the trusting heart, the devout mind. Let us seek these, and the disciplines which strengthen them. College learning is good, but not all the learning of all the universities of Europe can compensate for the loss of that which the youth reared in a religious home has learned in childhood at his mother's knee.

In all the best men you meet, perhaps the thing that is most peculiar about them is the child's heart they bear

within the man's. However they have differed in other respects, in their tempers, gifts, attainments, in this they agreed. With those things they were, so to speak, clothed upon—this was their very core, their essential self. And this child's heart it is that is the organ of faith, trust, heavenly communion. It is a very simple thing—so simple that worldly men are apt either not to perceive or to despise it. And young persons, when they first grow up and enter the world, are tempted to make little of it. They think that now they are men they must put away childish things, must learn the world, and conform to its ways and estimates of things.

But the *τὰ τοῦ νηπίου*, the childish things, which St. Paul put away, belong to a quite different side of child-nature from the *παιδίον*, the little child which our Lord recommended for our example.

We should try, as we grow up into manhood, and get to know the world, to have this simplicity of childhood kept fresh within us, still at the centre. If we allow the world to rob us of it, as so many do, in boyhood, even before manhood begins, we may be sure that the world has nothing equal to it to give us instead. And they who may have for a time lost it, or had it obscured or put into abeyance by contact with men, can not too soon seek to have it restored within them. And the only way to preserve this good thing, or have it, if lost, renewed, is to open the heart to simple, truthful communion with God and Christ, and try to bring the heart ever closer and closer to him.

That this is intended to be our very inmost nature, the way in which we are reared by Providence seems to show. For all the first years of our life he surrounds us with the warm charities of home; by these he calls out all our earliest, deepest, most permanent feelings. School, college, the world follow, but their influences, great as they are, never penetrate down, at least in natural characters, so deep as those first affections. And then in mature life, the home of childhood is generally, if possible, reproduced in a home of our own, in which all the early affections are once more renewed, enhanced by the thoughtfulness that life has brought.

Let me close with reading what Pascal has left as his Profession of Faith:

"I love poverty, because Jesus Christ loved it. I love wealth, because it gives me the means of assisting the wretched. I keep faith with all men. I do not render evil to those who do it to me; but I desire a state for them like to my own, in which I receive neither evil nor good from the hand of man. I endeavour to be just, truthful, sincere, and faithful to all men, and I have a tenderness of heart for those to whom God has united me more closely; and whether I am alone, or in the sight of men, in all my actions I have in sight God, who must judge them, and to whom I have consecrated them all.

"These are my sentiments, and I bless all the days of my life my Redeemer, who has put them into me, and who, from a man full of weakness, misery, concupiscence, pride, and ambition, has made a man exempt from all these evils by the strength of his grace, to which all the glory of it is due, since I have in myself nothing but misery and error."

SWEETNESS AND LIGHT

BY

MATTHEW ARNOLD

MATTHEW ARNOLD was born in Laleham, England, December 24, 1822. He was the oldest son of the famous Dr. Thomas Arnold, Head Master of Rugby, and was educated there and at Oxford, where he won a prize for a poem on Cromwell, and was made a fellow. He was private secretary to Lord Lansdowne several years, and in 1857 was elected Professor of Poetry at Oxford. He was sent by the British Government to observe the educational systems on the Continent, and his reports attracted wide attention. He lectured in the United States in 1883. He was a voluminous writer. While his poetry is neither very deep nor very spirited, it has its admirers among persons of taste and scholarship. Sometimes he is demonstrably wide of the mark in his criticisms—as on Emerson, for instance—but his essays generally are ranked high. The most famous of them is that which follows, the title of which is from Dean Swift. His essays and poems are published in a uniform edition in twelve volumes, and his letters in three additional volumes. He died April 15, 1888.

SWEETNESS AND LIGHT

IN one of his speeches a short time ago, that fine speaker and famous Liberal, Mr. Bright, took occasion to have a fling at the friends and preachers of culture. "People who talk about what they call culture!" said he, contemptuously, "by which they mean a smattering of the two dead languages of Greek and Latin." And he went on to remark, in a strain with which modern speakers and writers have made us very familiar, how poor a thing this culture is, how little good it can do to the world, and how absurd it is for its possessors to set much store by it. And the other day a younger Liberal than Mr. Bright, one of a school whose mission it is to bring into order and system that body of truth with which the earlier Liberals merely fumbled, a member of the University of Oxford, and a very clever writer, Mr. Frederic Harrison, developed, in the sytematic and stringent manner of his school, the thesis which Mr. Bright had propounded in only general terms. "Perhaps the very silliest cant of the day," said Mr. Frederic Harrison, "is the cant about culture. Culture is a desirable quality in a critic of new books, and sits well on a professor of belles-lettres; but as applied to politics it means simply a turn for small fault-finding, love of selfish ease, and indecision in action. The man of culture is in politics one of the poorest mortals alive. For simple pedantry and want of good sense no man is his equal. No assumption is too unreal, no end is too unpractical for him. But the active exercise of politics requires common sense, sympathy, trust, resolution, and enthusiasm, qualities which your man of culture has carefully rooted up, lest they damage the delicacy of his critical olfactories. Perhaps they are the only class of responsible beings in the community who can not with safety be intrusted with power."

Now, for my part, I do not wish to see men of culture asking to be intrusted with power; and, indeed, I have freely said that in my opinion the speech most proper, at present, for a man of culture to make to a body of his fellow-countrymen who get him into a committee-room, is Socrates's "Know thyself!" and this is not a speech to be made by men wanting to be intrusted with power. For this very indifference to direct political action I have been taken to task by the "Daily Telegraph," coupled, by a strange perversity of fate, with just that very one of the Hebrew prophets whose style I admire the least, and called "an elegant Jeremiah." It is because I say (to use the words which the "Daily Telegraph" puts in my mouth): "You mustn't make a fuss because you have no vote—that is vulgarity; you mustn't hold big meetings to agitate for reform bills and to repeal corn laws; that is the very height of vulgarity"; it is for this reason that I am called sometimes an elegant Jeremiah, sometimes a spurious Jeremiah, a Jeremiah about the reality of whose mission the writer in the "Daily Telegraph" has his doubts. It is evident, therefore, that I have so taken my line as not to be exposed to the whole brunt of Mr. Frederic Harrison's censure. Still, I have often spoken in praise of culture; I have striven to make all my works and ways serve the interests of culture. I take culture to be something a great deal more than what Mr. Frederic Harrison and others call it, "a desirable quality in a critic of new books." Nay, even though to a certain extent I am disposed to agree with Mr. Frederic Harrison, that men of culture are just the class of responsible beings in this community of ours who can not properly, at present, be intrusted with power, I am not sure that I do not think this the fault of our community rather than of the men of culture. In short, although like Mr. Bright, and Mr. Frederic Harrison, and the editor of the "Daily Telegraph," and a large body of valued friends of mine, I am a Liberal, yet I am a Liberal tempered by experience, reflection, and renouncement, and I am, above all, a believer in culture. Therefore I propose now to try and inquire, in the simple unsystematic way which best suits both my taste and my powers, what culture really is, what good it

can do, what is our own special need of it; and I shall seek to find some plain grounds on which a faith in culture—both my own faith in it and the faith of others—may rest securely.

The disparagers of culture make its motive curiosity; sometimes, indeed, they make its motive mere exclusiveness and vanity. The culture which is supposed to plume itself on a smattering of Greek and Latin is a culture which is begotten by nothing so intellectual as curiosity; it is valued either out of sheer vanity and ignorance, or else as an engine of social and class distinction, separating its holder, like a badge or title, from other people who have not got it. No serious man would call this culture, or attach any value to it as culture at all. To find the real ground for the very different estimate which serious people will set upon culture, we must find some motive for culture in the terms of which may lie a real ambiguity; and such a motive the word curiosity gives us.

I have before now pointed out that we English do not, like the foreigners, use this word in a good sense as well as in a bad sense. With us the word is always used in a somewhat disapproving sense. A liberal and intelligent eagerness about the things of the mind may be meant by a foreigner when he speaks of curiosity, but with us the word always conveys a certain notion of frivolous and unedifying activity. In the "Quarterly Review," some little time ago, was an estimate of the celebrated French critic, M. Sainte-Beuve, and a very inadequate estimate it in my judgment was. And its inadequacy consisted chiefly in this, that in our English way it left out of sight the double sense really involved in the word curiosity, thinking enough was said to stamp M. Sainte-Beuve with blame if it was said that he was impelled in his operations as a critic by curiosity, and omitting either to perceive that M. Sainte-Beuve himself, and many other people with him, would consider that this was praiseworthy and not blameworthy, or to point out why it ought really to be accounted worthy of blame and not of praise. For as there is a curiosity about intellectual matters which is futile, and merely a disease, so there is certainly a curiosity —a desire after the things of the mind simply for their

own sakes and for the pleasure of seeing them as they are; which is, in an intelligent being, natural and laudable. Nay, and the very desire to see things as they are implies a balance and regulation of mind which is not often attained without fruitful effort, and which is the very opposite of the blind and diseased impulse of mind which is what we mean to blame when we blame curiosity. Montesquieu says: "The first motive which ought to impel us to study is the desire to augment the excellence of our nature, and to render an intelligent being yet more intelligent." This is the true ground to assign for the genuine scientific passion, however manifested, and for culture, viewed simply as a fruit of this passion; and it is a worthy ground, even though we let the term curiosity stand to describe it.

But there is of culture another view, in which not solely the scientific passion, the sheer desire to see things as they are, natural and proper in an intelligent being, appears as the ground of it. There is a view in which all the love of our neighbour, the impulses toward action, help, and beneficence, the desire for removing human error, clearing human confusion, and diminishing human misery, the noble aspiration to leave the world better and happier than we found it—motives eminently such as are called social—come in as part of the grounds of culture, and the main and pre-eminent part. Culture is then properly described not as having its origin in curiosity, but as having its origin in the love of perfection; it is a study of perfection. It moves by the force, not merely or primarily of the scientific passion for pure knowledge, but also of the moral and social passion for doing good. As, in the first view of it, we took for its worthy motto Montesquieu's words, "To render an intelligent being yet more intelligent!" so, in the second view of it, there is no better motto which it can have than these words of Bishop Wilson: "To make reason and the will of God prevail!"

Only, whereas the passion for doing good is apt to be overhasty in determining what reason and the will of God say, because its turn is for acting rather than thinking, and it wants to be beginning to act; and whereas it is apt to take its own conceptions, which proceed from its own

state of development and share in all the imperfections and immaturities of this, for a basis of action. What distinguishes culture is that it is possessed by the scientific passion as well as by the passion of doing good; that it demands worthy notions of reason and the will of God, and does not readily suffer its own crude conceptions to substitute themselves for them. And knowing that no action or institution can be salutary and stable which is not based on reason and the will of God, it is not so bent on acting and instituting, even with the great aim of diminishing human error and misery ever before its thoughts, but that it can remember that acting and instituting are of little use unless we know how and what we ought to act and to institute.

This culture is more interesting and more far-reaching than that other, which is founded solely on the scientific passion for knowing. But it needs times of faith and ardour, times when the intellectual horizon is opening and widening all round us, to flourish in. And is not the close and bounded intellectual horizon within which we have long lived and moved now lifting up, and are not new lights finding free passage to shine in upon us? For a long time there was no passage for them to make their way in upon us, and then it was of no use to think of adapting the world's action to them. Where was the hope of making reason and the will of God prevail among people who had a routine which they had christened reason and the will of God, in which they were inextricably bound, and beyond which they had no power of looking? But now the iron force of adhesion to the old routine—social, political, religious—has wonderfully yielded; the iron force of exclusion of all which is new has wonderfully yielded. The danger now is not that people should obstinately refuse to allow anything but their old routine to pass for reason and the will of God, but either that they should allow some novelty or other to pass for these too easily, or else that they should underrate the importance of them altogether, and think it enough to follow action for its own sake, without troubling themselves to make reason and the will of God prevail therein. Now, then, is the moment for culture to be of service, culture which

believes in making reason and the will of God prevail, believes in perfection, is the study and pursuit of perfection, and is no longer debarred by a rigid, invincible exclusion of whatever is new, from getting acceptance for its ideas, simply because they are new.

The moment this view of culture is seized, the moment it is regarded not solely as the endeavour to see things as they are, to draw toward a knowledge of the universal order which seems to be intended and aimed at in the world, and which it is a man's happiness to go along with or his misery to go counter to—to learn, in short, the will of God—the moment, I say, culture is considered not merely as the endeavour to see and learn this, but as the endeavour, also, to make it prevail, the moral, social, and beneficent character of culture becomes manifest. The mere endeavour to see and learn the truth for our own personal satisfaction is indeed a commencement for making it prevail, a preparing the way for this, which always serves this, and is wrongly, therefore, stamped with blame absolutely in itself, and not only in its caricature and degeneration. But perhaps it has got stamped with blame, and disparaged with the dubious title of curiosity, because in comparison with this wider endeavour of such great and plain utility it looks selfish, petty, and unprofitable.

And religion, the greatest and most important of the efforts by which the human race has manifested its impulse to perfect itself—religion, that voice of the deepest human experience—does not only enjoin and sanction the aim which is the great aim of culture, the aim of setting ourselves to ascertain what perfection is and to make it prevail; but also, in determining generally in what human perfection consists, religion comes to a conclusion identical with that which culture—culture seeking the determination of this question through all the voices of human experience which have been heard upon it, of art, science, poetry, philosophy, history, as well as of religion, in order to give a greater fulness and certainty to its solution—likewise reaches. Religion says: "The kingdom of God is within you"; and culture, in like manner, places human perfection in an internal condition, in the growth and predominance of our humanity proper, as distinguished from

our animality. It places it in the ever-increasing efficacy and in the general harmonious expansion of those gifts of thought and feeling, which make the peculiar dignity, wealth, and happiness of human nature. As I have said on a former occasion: "It is in making endless additions to self, in the endless expansion of its powers, in endless growth in wisdom and beauty, that the spirit of the human race finds its ideal. To reach this ideal, culture is an indispensable aid, and that is the true value of culture." Not a having and a resting, but a growing and a becoming, is the character of perfection as culture conceives it; and here, too, it coincides with religion.

And because men are all members of one great whole, and the sympathy which is in human nature will not allow one member to be indifferent to the rest or to have a perfect welfare independent of the rest, the expansion of our humanity, to suit the idea of perfection which culture forms, must be a general expansion. Perfection, as culture conceives it, is not possible while the individual remains isolated. The individual is required, under pain of being stunted and enfeebled in his own development if he disobeys, to carry others along with him in his march toward perfection, to be continually doing all he can to enlarge and increase the volume of the human stream sweeping thitherward. And here, once more, culture lays on us the same obligation as religion, which says, as Bishop Wilson has admirably put it, that "to promote the kingdom of God is to increase and hasten one's own happiness."

But, finally, perfection—as culture from a thoroughly disinterested study of human nature and human experience learns to conceive it—is a harmonious expansion of all the powers which make the beauty and worth of human nature, and is not consistent with the over-development of any one power at the expense of the rest. Here culture goes beyond religion, as religion is generally conceived by us.

If culture, then, is a study of perfection, and of harmonious perfection, general perfection, and perfection which consists in becoming something rather than in having something, in an inward condition of the mind and

spirit, not in an outward set of circumstances—it is clear that culture, instead of being the frivolous and useless thing which Mr. Bright, and Mr. Frederic Harrison, and many other Liberals are apt to call it, has a very important function to fulfil for mankind. And this function is particularly important in our modern world, of which the whole civilization is, to a much greater degree than the civilization of Greece and Rome, mechanical and external, and tends constantly to become more so. But above all in our own country has culture a weighty part to perform, because here that mechanical character, which civilization tends to take everywhere, is shown in the most eminent degree. Indeed, nearly all the characters of perfection, as culture teaches us to fix them, meet in this country with some powerful tendency which thwarts them and sets them at defiance. The idea of perfection as an inward condition of the mind and spirit is at variance with the mechanical and material civilization in esteem with us, and nowhere, as I have said, so much in esteem as with us. The idea of perfection as a general expansion of the human family is at variance with our strong individualism, our hatred of all limits to the unrestrained swing of the individual's personality, our maxim of "every man for himself." Above all, the idea of perfection as a harmonious expansion of human nature is at variance with our want of flexibility, with our inaptitude for seeing more than one side of a thing, with our intense energetic absorption in the particular pursuit we happen to be following. So culture has a rough task to achieve in this country. Its preachers have, and are likely long to have, a hard time of it, for they will much oftener be regarded, for a great while to come, as elegant or spurious Jeremiahs than as friends and benefactors. That, however, will not prevent their doing in the end good service if they persevere. And, meanwhile, the mode of action they have to pursue, and the sort of habits they must fight against, ought to be made quite clear for every one to see, who may be willing to look at the matter attentively and dispassionately.

Faith in machinery is, I said, our besetting danger; often in machinery most absurdly disproportioned to the

end which this machinery, if it is to do any good at all, is to serve; but always in machinery, as if it had a value in and for itself. What is freedom but machinery? what is population but machinery? what is coal but machinery? what are railroads but machinery? what is wealth but machinery? what are, even, religious organizations but machinery? Now almost every voice in England is accustomed to speak of these things as if they were precious ends in themselves, and therefore had some of the characters of perfection indisputably joined to them. I have before now noticed Mr. Roebuck's stock argument for proving the greatness and happiness of England as she is, and for quite stopping the mouths of all gainsayers. Mr. Roebuck is never weary of reiterating this argument of his, so I do not know why I should be weary of noticing it. "May not every man in England say what he likes?" Mr. Roebuck perpetually asks; and that, he thinks, is quite sufficient, and when every man may say what he likes, our aspirations ought to be satisfied. But the aspirations of culture, which is the study of perfection, are not satisfied unless what men say, when they may say what they like, is worth saying—has good in it, and more good than bad. In the same way the "Times," replying to some foreign strictures on the dress, looks, and behaviour of the English abroad, urges that the English ideal is that every one should be free to do and look just as he likes. But culture indefatigably tries not to make what each raw person may like the rule by which he fashions himself, but to draw ever nearer to a sense of what is indeed beautiful, graceful, and becoming, and to get the raw person to like that.

And in the same way with respect to railroads and coal. Every one must have observed the strange language current during the late discussions as to the possible failures of our supplies of coal. Our coal, thousands of people were saying, is the real basis of our national greatness; if our coal runs short, there is an end of the greatness of England. But what is greatness? culture makes us ask. Greatness is a spiritual condition worthy to excite love, interest, and admiration; and the outward proof of possessing greatness is that we excite love, interest, and

admiration. If England were swallowed up by the sea to-morrow, which of the two, a hundred years hence, would most excite the love, interest, and admiration of mankind—would most, therefore, show the evidences of having possessed greatness — the England of the last twenty years, or the England of Elizabeth, of a time of splendid spiritual effort, but when our coal, and our industrial operations depending on coal, were very little developed? Well, then, what an unsound habit of mind it must be which makes us talk of things like coal or iron as constituting the greatness of England, and how salutary a friend is culture, bent on seeing things as they are, and thus dissipating delusions of this kind and fixing standards of perfection that are real!

Wealth, again, that end to which our prodigious works for material advantage are directed, the commonest of commonplaces tells us how men are always apt to regard wealth as a precious end in itself; and certainly they have never been so apt thus to regard it as they are in England at the present time. Never did people believe anything more firmly than nine Englishmen out of ten at the present day believe that our greatness and welfare are proved by our being so very rich. Now, the use of culture is that it helps us, by means of its spiritual standard of perfection, to regard wealth but as machinery, and not only to say as a matter of words that we regard wealth as but machinery, but really to perceive and feel that it is so. If it were not for this purging effect wrought upon our minds by culture, the whole world, the future as well as the present, would inevitably belong to the Philistines. The people who believe most that our greatness and welfare are proved by our being very rich, and who most give their lives and thoughts to becoming rich, are just the very people whom we call Philistines. Culture says: "Consider these people, then, their way of life, their habits, their manners, the very tones of their voice; look at them attentively; observe the literature they read, the things which give them pleasure, the words which come forth out of their mouths, the thoughts which make the furniture of their minds; would any amount of wealth be worth having with the condition that one was to become just like

these people by having it?" And thus culture begets a dissatisfaction which is of the highest possible value in stemming the common tide of men's thoughts in a wealthy and industrial community, and which saves the future, as one may hope, from being vulgarized, even if it can not save the present.

Population, again, and bodily health and vigour, are things which are nowhere treated in such an unintelligent, misleading, exaggerated way as in England. Both are really machinery; yet how many people all around us do we see rest in them and fail to look beyond them! Why, one has heard people, fresh from reading certain articles of the "Times" on the Registrar-General's returns of marriages and births in this country, who would talk of our large English families in quite a solemn strain, as if they had something in itself beautiful, elevating, and meritorious in them; as if the British Philistine would have only to present himself before the Great Judge with his twelve children in order to be received among the sheep as a matter of right!

But bodily health and vigour, it may be said, are not to be classed with wealth and population as mere machinery; they have a more real and essential value. True; but only as they are more intimately connected with a perfect spiritual condition than wealth or population are. The moment we disjoin them from a perfect spiritual condition, and pursue them, as we do pursue them, for their own sake and as ends in themselves, our worship of them becomes as mere worship of machinery, as our worship of wealth and population, and as unintelligent and vulgarizing a worship as that is. Every one with anything like an adequate idea of human perfection has distinctly marked this subordination to higher and spiritual ends of the cultivation of bodily vigour and activity. "Bodily exercise profiteth little; but godliness is profitable unto all things," says the author of the "Epistle to Timothy." And the utilitarian Franklin says just as explicitly, "Eat and drink such an exact quantity as suits the constitution of thy body, in reference to the services of the mind." But the point of view of culture, keeping the mark of human perfection simply and broadly in view, and not assigning to

this perfection, as religion or utilitarianism assigns to it, a special and limited character, this point of view, I say, of culture is best given by these words of Epictetus: "It is a sign of *ἀφυΐα*," says he—that is, of a nature not finely tempered—"to give yourself up to things which relate to the body; to make, for instance, a great fuss about exercise, a great fuss about eating, a great fuss about drinking, a great fuss about walking, a great fuss about riding. All these things ought to be done merely by the way; the formation of the spirit and character must be our real concern." This is admirable; and, indeed, the Greek word *εὐφυΐα*, a finely tempered nature, gives exactly the notion of perfection as culture brings us to conceive it: a harmonious perfection, a perfection in which the characters of beauty and intelligence are both present, which unites "the two noblest of things"—as Swift, who of one of the two, at any rate, had himself all too little, most happily calls them in his "Battle of the Books"—"the two noblest of things, sweetness and light." The *εὐφυής* is the man who tends toward sweetness and light; the *ἀφυής*, on the other hand, is our Philistine. The immense spiritual significance of the Greeks is due to their having been inspired with this central and happy idea of the essential character of human perfection; and Mr. Bright's misconception of culture, as a smattering of Greek and Latin, comes itself, after all, from this wonderful significance of the Greeks having affected the very machinery of our education, and is in itself a kind of homage to it.

In thus making sweetness and light to be characters of perfection, culture is of like spirit with poetry, follows one law with poetry. Far more than on our freedom, our population, and our industrialism, many among us rely upon our religious organizations to save us. I have called religion a yet more important manifestation of human nature than poetry, because it has worked on a broader scale for perfection, and with greater masses of men. But the idea of beauty and of a human nature perfect on all its sides, which is the dominant idea of poetry, is a true and invaluable idea, though it has not yet had the success that the idea of conquering the obvious faults of our animality, and of a human nature perfect on the moral side—

which is the dominant idea of religion—has been enabled to have; and it is destined, adding to itself the religious idea of a devout energy, to transform and govern the other.

The best art and poetry of the Greeks, in which religion and poetry are one, in which the idea of beauty and of a human nature perfect on all sides adds to itself a religious and devout energy, and works in the strength of that, is on this account of such surpassing interest and instructiveness for us, though it was—as, having regard to the human race in general and, indeed, having regard to the Greeks themselves, we must own—a premature attempt, an attempt which for success needed the moral and religious fibre in humanity to be more braced and developed than it had yet been. But Greece did not err in having the idea of beauty, harmony, and complete human perfection so present and paramount. It is impossible to have this idea too present and paramount; only, the moral fibre must be braced too. And we, because we have braced the moral fibre, are not on that account in the right way, if at the same time the idea of beauty, harmony, and complete human perfection is wanting or misapprehended among us; and evidently it is wanting or misapprehended at present. And when we rely as we do on our religious organizations, which in themselves do not and can not give us this idea, and think we have done enough if we make them spread and prevail, then, I say, we fall into our common fault of over-valuing machinery.

Nothing is more common than for people to confound the inward peace and satisfaction which follows the subduing of the obvious faults of our animality with what I may call absolute inward peace and satisfaction—the peace and satisfaction which are reached as we draw near to complete spiritual perfection, and not merely to moral perfection, or rather to relative moral perfection. No people in the world have done more and struggled more to attain this relative moral perfection than our English race has. For no people in the world has the command to resist the devil, to overcome the wicked one, in the nearest and most obvious sense of those words, had such a pressing force and reality. And we have had our reward, not only in the great worldly prosperity which our obedience to

this command has brought us, but also, and far more, in great inward peace and satisfaction. But to me few things are more pathetic than to see people, on the strength of the inward peace and satisfaction which their rudimentary efforts toward perfection have brought them, employ, concerning their incomplete perfection and the religious organizations within which they have found it, language which properly applies only to complete perfection, and is a far-off echo of the human soul's prophecy of it. Religion itself, I need hardly say, supplies them in abundance with this grand language. And very freely do they use it; yet it is really the severest possible criticism of such an incomplete perfection as alone we have yet reached through our religious organizations.

The impulse of the English race toward moral development and self-conquest has nowhere so powerfully manifested itself as in Puritanism. Nowhere has Puritanism found so adequate an expression as in the religious organization of the Independents. The modern Independents have a newspaper, the "Nonconformist," written with great sincerity and ability. The motto, the standard, the profession of faith which this organ of theirs carries aloft, is: "The Dissidence of Dissent and the Protestantism of the Protestant Religion." There is sweetness and light, and an ideal of complete harmonious human perfection! One need not go to culture and poetry to find language to judge it. Religion, with its instinct for perfection, supplies language to judge it—language, too, which is in our mouths every day. "Finally, be of one mind, united in feeling," says St. Peter. There is an ideal which judges the Puritan ideal: "The Dissidence of Dissent and the Protestantism of the Protestant Religion!" And religious organizations like this are what people believe in, rest in, and give their lives for! Such, I say, is the wonderful virtue of even the beginnings of perfection, of having conquered even the plain faults of our animality, that the religious organization which has helped us to do it can seem to us something precious, salutary, and to be propagated, even when it wears such a brand of imperfection on its forehead as this. And men have got such a habit of giving to the language of religion a special appli-

cation, of making it a mere jargon, that for the condemnation which religion itself passes on the shortcomings of their religious organizations they have no ear; they are sure to cheat themselves and to explain this condemnation away. They can only be reached by the criticism which culture, like poetry, speaking a language not to be sophisticated, and resolutely testing these organizations by the ideal of a human perfection complete on all sides, applies to them.

But men of culture and poetry, it will be said, are again and again failing, and failing conspicuously, in the necessary first stage to a harmonious perfection, in the subduing of the great obvious faults of our animality, which it is the glory of these religious organizations to have helped us to subdue. True, they do often so fail. They have often been without the virtues as well as the faults of the Puritan; it has been one of their dangers that they so felt the Puritan's faults that they too much neglected the practice of his virtues. I will not, however, exculpate them at the Puritan's expense. They have often failed in morality, and morality is indispensable. And they have been punished for their failure, as the Puritan has been rewarded for his performance. They have been punished wherein they erred; but their ideal of beauty, of sweetness and light, and a human nature complete on all its sides, remains the true ideal of perfection still; just as the Puritan's ideal of perfection remains narrow and inadequate, although for what he did well he has been richly rewarded. Notwithstanding the mighty results of the Pilgrim Fathers' voyage, they and their standard of perfection are rightly judged when we figure to oursclves Shakespeare or Virgil—souls in whom sweetness and light, and all that in human nature is most humane, were eminent—accompanying them on their voyage, and think what intolerable company Shakespeare and Virgil would have found them! In the same way let us judge the religious organizations which we see all around us. Do not let us deny the good and the happiness which they have accomplished; but do not fail to let us see clearly that their idea of human perfection is narrow and inadequate, and that the Dissidence of Dissent and the Protestantism of the Protestant Re-

ligion will never bring humanity to its true goal. As I said with regard to wealth—"Let us look at the life of those who live in and for it"—so I say with regard to the religious organizations. Look at the life imaged in such a newspaper as the "Nonconformist"—a life of jealousy of the Establishment, disputes, tea-meetings, openings of chapels, sermons; and then think of it as an ideal of a human life completing itself on all sides, and aspiring with all its organs after sweetness, light, and perfection!

Another newspaper, representing, like the "Nonconformist," one of the religious organizations of this country, was a short time ago giving an account of the crowd at Epsom on the Derby day, and of all the vice and hideousness which was to be seen in that crowd; and then the writer turned suddenly round upon Professor Huxley and asked him how he proposed to cure all this vice and hideousness without religion. I confess I felt disposed to ask the asker this question: And how do you propose to cure it with such a religion as yours? How is the ideal of a life so unlovely, so unattractive, so incomplete, so narrow, so far removed from a true and satisfying ideal of human perfection, as is the life of your religious organization as you yourself reflect it, to conquer and transform all this vice and hideousness? Indeed, the strongest plea for the study of perfection as pursued by culture, the clearest proof of the actual inadequacy of the idea of perfection held by the religious organizations—expressing, as I have said, the most widespread effort which the human race has yet made after perfection—is to be found in the state of our life and society with these in possession of it, and having been in possession of it I know not how many hundred years. We are all of us included in some religious organization or other; we all call ourselves, in the sublime and aspiring language of religion which I have before noticed, children of God. Children of God; it is an immense pretension! and how are we to justify it? By the works which we do, and the words which we speak. And the work which we collective children of God do, our grand centre of life, our city which we have builded for us to dwell in, is London! London, with its unutterable external hideousness, and with its internal canker of "publicè

egestas, privatim opulentia"—to use the words which Sallust puts into Cato's mouth about Rome—unequalled in the world! The word, again, which we children of God speak, the voice which most hits our collective thought, the newspaper with the largest circulation in England, nay, with the largest circulation in the whole world, is the "Daily Telegraph"! I say that when our religious organizations—which I admit to express the most considerable effort after perfection that our race has yet made—land us in no better result than this, it is high time to examine carefully their idea of perfection, to see whether it does not leave out of account sides and forces of human nature which we might turn to great use; whether it would not be more operative if it were more complete. And I say that the English reliance on our religious organizations and on their ideas of human perfection just as they stand, is like our reliance on freedom, on muscular Christianity, on population, on coal, on wealth—mere belief in machinery, and unfruitful; and that it is wholesomely counteracted by culture, bent on seeing things as they are, and on drawing the human race onward to a more complete, a harmonious perfection.

Culture, however, shows its single-minded love of perfection, its desire simply to make reason and the will of God prevail, its freedom from fanaticism, by its attitude toward all this machinery, even while it insists that it is machinery. Fanatics, seeing the mischief men do themselves by their blind belief in some machinery or other—whether it is wealth and industrialism, or whether it is the cultivation of bodily strength and activity, or whether it is a political organization, or whether it is a religious organization—oppose with might and main the tendency to this or that political and religious organization, or to games and athletic exercises, or to wealth and industrialism, and try violently to stop it. But the flexibility which sweetness and light give, and which is one of the rewards of culture pursued in good faith, enables a man to see that a tendency may be necessary, and even, as a preparation for something in the future, salutary, and yet that the generations or individuals who obey this tendency are sacrificed to it, that they fall short of the hope of perfection

by following it; and that its mischiefs are to be criticised, lest it should take too firm a hold and last after it has served its purpose.

Mr. Gladstone well pointed out, in a speech at Paris—and others have pointed out the same thing—how necessary is the present great movement toward wealth and industrialism, in order to lay broad foundations of material well-being for the society of the future. The worst of these justifications is that they are generally addressed to the very people engaged, body and soul, in the movement in question; at all events, that they are always seized with the greatest avidity by these people, and taken by them as quite justifying their life; and that thus they tend to harden them in their sins. Now, culture admits the necessity of the movement toward fortune-making and exaggerated industrialism, readily allows that the future may derive benefit from it; but insists, at the same time, that the passing generations of industrialists, forming, for the most part, the stout main body of Philistinism—are sacrificed to it. In the same way the result of all the games and sports which occupy the passing generation of boys and young men may be the establishment of a better and sounder physical type for the future to work with. Culture does not set itself against the games and sports; it congratulates the future, and hopes it will make a good use of its improved physical basis; but it points out that our passing generation of boys and young men is, meantime, sacrificed. Puritanism was perhaps necessary to develop the moral fibre of the English race, nonconformity to break the yoke of ecclesiastical domination over men's minds, and to prepare the way for freedom of thought in the distant future; still, culture points out that the harmonious perfection of generations of Puritans and Nonconformists has been, in consequence, sacrificed. Freedom of speech may be necessary for the society of the future, but the young lions of the "Daily Telegraph" in the meanwhile are sacrificed. A voice for every man in his country's government may be necessary for the society of the future, but meanwhile Mr. Beales and Mr. Bradlaugh are sacrificed.

Oxford, the Oxford of the past, has many faults, and

she has heavily paid for them in defeat, in isolation, in want of hold upon the modern world. Yet we in Oxford, brought up amid the beauty and sweetness of that beautiful place, have not failed to seize one truth—the truth that beauty and sweetness are essential characters of a complete human perfection. When I insist on this I am all in the faith and tradition of Oxford. I say boldly that this our sentiment for beauty and sweetness, our sentiment against hideousness and rawness, has been at the bottom of our attachment to so many beaten causes, of our opposition to so many triumphant movements. And the sentiment is true, and has never been wholly defeated, and has shown its power even in its defeat. We have not won our political battles, we have not carried our main points, we have not stopped our adversaries' advance, we have not marched victoriously with the modern world; but we have told silently upon the mind of the country, we have prepared currents of feeling which sap our adversaries' position when it seems gained, we have kept up our own communications with the future. Look at the course of the great movement which shook Oxford to its centre some thirty years ago! It was directed, as any one who reads Dr. Newman's "Apology" may see, against what in one word may be called "Liberalism." Liberalism prevailed; it was the appointed force to do the work of the hour; it was necessary, it was inevitable that it should prevail. The Oxford movement was broken, it failed; our wrecks are scattered on every shore:

"Quæ regio in terris nostri non plena laboris?"

But what was it, this liberalism, as Dr. Newman saw it, and as it really broke the Oxford movement? It was the great middle-class liberalism, which had for the cardinal points of its belief the Reform Bill of 1832, and local self-government, in politics; in the social sphere, free-trade, unrestricted competition, and the making of large industrial fortunes; in the religious sphere the Dissidence of Dissent and the Protestantism of the Protestant Religion. I do not say that other and more intelligent forces than this were not opposed to the Oxford movement; but this was the force which really beat it; this was the force

which Dr. Newman felt himself fighting with; this was the force which till only the other day seemed to be the paramount force in this country, and to be in possession of the future; this was the force whose achievements fill Mr. Lowe with such inexpressible admiration, and whose rule he was so horror-struck to see threatened. And where is this great force of Philistinism now? It is thrust into the second rank, it is become a power of yesterday, it has lost the future. A new power has suddenly appeared, a power which it is impossible yet to judge fully, but which is certainly a wholly different force from middle-class liberalism; different in its cardinal points of belief, different in its tendencies in every sphere. It loves and admires neither the legislation of middle-class Parliaments, nor the local self-government of middle-class vestries, nor the unrestricted competition of middle-class industrialists, nor the dissidence of middle-class Dissent and the Protestantism of middle-class Protestant religion. I am not now praising this new force, or saying that its own ideals are better; all I say is that they are wholly different. And who will estimate how much the currents of feeling created by Dr. Newman's movements, the keen desire for beauty and sweetness which it nourished, the deep aversion it manifested to the hardness and vulgarity of middle-class liberalism, the strong light it turned on the hideous and grotesque illusions of middle-class Protestantism—who will estimate how much all these contributed to swell the tide of secret dissatisfaction which has mined the ground under self-confident liberalism of the last thirty years, and has prepared the way for its sudden collapse and supersession? It is in this manner that the sentiment of Oxford for beauty and sweetness conquers, and in this manner long may it continue to conquer!

In this manner it works to the same end as culture, and there is plenty of work for it yet to do. I have said that the new and more democratic force which is now superseding our old middle-class liberalism can not yet be rightly judged. It has its main tendencies still to form. We hear promises of its giving us administrative reform, law reform, reform of education, and I know not what; but those promises come rather from its advocates, wish-

ing to make a good plea for it and to justify it for superseding middle-class liberalism, than from clear tendencies which it has itself yet developed. But meanwhile it has plenty of well-intentioned friends against whom culture may with advantage continue to uphold steadily its ideal of human perfection; that this is an inward spiritual activity, having for its characters increased sweetness, increased light, increased life, increased sympathy. Mr. Bright, who has a foot in both worlds, the world of middle-class liberalism and the world of democracy, but who brings most of his ideas from the world of middle-class liberalism in which he was bred, always inclines to inculcate that faith in machinery to which, as we have seen, Englishmen are so prone, and which has been the bane of middle-class liberalism. He complains with a sorrowful indignation of people who "appear to have no proper estimate of the value of the franchise"; he leads his disciples to believe—what the Englishman is always too ready to believe—that the having a vote, like the having a large family, or a large business, or large muscles, has in itself some edifying and perfecting effect upon human nature. Or else he cries out to the democracy—"the men," as he calls them, "upon whose shoulders the greatness of England rests"—he cries out to them: "See what you have done! I look over this country and see the cities you have built, the railroads you have made, the manufactures you have produced, the cargoes which freight the ships of the greatest mercantile navy the world has ever seen! I see that you have converted by your labours what was once a wilderness, these islands, into a fruitful garden; I know that you have created this wealth, and are a nation whose name is a word of power throughout all the world." Why, this is just the very style of laudation with which Mr. Roebuck or Mr. Lowe debauches the minds of the middle classes, and makes such Philistines of them. It is the same fashion of teaching a man to value himself not on what he is, not on his progress in sweetness and light, but on the number of the railroads he has constructed, or the bigness of the tabernacle he has built. Only the middle classes are told they have done it all with their energy, self-reliance, and capital, and the democracy are told they

have done it all with their hands and sinews. But teaching the democracy to put its trust in achievements of this kind is merely training them to be Philistines to take the place of the Philistines whom they are superseding; and they, too, like the middle class, will be encouraged to sit down at the banquet of the future without having on a wedding garment, and nothing excellent can then come from them. Those who know their besetting faults, those who have watched them and listened to them, or those who will read the instructive account recently given of them by one of themselves, the "Journeyman Engineer," will agree that the idea which culture sets before us of perfection—an increased spiritual activity, having for its characters increased sweetness, increased light, increased life, increased sympathy—is an idea which the new democracy needs far more than the idea of the blessedness of the franchise, or the wonderfulness of its own industrial performances.

Other well-meaning friends of this new power are for leading it, not in the old ruts of middle-class Philistinism, but in ways which are naturally alluring to the feet of democracy, though in this country they are novel and untried ways. I may call them the ways of Jacobinism. Violent indignation with the past, abstract systems of renovation applied wholesale, a new doctrine drawn up in black and white for elaborating down to the very smallest details a rational society for the future—these are the ways of Jacobinism. Mr. Frederic Harrison and other disciples of Comte—one of them, Mr. Congreve, is an old friend of mine, and I am glad to have an opportunity of publicly expressing my respect for his talents and character—are among the friends of democracy who are for leading it in paths of this kind. Mr. Frederic Harrison is very hostile to culture, and from a natural enough motive, for culture is the eternal opponent of the two things which are the signal marks of Jacobinism: its fierceness, and its addiction to an abstract system. Culture is always assigning to system-makers and systems a smaller share in the bent of human destiny than their friends like. A current in people's minds sets toward new ideas; people are dissatisfied with their old narrow stock of Philistine ideas, Anglo-Saxon ideas, or any other; and some man, some Bentham

or Comte, who has the real merit of having early and strongly felt and helped the new current, but who brings plenty of narrowness and mistakes of his own into his feeling and help of it, is credited with being the author of the whole current, the fit person to be intrusted with its regulation and to guide the human race.

The excellent German historian of the mythology of Rome, Preller, relating the introduction at Rome under the Tarquins of the worship of Apollo, the god of light, healing, and reconciliation, will have us observe that it was not so much the Tarquins who brought to Rome the new worship of Apollo, as a current in the mind of the Roman people which set powerfully at that time toward a new worship of this kind, and away from the old run of Latin and Sabine religious ideas. In a similar way, culture directs our attention to the natural current there is in human affairs, and to its continual working, and will not let us rivet our faith upon any one man and his doings. It makes us see not only his good side, but also how much in him was of necessity limited and transient; nay, it even feels a pleasure, a sense of an increased freedom and of an ampler future, in so doing.

I remember, when I was under the influence of a mind to which I feel the greatest obligations, the mind of a man who was the very incarnation of sanity and clear sense, a man the most considerable, it seems to me, whom America has yet produced—Benjamin Franklin—I remember the relief with which, after long feeling the sway of Franklin's imperturbable common sense, I came upon a project of his for a new version of the Book of Job, to replace the old version, the style of which, says Franklin, has become obsolete, and thence less agreeable. "I give," he continues, "a few verses, which may serve as a sample of the kind of version I would recommend." We all recollect the famous verse in our translation: "Then Satan answered the Lord and said, 'Doth Job fear God for naught?'" Franklin makes this: "Does your Majesty imagine that Job's good conduct is the effect of personal attachment and affection?" I well remember how, when first I read that, I drew a deep breath of relief, and said to myself, "After all, there is a stretch of humanity be-

yond Franklin's victorious good sense!" So, after hearing Bentham cried loudly up as the renovator of modern society, and Bentham's mind and ideas proposed as the rulers of our future, I open the "Deontology." There I read: "While Xenophon was writing his history, and Euclid teaching geometry, Socrates and Plato were talking nonsense under pretence of talking wisdom and morality. This morality of theirs consisted in words; this wisdom of theirs was the denial of matters known to every man's experience." From the moment of reading that I am delivered from the bondage of Bentham! the fanaticism of his adherents can touch me no longer. I feel the inadequacy of his mind and ideas for supplying the rule of human society for perfection.

Culture tends always thus to deal with the men of a system, of disciples, of a school; with men like Comte, or the late Mr. Buckle, or Mr. Mill. However much it may find to admire in these personages, or in some of them, it nevertheless remembers the text, "Be not ye called Rabbi!" and it soon passes on from any Rabbi. But Jacobinism loves a Rabbi; it does not want to pass on from its Rabbi in pursuit of a future and still unreached perfection; it wants its Rabbi and his ideas to stand for perfection, that they may with the more authority recast the world; and for Jacobinism, therefore, culture—eternally passing onward and seeking—is an impertinence and an offence. But culture, just because it resists this tendency of Jacobinism to impose on us a man with limitations and errors of his own along with the true ideas of which he is the organ, really does the world and Jacobinism itself a service.

So, too, Jacobinism, in its fierce hatred of the past, and of those whom it makes liable for the sins of the past, can not away with the inexhaustible indulgences proper to culture, the consideration of circumstances, the severe judgment of actions joined to the merciful judgment of persons. "The man of culture is in politics," cries Mr. Frederic Harrison, "one of the poorest mortals alive!" Mr. Frederic Harrison wants to be doing business, and he complains that the man of culture stops him with a "turn for small fault-finding, love of selfish ease, and indecision

in action." Of what use is culture, he asks, except for "a critic of new books or a professor of belles-lettres?" Why, it is of use because, in the presence of the fierce exasperation which breathes, or rather, I may say, hisses through the whole production in which Mr. Frederic Harrison asks that question, it reminds us that the perfection of human nature is sweetness and light. It is of use because, like religion—that other effort after perfection—it testifies that where bitter envying and strife are there is confusion and every evil work.

The pursuit of perfection, then, is the pursuit of sweetness and light. He who works for sweetness and light works to make reason and the will of God prevail. He who works for machinery, he who works for hatred, works only for confusion. Culture looks beyond machinery, culture hates hatred; culture has one great passion, the passion for sweetness and light. It has one even yet greater!—the passion for making them prevail. It is not satisfied till we all come to a perfect man; it knows that the sweetness and light of the few must be imperfect until the raw and unkindled masses of humanity are touched with sweetness and light. If I have not shrunk from saying that we must work for sweetness and light, so neither have I shrunk from saying that we must have a broad basis, must have sweetness and light for as many as possible. Again and again I have insisted how those are the happy moments of humanity, how those are the marking epochs of a people's life, how those are the flowering times for literature and art and all the creative power of genius, when there is a national glow of life and thought, when the whole of society is in the fullest measure permeated by thought, sensible to beauty, intelligent and alive. Only it must be real thought and real beauty; real sweetness and real light. Plenty of people will try to give the masses, as they call them, an intellectual food prepared and adapted in the way they think proper for the actual condition of the masses. The ordinary popular literature is an example of this way of working on the masses. Plenty of people will try to indoctrinate the masses with the set of ideas and judgments constituting the creed of their own profession or party. Our religious and political organizations give an example of

this way of working on the masses. I condemn neither way; but culture works differently. It does not try to teach down to the level of inferior classes; it does not try to win them for this or that sect of its own, with ready-made judgments and watchwords. It seeks to do away with classes; to make the best that has been thought and known in the world current everywhere; to make all men live in an atmosphere of sweetness and light, where they may use ideas, as it uses them itself, freely—nourished and not bound by them.

This is the social idea; and the men of culture are the true apostles of equality. The great men of culture are those who have had a passion for diffusing, for making prevail, for carrying from one end of society to the other, the best knowledge, the best ideas of their time; who have laboured to divest knowledge of all that was harsh, uncouth, difficult, abstract, professional, exclusive; to humanize it, to make it efficient outside the clique of the cultivated and learned, yet still remaining the best knowledge and thought of the time, and a true source, therefore, of sweetness and light. Such a man was Abélard in the middle ages, in spite of all his imperfections; and thence the boundless emotion and enthusiasm which Abélard excited. Such were Lessing and Herder in Germany, at the end of the last century; and their services to Germany were in this way inestimably precious. Generations will pass, and literary monuments will accumulate, and works far more perfect than the works of Lessing and Herder will be produced in Germany; and yet the names of these two men will fill a German with a reverence and enthusiasm such as the names of the most gifted masters will hardly awaken. And why? Because they humanized knowledge; because they broadened the basis of life and intelligence; because they worked powerfully to diffuse sweetness and light, to make reason and the will of God prevail. With St. Augustine they said: " Let us not leave thee alone to make in the secret of thy knowledge, as thou didst before the creation of the firmament, the division of light from darkness; let the children of thy spirit, placed in their firmament, make their light shine upon the earth, mark the division of night and day, and announce the

revolution of the times; for the old order is passed, and the new arises; the night is spent, the day is come forth; and thou shalt crown the year with thy blessing, when thou shalt send forth labourers into the harvest sown by other hands than theirs; when thou shalt send forth new labourers to new seed-times, whereof the harvest shall be not yet."

A COMPLAINT OF FRIENDS

BY

GAIL HAMILTON

Mary Abby Dodge, who is known in literature only as "Gail Hamilton," was born in Hamilton, Mass., in 1833. She became a teacher in Hartford, and afterward was a governess in the family of Gamaliel Bailey, editor of the "National Era," in Washington, and was a contributor to that paper. She published her first book in 1862, and the others followed in rapid succession for fifteen years. They were mostly collections of essays on modern American life, and their vivacity and forcefulness secured for them quick recognition and wide circulation. She was a cousin of Mrs. James G. Blaine, and during a large part of Mr. Blaine's life in Washington she was a member of his household. He bequeathed all his papers to her, and her last work was his biography. She organized a class for Bible study in Washington, of which she was the leader, and one of her latest books is a history of it. During the civil war her pen was used vigorously in the national cause, and afterward she wrote much for the reviews on political and social subjects. She died in her native town, August 17, 1896. The essay chosen for this place is from her volume entitled "Country Living and Country Thinking," and is used by the courtesy of her surviving sister.

A COMPLAINT OF FRIENDS

IF things would not run into each other so, it would be a thousand times easier and a million times pleasanter to get on in the world. Let the sheepiness be set on one side and the goatiness on the other, and immediately you know where you are. It is not necessary to ask that there be any increase of the one or any diminution of the other, but only that each shall pre-empt its own territory and stay there. Milk is good, and water is good, but don't set the milk-pail under the pump. Pleasure softens pain, but pain embitters pleasure; and who would not rather have his happiness concentrated into one memorable day, that shall gleam and glow through a lifetime, than have it spread out over a dozen comfortable, commonplace, humdrum forenoons and afternoons, each one as like the others as two peas in a pod? Since the law of compensation obtains, I suppose it is the best law for us; but if it had been left with me, I should have made the clever people rich and handsome, and left poverty and ugliness to the stupid people; because—don't you see?—the stupid people won't know they are ugly, and won't care if they are poor, but the clever people will be hampered and tortured. I would have given the good wives to the good husbands, and made drunken men marry drunken women. Then there would have been one family exquisitely happy, instead of two struggling against misery. I would have made the rose-stem downy, and put all the thorns on the thistles. I would have gouged out the jewel from the toad's head, and given the peacock the nightingale's voice, and not set everything so at half and half.

But that is the way it is. We find the world made to our hand. The wise men marry the foolish virgins, and the splendid virgins marry dolts, and matters in general

are so mixed up that the choice lies between nice things about spoiled, and vile things that are not so bad after all, and it is hard to tell sometimes which you like best, or which you loathe least.

I expect to lose every friend I have in the world by the publication of this paper—except the dunces who are impaled in it. They will never read it, and if they do, will never suspect I mean them; while the sensible and true friends, who do me good and not evil all the days of their lives, will think I am driving at their noble hearts, and will at once haul off and leave me inconsolable. Still, I am going to write it. You must open the safety-valve once in a while, even if the steam does whiz and shriek, or there will be an explosion, which is fatal, while the whizzing and shrieking are only disagreeable.

Doubtless friendship has its advantages and its pleasures; doubtless hostility has its isolations and its revenges; still, if called upon to choose once for all between friends and foes, I think, on the whole, I should cast my vote for the foes. Twenty enemies will not do you the mischief of one friend. Enemies you always know where to find. They are in fair and square perpetual hostility, and you keep your armour on and your sentinels posted; but with friends you are inveigled into a false security, and, before you know it, your honour, your modesty, your delicacy are scudding before the gales. Moreover, with your friend you can never make reprisals. If your enemy attacks you, you can always strike back and hit hard. You are expected to defend yourself against him to the top of your bent. He is your legal opponent in honourable warfare. You can pour hot shot into him with murderous vigour, and the more he writhes the better you feel. In fact, it is rather refreshing to measure swords once in a while with such a one. You like to exert your power and keep yourself in practice. You do not rejoice so much in overcoming your enemy as in overcoming. If a marble statue could show fight, you would just as soon fight it; but as it can not, you take something that can, and something, besides, that has had the temerity to attack you, and so has made a lawful target of itself. But against your friend your hands are tied. He has injured you. He has dis-

gusted you. He has infuriated you. But it was most Christianly done. You can not hurl a thunderbolt, or pull a trigger, or lisp a syllable, against those amiable monsters who with tenderest fingers are sticking pins all over you. So you shut fast the doors of your lips, and inwardly sigh for a good, stout, brawny, malignant foe, who, under any and every circumstance, will design you harm, and on whom you can lavish your lusty blows with a hearty will and a clear conscience.

Your enemy keeps clear of you. He neither grants nor claims favours. He awards you your rights—no more, no less—and demands the same from you. Consequently there is no friction. Your friend, on the contrary, is continually getting himself tangled up with you "because he is your friend." I have heard that Shelley was never better pleased than when his associates made free with his coats, boots, and hats for their own use, and that he appropriated their property in the same way. Shelley was a poet, and perhaps idealized his friends. He saw them, probably, in a state of pure intellect. I am not a poet; I look at people in the concrete. The most obvious thing about my friends is their avoirdupois; and I prefer that they should wear their own cloaks and suffer me to wear mine. There is no neck in the world that I want my collar to span except my own. It is very exasperating to me to go to my bookcase and miss a book of which I am in immediate and pressing need, because an intimate friend has carried it off without asking leave, on the score of his intimacy. I have not, and do not wish to have, any alliance that shall abrogate the eighth commandment. A great mistake is lying round loose hereabouts—a mistake fatal to many friendships that did run well. The common fallacy is that intimacy dispenses with the necessity of politeness. The truth is just the opposite of this. The more points of contact there are, the more danger of friction there is, and the more carefully should people guard against it. If you see a man only once a month, it is not of so vital importance that you do not trench on his rights, tastes, or whims. He can bear to be crossed or annoyed occasionally. If he does not have a very high regard for you it is comparatively unimportant, because your paths are gen-

erally so diverse. But you and the man with whom you dine every day have it in your power to make each other exceedingly uncomfortable. A very little dropping will wear away rock if it only keep at it. The thing that you would not think of, if it occurred only twice a year, becomes an intolerable burden when it happens twice a day. This is where husbands and wives run aground. They take too much for granted. If they would but see that they have something to gain, something to save, as well as something to enjoy, it would be better for them; but they proceed on the assumption that their love is an inexhaustible tank, and not a fountain depending for its supply on the stream that trickles into it. So, for every little annoying habit, or weakness, or fault, they draw on the tank, without being careful to keep the supply open, till they awake one morning to find the pump dry, and, instead of love, at best, nothing but a cold habit of complacence. On the contrary, the more intimate friends become, whether married or unmarried, the more scrupulously should they strive to repress in themselves everything annoying, and to cherish both in themselves and each other everything pleasing. While each should draw on his love to neutralize the faults of his friend, it is suicidal to draw on his friend's love to neutralize his own faults. Love should be cumulative, since it can not be stationary. If it does not increase it decreases. Love, like confidence, is a plant of slow growth, and of most exotic fragility. It must be constantly and tenderly cherished. Every noxious and foreign element must be carefully removed from it. All sunshine, and sweet airs, and morning dews, and evening showers, must breathe upon it perpetual fragrance, or it dies into a hideous and repulsive deformity, fit only to be cast out and trodden under foot of men, while, properly cultivated, it is a Tree of Life.

Your enemy keeps clear of you, not only in business, but in society. If circumstances thrust him into contact with you, he is curt and centrifugal. But your friend breaks in upon your "saintly solitude" with perfect equanimity. He never for a moment harbours a suspicion that he can intrude, "because he is your friend." So he

drops in on his way to the office to chat half an hour over the latest news. The half hour isn't much in itself. If it were after dinner you wouldn't mind it; but after breakfast every moment "runs itself in golden sands," and the break in your time crashes a worse break in your temper. "Are you busy?" asks the considerate wretch, adding insult to injury. What can you do? Say yes, and wound his self-love forever? But he has a wife and family. You respect their feelings, smile and smile, and are villain enough to be civil with your lips, and hide the poison of asps under your tongue till you have a chance to relieve your o'ercharged heart by shaking your fist in impotent wrath at his retreating form. You will receive the reward of your hypocrisy, as you richly deserve, for ten to one he will drop in again when he comes back from his office, and arrest you wandering in Dreamland in the beautiful twilight. Delighted to find that you are neither reading nor writing—the absurd dolt! as if a man weren't at work unless he be wielding a sledge-hammer!—he will preach out, and prose out, and twaddle out another hour of your golden eventide, "because he is your friend." You don't care whether he is judge or jury—whether he talks sense or nonsense; you don't want him to talk at all. You don't want him there any way. You want to be alone. If you don't, why are you sitting there in the deepening twilight? If you wanted him, couldn't you send for him? Why don't you go out into the drawing-room, where are music, and lights, and gay people? What right have I to suppose that, because you are not using your eyes, you are not using your brain? What right have I to set myself up as judge of the value of your time, and so rob you of perhaps the most delicious hour in all your day, on pretence that it is of no use to you?—take a pound of flesh clean out of your heart, and trip on my smiling way as if I had not earned the gallows?

And what in Heaven's name is the good of all this ceaseless talk? To what purpose are you wearied, exhausted, dragged out and out to the very extreme of tenuity? A sprightly badinage, a running fire of nonsense for half an hour, a tramp over unfamiliar ground with a familiar guide, a discussion of something with somebody

who knows all about it, or who, not knowing, wants to learn from you, a pleasant interchange of commonplaces with a circle of friends around the fire, at such hours as you give to society; all this is not only tolerable, but agreeable, often positively delightful; but to have an indifferent person, on no score but that of friendship, break into your sacred presence, and suck your blood through indefinite cycles of time, is an abomination. If he clatters on an indifferent subject, you can do well enough for fifteen minutes, buoyed up by the hope that he will presently have a fit, or be sent for, or come to some kind of an end. But when you gradually open to the conviction that vis inertiæ rules the hour, and the thing which has been is that which shall be, you wax listless; your chariot-wheels drive heavily; your end of the pole drags in the mud, and you speedily wallow in unmitigated disgust. If he broaches a subject on which you have a real and deep living interest, you shrink from unbosoming yourself to him. You feel that it would be sacrilege. He feels nothing of the sort. He treads over your heart-strings in his cowhide brogans, and does not see that they are not whip-cords. He pokes his gold-headed cane in among your treasures, blind to the fact that you are clutching both arms around them, that no gleam of flashing gold may reveal their whereabouts to him. You draw yourself up in your shell, projecting a monosyllabic claw occasionally as a sign of continued vitality; but the pachyderm does not withdraw, and you gradually lower into an indignation —smothered, fierce, intense.

Why, why, why will people inundate their unfortunate victims with such "weak, washy, everlasting floods"? Why will they haul everything out into the open day? Why will they make the Holy of Holies common and unclean? Why will they be so ineffably stupid as not to see that there is that which speech profanes? Why will they lower their drag-nets into the unfathomable waters, in the vain attempt to bring up your pearls and gems, whose lustre would pale to ashes in the garish light, whose only sparkle is in the deep-sea soundings? Procul, O procul este, profani!

Oh, the matchless power of silence! There are words

that concentrate in themselves the glory of a lifetime, but there is a silence that is more precious than they. Speech ripples over the surface of life, but silence sinks into its depths. Airy pleasantnesses bubble up in airy, pleasant words. Weak sorrows quaver out their shallow being, and are not. When the heart is cleft to its core, there is no speech nor language.

Do not now, Messrs. Bores, think to retrieve your characters by coming into my house and sitting mute for two hours. Heaven forbid that your blood should be found on my skirts! but I believe I shall kill you if you do. The only reason why I have not laid violent hands on you heretofore is that your vapid talk has operated as a wire to conduct my electricity to the receptive and kindly earth; but if you intrude upon my magnetisms without any such life-preserver, your future in this world is not worth a crossed sixpence. Your silence would break the reed that your talk but bruised. The only people with whom it is a joy to sit silent are the people with whom it is a joy to talk. Clear out!

Friendship plays the mischief in the false ideas of constancy which are generated and cherished in its name, if not by its agency. Your enemies are intense, but temporary. Time wears off the edge of hostility. It is the alembic in which offences are dissolved into thin air, and a calm indifference reigns in their stead. But your friends are expected to be a permanent arrangement. They are not only a sore evil, but of long continuance. Adhesiveness seems to be the head and front, the bones and blood, of their creed. It is not the direction of the quality, but the quality itself, which they swear by. Only stick, it is no matter what you stick to. Fall out with a man, and you can kiss and be friends as soon as you like; the recording angel will set it down on the credit side of his books. Fall in, and you are expected to stay in, ad infinitum, ad nauseam. No matter what combination of laws got you there, there you are, and there you must stay, for better, for worse, till merciful Death you do part—or you are—"fickle." You find a man entertaining for an hour, a week, a concert, a journey, and presto! you are saddled with him forever. What preposterous absurdity!

Do but look at it calmly. You are thrown into contact with a person, and, as in duty bound, you proceed to fathom him, for every man is a possible revelation. In the deeps of his soul there may lie unknown worlds for you. Consequently you proceed at once to experiment on him. It takes a little while to get your tackle in order. Then the line begins to run off rapidly, and your eager soul cries out: "Ah! what depth! What perpetual calmness must be down below! What rest is here for all my tumult! What a grand, vast nature is this!" Surely, surely, you are on the high seas. Surely, you will now float serenely down the eternities! But by-and-bye there is a kink. You find that, though the line runs off so fast, it does not go down—it only floats out. A current has caught it and bears it on horizontally. It does not sink plumb. You have been deceived. Your grand Pacific Ocean is nothing but a shallow little brook, that you can ford all the year round, if it does not utterly dry up in the summer heats, when you want it most; or, at best, it is a fussy little tormenting river, that won't and can't sail a sloop. What are you going to do about it? You are going to wind up your lead and line, shoulder your birch canoe, as the old sea-kings used, and thrid the deep forests, and scale the purple hills, till you come to water again, when you will unroll your lead and line for another essay. Is that fickleness? What else can you do? Must you launch your bark on the unquiet stream, against whose pebbly bottom the keel continually grates and rasps your nerves, simply that your reputation suffer no detriment? Fickleness? There was no fickleness about it. You were trying an experiment which you had every right to try. As soon as you were satisfied you stopped. If you had stopped sooner you would have been unsatisfied. If you had stopped later you would have been dissatisfied. It is a criminal contempt of the magnificent possibilities of life not to lay hold of "God's occasions floating by." It is an equally criminal perversion of them to cling tenaciously to what was only the simulacrum of an occasion. A man will toil many days and nights among the mountains to find an ingot of gold, which, found, he bears home with infinite pains and just rejoicing; but he would be a fool

who should lade his mules with iron pyrites to justify his labours, however severe.

Fickleness! what is it, that we make such an ado about it? And what is constancy, that it commands such usurious interest? The one is a foible only in its relations. The other is only thus a virtue. "Fickle as the winds" is our death-seal upon a man; but should we like our winds unfickle? Would a perpetual northeaster lay us open to perpetual gratitude? or is a soft south gale to be orisoned and vespered forevermore?

I am tired of this eternal prating of devotion and constancy. It is senseless in itself and harmful in its tendencies. The dictate of reason is to treat men and women as we do oranges. Suck all the juice out and then let them go. Where is the good of keeping the peel and pulp-cells till they get old, dry, and mouldy? Let them go, and they will help feed the earthworms and bugs and beetles, who can hardly find existence a continued banquet, and fertilize the earth which will have you give before you receive. Thus they will ultimately spring up in new and beautiful shapes. Clung to with constancy, they stain your knife and napkin, impart a bad odour to your dining room, and degenerate into something that is neither pleasant to the eye nor good for food. I believe in a rotation of crops, morally and socially, as well as agriculturally. When you have taken the measure of a man, when you have sounded him and know that you can not wade in him more than ankle-deep, when you have got out of him all that he has to yield for your soul's sustenance and strength, what is the next thing to be done? Obviously, pass him on; and turn you "to fresh woods and pastures new." Do you work him an injury? By no means. Friends that are simply glued on, and don't grow out of, are little worth. He has nothing more for you, nor you for him; but he may be rich in juices wherewithal to nourish the heart of another man, and their two lives, set together, may have an endosmose and exosmose whose result shall be richness of soil, grandeur of growth, beauty of foliage, and perfectness of fruit; while you and he would only have languished into aridity and a stunted crab-tree.

For my part, I desire to sweep off my old friends with

the old year, and begin the new with a clean record. It is a measure absolutely necessary. The snake does not put on his new skin over the old one. He sloughs off the first, before he dons the second. He would be a very clumsy serpent if he did not. One can not have successive layers of friendships any more than the snake has successive layers of skins. One must adopt some system to guard against a congestion of the heart from plethora of loves. I go in for the much-abused, fair-weather, skin-deep, April-shower friends—the friends who will drop off if let alone; who must be kept awake to be kept at all; who will talk and laugh with you as long as it suits your respective humours and you are prosperous and happy; the blessed butterfly race who flutter about you June mornings, and when the clouds lower, and the drops patter, and the rains descend, and the winds blow, will spread their gay wings and float gracefully away to sunny southern lands, where the skies are yet blue and the breezes violet-scented. They are not only agreeable, but deeply wise. So long as a man keeps his streamer flying, his sails set, and his hull above water, it is pleasant to paddle alongside; but when the sails split, the yards crack, and the keel goes staggering down, by all means paddle off. Why should you be submerged in his whirlpool? Will he drown any more easily because you are drowning with him? Lung is lung. He dies from want of air, not from want of sympathy. When a poor fellow sits down among the ashes, the best thing his friends can do is to stand afar off. Job bore the loss of property, children, health, with equanimity. Satan himself found his match there; and for all his buffetings, Job sinned not, nor charged God foolishly. But Job's three friends must needs make an appointment together to come and mourn with him and to comfort him, and after this Job opened his mouth, and cursed his day—and no wonder.

Your friends have an intimate knowledge of you that is astonishing to contemplate. It is not that they know your affairs, which he who runs may read, but they know you. From a bit of bone, Cuvier could predicate a whole animal, even to the hide and hair. Such moral naturalists are your dear five hundred friends. It seems to yourself

that you are immeasurably reticent. You know, of a certainty, that you project only the smallest possible fragment of yourself. You yield your university to the bond of common brotherhood; but your individualism—what it is that makes you you—withdraws itself naturally, involuntarily, inevitably, into the background, the dim distance which their eyes can not penetrate. But, from the fraction which you do project, they construct another you, call it by your name, and pass it around for the real, the actual you. You bristle with jest and laughter and wild whims, to keep them at a distance, and they fancy this to be your everyday equipment. They think your life holds constant carnival. It is astonishing what ideas spring up in the heads of sensible people. There are those who assume that a person can never have had any grief, unless somebody has died, or he has been disappointed in love, not knowing that every avenue of joy lies open to the tramp of pain. They see the flashing coronet on the queen's brow, and they infer a diamond woman, not recking of the human heart that throbs wildly out of sight. They see the foam-crest on the wave, and picture an Atlantic Ocean of froth, and not the solemn sea that stands below in eternal equipoise. You turn to them the luminous crescent of your life, and they call it the whole round globe; and so they love you with a love that is agate, not pearl, because what they love in you is something infinitely below the highest. They love you level; they have never scaled your heights nor fathomed your depths. And when they talk of you as familiarly as if they had taken out your auricles and ventricles, and turned them inside out, and wrung them, and shaken them, when they prate of your transparency and openness, the abandonment with which you draw aside the curtain and reveal the inmost thoughts of your heart, you, who are to yourself a miracle and a mystery, you smile inwardly, and are content. They are on the wrong scent, and you may pursue your plans in peace. They are indiscriminate and satisfied. They do not know the relation of what appears to what is. If they chance to skirt along the coasts of your Purple Island, it will be only chance, and they will not know it. You may close your portholes, lower your drawbridge, and make

merry, for they will never come within gunshot of the "Round Tower of your heart."

There is no such thing as knowing a man intimately. Every soul is, for the greater part of its mortal life, isolated from every other. Whether it dwell in the Garden of Eden or the Desert of Sahara, it dwells alone. Not only do we jostle against the street crowd unknowingly and unknown, but we go out and come in, we lie down and rise up, with strangers. Jupiter and Neptune sweep the heavens not more unfamiliar to us than the worlds that circle our own hearthstone. Day after day, and year after year, a person moves by your side; he sits at the same table; he reads the same books; he kneels in the same church. You know every hair of his head, every trick of his lips, every tone of his voice; you can tell him far off by his gait. Without seeing him you recognise his step, his knock, his laugh. "Know him? Yes, I have known him these twenty years." No, you don't know him. You know his gait, and hair, and voice. You know what preacher he hears, what ticket he voted, and what were his last year's expenses; but you don't know him. He sits quietly in his chair, but he is in the temple. You speak to him; his soul comes out into the vestibule to answer you, and returns—and the gates are shut; therein you can not enter. You were discussing the state of the country; but when you ceased he opened a postern-gate, went down a bank, and launched on a sea over whose waters you have no boat to sail, no star to guide. You have loved and reverenced him. He has been your concrete of truth and nobleness. Unwittingly you touch a secret spring, and a Bluebeard Chamber stands revealed. You give no sign; you meet and part as usual; but a Dead Sea rolls between you two forevermore.

It must be so. Not even to the nearest and dearest can one unveil the secret place where his soul abideth, so that there shall be no more any winding ways or hidden chambers; but to your indifferent neighbour, what blind alleys, and deep caverns, and inaccessible mountains! To him who "touches the electric chain wherewith you're darkly bound," your soul sends back an answering thrill. One little window is opened, and there is short parley.

Your ships speak each other now and then in welcome though imperfect communication; but immediately you strike out again into the great, shoreless sea, over which you must sail forever alone. You may shrink from the far-reaching solitudes of your heart, but no other foot than yours can tread them, save those

> "That, eighteen hundred years ago, were nailed,
> For our advantage, to the bitter cross."

Be thankful that it is so—that only His eye sees whose hand formed. If we could look in, we should be appalled at the vision. The worlds that glide around us are mysteries too high for us. We can not attain to them. The naked soul is a sight too awful for man to look at and live. There are individuals whose topography we would like to know a little better, and there is danger that we crash against each other while roaming around in the dark; but, for all that, would we not have the constitution broken up. Somebody says, "In heaven there will be no secrets," which, it seems to me, would be intolerable. (If that were a revelation from the King of Heaven, of course I would not speak flippantly of it; but though toward heaven we look with reverence and humble hope, I do not know that Tom, Dick, and Harry's notions of it have any special claim to our respect.) Such publicity would destroy all individuality, and undermine the foundations of society. Clairvoyance—if there be any such thing—always seemed to me a stupid impertinence. When people pay visits to me, I wish them to come to the front door, and ring the bell, and send up their names. I don't wish them to climb in at the window, or creep through the pantry, or, worst of all, float through the keyhole, and catch me in undress. So I believe that in all worlds thoughts will be the subjects of volition; more accurately expressed when expression is desired, but just as entirely suppressed when we will suppression.

After all, perhaps the chief trouble arises from a prevalent confusion of ideas as to what constitutes a man your friend. Friendship may stand for that peaceful complacence which you feel toward all well-behaved people who wear clean collars and use tolerable grammar. This is a

very good meaning, if everybody will subscribe to it. But sundry of these well-behaved people will mistake your civility and complacence for a recognition of special affinity, and proceed at once to frame an alliance offensive and defensive while the sun and the moon shall endure. Oh, the barnacles that cling to your keel in such waters! The inevitable result is that they win your intense rancour. You would feel a genial kindliness toward them if they would be satisfied with that; but they lay out to be your specialty. They infer your innocent little inch to be the standard-bearer of twenty ells, and goad you to frenzy. I mean you, you desperate little horror, who nearly dethroned my reason six years ago! I always meant to have my revenge, and here I impale you before the public. For three months you fastened yourself upon me, and I could not shake you off. What availed it me, that you were an honest and excellent man? Did I not, twenty times a day, wish you had been a villain, who had insulted me, and I a Kentucky giant, that I might have the unspeakable satisfaction of knocking you down? But you added to your crimes virtue. Villainy had no part or lot in you. You were a member of a church, in good and regular standing; you had graduated with all the honours worth mentioning; you had not a sin, a vice, or a fault that I knew of; and you were so thoroughly good and repulsive that you were a great grief to me. Do you think, you dear, disinterested wretch, that I have forgotten how you were continually putting yourself to horrible inconveniences on my account? Do you think I am not now filled with remorse for the aversion that rooted itself ineradicably in my soul, and which now gloats over you as you stand in the pillory where my own hands have fastened you? But can Nature be crushed forever? Did I not ruin my nerves, and seriously injure my temper, by the overpowering pressure I laid upon them to keep them quiet when you were by? Could I not, by the sense of coming ill through all my quivering frame, presage your advent as exactly as the barometer heralds the approaching storm? Those three months of agony are little atoned for by this late vengeance; but go in peace!

Mysterious are the ways of friendship. It is not a mat-

ter of reason or of choice, but of magnetisms. You can not always give the premises nor the argument, but the conclusion is a palpable and stubborn fact. Abana and Pharpar may be broad, and deep, and blue, and grand; but only in Jordan shall your soul wash and be clean. A thousand brooks are born of the sunshine and the mountains; very, very few are they whose flow can mingle with yours, and not disturb, but only deepen and broaden the current.

Your friend! Who shall describe him, or worthily paint what he is to you? No merchant, nor lawyer, nor farmer, nor statesman, claims your suffrage, but a kingly soul. He comes to you from God—a prophet, a seer, a revealer. He has a clear vision. His love is reverence. He goes into the penetralia of your life, not presumptuously, but with uncovered head, unsandalled feet, and pours libations at the innermost shrine. His incense is grateful. For him the sunlight brightens, the skies grow rosy, and all the days are Junes. Wrapped in his love, you float in a delicious rest, rocked in the bosom of purple, scented waves. Nameless melodies sing themselves through your heart. A golden glow suffuses your atmosphere. A vague, fine ecstasy thrills to the sources of life, and earth lays hold on heaven. Such friendship is worship. It elevates the most trifling services into rites. The humblest offices are sanctified. All things are baptized into a new name. Duty is lost in joy. Care veils itself in caresses. Drudgery becomes delight. There is no longer anything menial, small, or servile. All is transformed

"Into something rich and strange."

The homely household ways lead through beds of spices and orchards of pomegranates. The daily toil among your parsnips and carrots is plucking May violets with the dew upon them to meet the eyes you love upon their first awaking. In the burden and heat of the day you hear the rustling of summer showers and the whispering of summer winds. Everything is lifted up from the plane of labour to the plane of love, and a glory spans your life. With your friend, speech and silence are one; for a communion mysterious and intangible reaches across from

heart to heart. The many dig and delve in your nature with fruitless toil to find the spring of living water; he only raises his wand, and, obedient to the hidden power, it bends at once to your secret. Your friendship, though independent of language, gives to it life and light. The mystic spirit stirs even in commonplaces, and the merest question is an endearment. You are quiet because your heart is overfull. You talk because it is pleasant, not because you have anything to say. You weary of terms that are already love-laden, and you go out into the highways and hedges, and gather up the rough, wild, wilful words, heavy with the hatreds of men, and fill them to the brim with honey-dew. All things, great and small, grand or humble, you press into your service, force them to do soldier's duty, and your banner over them is love.

With such a friendship, presence alone is happiness; nor is absence wholly void, for memories, and hopes, and pleasing fancies sparkle through the hours, and you know the sunshine will come back.

For such friendship one is grateful. No matter that it comes unsought, and comes not for the seeking. You do not discuss the reasonableness of your gratitude. You only know that your whole being bows with humility and utter thankfulness to him who thus crowns you monarch of all realms.

And the kingdom is everlasting. A weak love dies weakly with the occasion that gave it birth; but such friendship is born of the gods, and immortal. Clouds and darkness may sweep around it, but within the cloud the glory lives undimmed. Death has no power over it. Time can not diminish, nor even dishonour annul it. Its direction may have been earthly, but itself is divine. You go back into your solitudes; all is silent as aforetime, but you can not forget that a Voice once resounded there. A Presence filled the valleys and gilded the mountain tops; breathed upon the plains, and they sprang up in lilies and roses; flashed upon the waters, and they flowed to spheral melody—swept through the forests, and they, too, trembled into song. And though now the warmth has faded out, though the ruddy tints and amber clearness have paled to

ashen hues, though the murmuring melodies are dead, and forest, vale, and hill look hard and angular in the sharp air, you know that it is not death. The fire is unquenched beneath. You go your way not disconsolate. There needs but the Victorious Voice. At the touch of the Prince's lips, life shall rise against and be perfected forevermore.

THE PAGEANT OF SUMMER

BY

RICHARD JEFFERIES

John Richard Jefferies was born near Swindon, Wiltshire, England, November 6, 1848. He adopted journalism as a profession, and spent his leisure time in writing novels, none of which were successful. But when he removed to London and devoted his pen to rural and agricultural topics he found his true place and won quick recognition. The titles of most of his books indicate their character. They are, "The Gamekeeper at Home," "Wild Life in a Southern County," "The Amateur Poacher," "Round about a Great Estate," "Nature near London," "Life of the Fields," "Red Deer," and "The Open Air." He also wrote a romance of the future, entitled "After London, or Wild England," and "The Story of my Heart," a singular autobiography. He wrote of Nature and wild life with minute observation in a reverent spirit and with a poetical style that have gained enthusiastic admirers for his work. He died August 14, 1887. His life has been written by H. S. Salt.

THE PAGEANT OF SUMMER

I

GREEN rushes, long and thick, standing up above the edge of the ditch, told the hour of the year as distinctly as the shadow on the dial the hour of the day. Green and thick and sappy to the touch, they felt like summer, soft and elastic, as if full of life, mere rushes though they were. On the fingers they left a green scent; rushes have a separate scent of green; so, too, have ferns, very different to that of grass or leaves. Rising from brown sheaths, the tall stems, enlarged a little in the middle, like classical columns, and heavy with their sap and freshness, leaned against the hawthorn sprays. From the earth they had drawn its moisture, and made the ditch dry; some of the sweetness of the air had entered into their fibres, and the rushes—the common rushes—were full of beautiful summer. The white pollen of early grasses growing on the edge was dusted from them each time the hawthorn boughs were shaken by a thrush. These lower sprays came down in among the grass, and leaves and grass-blades touched. Smooth, round stems of angelica, big as a gun-barrel, hollow and strong, stood on the slope of the mound, their tiers of well-balanced branches rising like those of a tree. Such a sturdy growth pushed back the ranks of hedge parsley in full white flower, which blocked every avenue and winding bird's path of the bank. But the " gix," or wild parsnip, reached already high above both, and would rear its fluted stalk, joint on joint, till it could face a man. Trees they were to the lesser birds, not even bending if perched on; but though so stout, the birds did not place their nests on or against them. Something in the odour of these umbelliferous plants, perhaps, is not quite liked; if brushed or bruised they give out a

bitter greenish scent. Under their cover, well shaded and hidden, birds build, but not against or on the stems, though they will affix their nests to much less certain supports. With the grasses that overhung the edge, with the rushes in the ditch itself, and these great plants on the mound, the whole hedge was wrapped and thickened. No cunning of glance could see through it; it would have needed a ladder to help any one look over.

It was between the May and the June roses. The May bloom had fallen, and among the hawthorn boughs were the little green bunches that would feed the redwings in autumn. High up the briers had climbed, straight and towering while there was a thorn or an ash sapling, or a yellow-green willow, to uphold them, and then curving over toward the meadow. The buds were on them, but not yet open; it was between the May and the rose.

As the wind, wandering over the sea, takes from each wave an invisible portion, and brings to those on shore the ethereal essence of ocean, so the air lingering among the woods and hedges—green waves and billows—became full of fine atoms of summer. Swept from notched hawthorn leaves, broad-topped oak leaves, narrow ash sprays and oval willows; from vast elm cliffs and sharp-taloned brambles under; brushed from the waving grasses and stiffening corn, the dust of the sunshine was borne along and breathed. Steeped in flower and pollen to the music of bees and birds, the stream of the atmosphere became a living thing. It was life to breathe it, for the air itself was life. The strength of the earth went up through the leaves into the wind. Fed thus on the food of the Immortals, the heart opened to the width and depth of the summer—to the broad horizon afar, down to the minutest creature in the grass, up to the highest swallow. Winter shows us Matter in its dead form, like the primary rocks, like granite and basalt—clear but cold and frozen crystal. Summer shows us Matter changing into life, sap rising from the earth through a million tubes, the alchemic power of light entering the solid oak; and see! it bursts forth in countless leaves. Living things leap in the grass, living things drift upon the air, living things are coming forth to breathe in every hawthorn bush. No longer does the im-

mense weight of Matter—the dead, the crystallized—press ponderously on the thinking mind. The whole office of Matter is to feed life—to feed the green rushes, and the roses that are about to be; to feed the swallows above, and us that wander beneath them. So much greater is this green and common rush than all the Alps.

Fanning so swiftly, the wasp's wings are but just visible as he passes; did he pause, the light would be apparent through their texture. On the wings of the drag-on-fly as he hovers an instant before he darts there is a prismatic gleam. These wing textures are even more delicate than the minute filaments on a swallow's quill, more delicate than the pollen of a flower. They are formed of matter indeed, but how exquisitely it is resolved into the means and organs of life! Though not often consciously recognised, perhaps this is the great pleasure of summer, to watch the earth, the dead particles, resolving themselves into the living case of life, to see the seed-leaf push aside the clod and become by degrees the perfumed flower. From the tiny, mottled egg come the wings that by-and-by shall pass the immense sea. It is in this marvellous transformation of clods and cold matter into living things that the joy and the hope of summer reside. Every blade of grass, each leaf, each separate floret and petal is an inscription speaking of hope. Consider the grasses and the oaks, the swallows, the sweet blue butterfly—they are one and all a sign and token showing before our eyes earth made into life. So that my hope becomes as broad as the horizon afar, reiterated by every leaf, sung on every bough, reflected in the gleam of every flower. There is so much for us yet to come, so much to be gathered, and enjoyed. Not for you or me, now, but for our race, who will ultimately use this magical secret for their happiness. Earth holds secrets enough to give them the life of the fabled Immortals. My heart is fixed firm and stable in the belief that ultimately the sunshine and the summer, the flowers and the azure sky, shall become, as it were, interwoven into man's existence. He shall take from all their beauty and enjoy their glory. Hence it is that a flower is to me so much more than stalk and petals. When I look in the glass I see that every line in my face means

pessimism; but in spite of my face—that is my experience —I remain an optimist. Time with an unsteady hand has etched thin, crooked lines, and, deepening the hollows, has cast the original expression into shadow. Pain and sorrow flow over us with little ceasing, as the sea-hoofs beat on the beach. Let us not look at ourselves, but onward, and take strength from the leaf and the signs of the field. He is indeed despicable who can not look onward to the ideal life of man. Not to do so is to deny our birthright of mind.

The long grass flowing toward the hedge has reared in a wave against it. Along the hedge it is higher and greener, and rustles into the very bushes. There is a mark only now where the footpath was; it passed close to the hedge, but its place is traceable only as a groove in the sorrel and seed-tops. Though it has quite filled the path, the grass there can not send its tops so high; it has left a winding crease. By the hedge here stands a moss-grown willow, and its slender branches extend over the sward. Beyond it is an oak, just apart from the bushes; then the ground gently rises, and an ancient pollard ash, hollow and black inside, guards an open gateway like a low tower. The different tone of green shows that the hedge is there of nut trees; but one great hawthorn spreads out in a semicircle, roofing the grass which is yet more verdant in the still pool (as it were) under it. Next a corner, more oaks, and a chestnut in bloom. Returning to this spot an old apple tree stands right out in the meadow like an island. There seemed just now the tiniest twinkle of movement by the rushes, but it was lost among the hedge parsley. Among the gray leaves of the willow there is another flit of motion; and visible now against the sky there is a little brown bird, not to be distinguished at the moment from the many other little brown birds that are known to be about. He got up into the willow from the hedge parsley somehow, without being seen to climb or fly. Suddenly he crosses to the tops of the hawthorn and immediately flings himself up into the air a yard or two, his wings and ruffled crest making a ragged outline; jerk, jerk, jerk, as if it were with the utmost difficulty he could keep even at that height. He scolds, and twitters, and

chirps, and all at once sinks like a stone into the hedge and out of sight as a stone into a pond. It is a whitethroat; his nest is deep in the parsley and nettles. Presently he will go out to the island apple tree and back again in a minute or two; the pair of them are so fond of each other's affectionate company they can not remain apart.

Watching the line of the hedge, about every two minutes, either near at hand or yonder, a bird darts out just at the level of the grass, hovers a second with labouring wings, and returns as swiftly to the cover. Sometimes it is a flycatcher, sometimes a greenfinch, or chaffinch, now and then a robin, in one place a shrike, perhaps another is a redstart. They are flyfishing all of them, seizing insects from the sorrel tips and grass, as the kingfisher takes a roach from the water. A blackbird slips up into the oak and a dove descends in the corner by the chestnut tree. But these are not visible together, only one at a time and with intervals. The larger part of the life of the hedge is out of sight. All the thrush-fledglings, the young blackbirds, and finches are hidden, most of them on the mound among the ivy, and parsley, and rough grasses, protected too by a roof of brambles. The nests that still have eggs are not, like the nests of the early days of April, easily found; they are deep down in the tangled herbage by the shore of the ditch, or far inside the thorny thickets which then looked mere bushes, and are now so broad. Landrails are running in the grass concealed as a man would be in a wood; they have nests and eggs on the ground for which you may search in vain till the mowers come. Up in the corner a fragment of white fur and marks of scratching show where a doe has been preparing for a litter. Some well-trodden runs lead from mound to mound; they are sandy near the hedge where the particles have been carried out adhering to the rabbits' feet and fur. A crow rises lazily from the upper end of the field, and perches in the chestnut. His presence, too, was unsuspected. He is there by far too frequently. At this season the crows are always in the mowing grass, searching about, stalking in winding tracks from furrow to furrow, picking up an egg here and a foolish fledgling that

has wandered from the mound yonder. Very likely there may be a moorhen or two slipping about under cover of the long grass; thus hidden they can leave the shelter of the flags and wander a distance from the brook. So that beneath the surface of the grass and under the screen of the leaves there are ten times more birds than are seen.

Besides the singing and calling, there is a peculiar sound which is only heard in summer. Waiting quietly to discover what birds are about, I become aware of a sound in the very air. It is not the midsummer hum which will soon be heard over the heated hay in the valley and over the cooler hills alike. It is not enough to be called a hum, and does but just tremble at the extreme edge of hearing. If the branches wave and rustle they overbear it; the buzz of a passing bee is so much louder it overcomes all of it that is in the whole field. I can not define it except by calling the hours of winter to mind—they are silent; you hear a branch crack or creak as it rubs another in the wood; you hear the hoar frost crunch on the grass beneath your feet, but the air is without sound in itself. The sound of summer is everywhere—in the passing breeze, in the hedge, in the broad-branching trees, in the grass as it swings; all the myriad particles that together make the summer varied are in motion. The sap moves in the trees, the pollen is pushed out from grass and flower, and yet again these acres and acres of leaves and square miles of grass blades—for they would cover acres and square miles if reckoned edge to edge—are drawing their strength from the atmosphere. Exceedingly minute as these vibrations must be, their numbers perhaps may give them a volume almost reaching in the aggregate to the power of the ear. Besides the quivering leaf, the swinging grass, the fluttering bird's wing, and the thousand oval membranes which innumerable insects whirl about, a faint resonance seems to come from the very earth itself. The fervour of the sunbeams descending in a tidal flood rings on the strung harp of earth. It is this exquisite undertone, heard and yet unheard, which brings the mind into sweet accordance with the wonderful instrument of Nature.

By the apple tree there is a low bank, where the grass

is less tall and admits the heat direct to the ground; here there are blue flowers—bluer than the wings of my favourite butterflies—with white centres, the lovely bird's-eyes, or veronica. The violet and cowslip, bluebell and rose, are known to thousands; the veronica is overlooked. The ploughboys know it, and the wayside children, the mower, and those who linger in fields, but few else. Brightly blue and surrounded by greenest grass, imbedded in and all the more blue for the shadow of the grass, these growing butterflies' wings draw to themselves the sun. From this island I look down into the depth of the grasses. Red sorrel spires—deep drinkers of reddest sun wine—stand the boldest, and in their numbers threaten the buttercups. To these in the distance they give the gipsy-gold tint—the reflection of fire on plates of the precious metal. It will show even on a ring by firelight; blood in the gold, they say. Gather the open marguerite daisies, and they seem large—so wide a disk, such fingers of rays; but in the grass their size is toned by so much green. Clover heads of honey lurk in the bunches and by the hidden footpath. Like clubs from Polynesia the tips of the grasses are varied in shape; some tend to a point—the foxtails—some are hard and cylindrical; others, avoiding the club shape, put forth the slenderest branches with fruit and seed at the ends, which tremble as the air goes by. Their stalks are ripening and becoming of the colour of hay while yet the long blades remain green. Each kind is repeated a hundred times, the foxtails are succeeded by foxtails, the narrow blades by narrow blades, but never become monotonous; sorrel stands by sorrel, daisy flowers by daisy. This bed of veronica at the foot of the ancient apple has a whole handful of flowers, and yet they do not weary the eye. Oak follows oak and elm ranks with elm, but the woodlands are pleasant; however many times reduplicated, their beauty only increases. So, too, the summer days; the sun rises on the same grasses and green hedges, there is the same blue sky, but did we ever have enough of them? No, not in a hundred years! There seems always a depth, somewhere, unexplored, a thicket that has not been seen through, a corner full of ferns, a quaint old hollow tree, which may

give us something. Bees go by me as I stand under the apple, but they pass on for the most part bound on a long journey across to the clover fields or up to the thyme lands; only a few go down into the mowing grass. The hive bees are the most impatient of insects; they can not bear to entangle their wings beating against grasses or boughs. Not one will enter a hedge. They like an open and level surface, places cropped by sheep, the sward by the roadside, fields of clover, where the flower is not deep under grass.

II

It is the patient humblebee that goes down into the forest of the mowing grass. If entangled, the humblebee climbs up a sorrel stem and takes wing, without any sign of annoyance. His broad back with tawny bar buoyantly glides over the golden buttercups. He hums to himself as he goes, so happy is he. He knows no skep, no cunning work in glass receives his labour, no artificial saccharine aids him when the beams of the sun are cold, there is no step to his house that he may alight in comfort; the way is not made clear for him that he may start straight for the flowers, nor are any sown for him. He has no shelter if the storm descends suddenly; he has no dome of twisted straw well thatched and tiled to retreat to. The butcher-bird, with a beak like a crooked iron nail, drives him to the ground, and leaves him pierced with a thorn; but no hail of shot revenges his tortures. The grass stiffens at nightfall (in autumn), and he must creep where he may, if possibly he may escape the frost. No one cares for the humblebee. But down to the flowering nettle in the mossy-sided ditch, up into the tall elm, winding in and out and round the branched buttercups, along the banks of the brook, far inside the deepest wood, away he wanders and despises nothing. His nest is under the rough grasses and the mosses of the mound, a mere tunnel beneath the fibres and matted surface. The hawthorn overhangs it, the fern grows by, red mice rustle past. It thunders, and the great oak trembles; the heavy rain drops through the treble roof of oak and hawthorn and fern. Under the arched branches the lightning plays

along, swiftly to and fro, or seems to, like the swish of a whip, a yellowish-red against the green; a boom! a crackle as if a tree fell from the sky. The thick grasses are bowed, the white florets of the wild parsley are beaten down, the rain hurls itself, and suddenly a fierce blast tears the green oak leaves and whirls them out into the fields; but the humblebee's home, under moss and matted fibres, remains uninjured. His house at the root of the king of trees like a cave in the rock, is safe. The storm passes and the sun comes out, the air is the sweeter and the richer for the rain, like verse with a rhyme; there will be more honey in the flower. Humble he is, but wild; always in the field, the wood; always by the banks and thickets; always wild and humming to his flowers. Therefore I like the humblebee, being, at heart at least, forever roaming among the woodlands and the hills and by the brooks. In such quick summer storms the lightning gives the impression of being far more dangerous than the zigzag paths traced on the autumn sky. The electric cloud seems almost level with the ground and the livid flame to rush to and fro beneath the boughs as the little bats do in the evening.

Caught by such a cloud, I have stayed under thick larches at the edge of plantations. They are no shelter, but conceal one perfectly. The wood pigeons come home to their nest trees; in larches they seem to have permanent nests, almost like rooks. Kestrels, too, come home to the wood. Pheasants crow, but not from fear—from defiance; in fear they scream. The boom startles them, and they instantly defy the sky. The rabbits quietly feed on out in the field between the thistles and rushes that so often grow in woodside pastures, quietly hopping to their favourite places, utterly heedless how heavy the echoes may be in the hollows of the wooded hills. Till the rain comes they take no heed whatever, but then make for shelter. Blackbirds often make a good deal of noise; but the soft turtle-doves coo gently, let the lightning be as savage as it will. Nothing has the least fear. Man alone, more senseless than a pigeon, put a god in vapour; and to this day, though the printing press has set a foot on every threshold, numbers bow the knee when they hear the roar the timid dove does not heed. So trustful are the doves,

the squirrels, the birds of the branches, and the creatures of the field. Under their tuition let us rid ourselves of mental terrors, and face death itself as calmly as they do the vivid lightning; so trustful and so content with their fate, resting in themselves and unappalled. If but by reason and will I could reach the godlike calm and courage of what we so thoughtlessly call the timid turtle-dove, I should lead a nearly perfect life.

The bark of the ancient apple tree under which I have been standing is shrunken like iron which has been heated and let cool round the rim of a wheel. For a hundred years the horses have rubbed against it while feeding in the aftermath. The scales of the bark are gone or smoothed down and level, so that insects have no hiding-place. There are no crevices for them, the horsehairs that were caught anywhere have been carried away by birds for their nests. The trunk is smooth and columnar, hard as iron. A hundred times the mowing grass has grown up around it, the birds have built their nests, the butterflies fluttered by, and the acorns dropped from the oaks. It is a long, long time, counted by artificial hours or by the seasons, but it is longer still in another way. The greenfinch in the hawthorn yonder has been there since I came out, and all the time has been happily talking to his love. He has left the hawthorn, indeed, but only for a minute or two, to fetch a few seeds, and comes back each time more full of song-talk than ever. He notes no slow movement of the oak's shadow on the grass; it is nothing to him and his lady dear that the sun, as seen from his nest, is crossing from one great bough of the oak to another. The dew even in the deepest and most tangled grass has long since been dried, and some of the flowers that close at noon will shortly fold their petals. The morning airs, which breathe so sweetly, come less and less frequently as the heat increases. Vanishing from the sky, the last fragments of cloud have left an untarnished azure. Many times the bees have returned to their hives, and thus the index of the day advances. It is nothing to the greenfinches; all their thoughts are in their song-talk. The sunny moment is to them all in all. So deeply are they wrapped in it that they do not know whether it is a

moment or a year. There is no clock for feeling, for joy, for love. And with all their motions and stepping from bough to bough, they are not restless; they have so much time, you see. So, too, the whitethroat in the wild parsley; so, too, the thrush that just now peered out and partly fluttered his wings as he stood to look. A butterfly comes and stays on a leaf—a leaf much warmed by the sun—and shuts his wings. In a minute he opens them, shuts them again, half wheels round, and by-and-by—just when he chooses, and not before—floats away. The flowers open, and remain open for hours, to the sun. Hastelessness is the only word one can make up to describe it; there is much rest, but no haste. Each moment, as with the greenfinches, is so full of life that it seems so long and so sufficient in itself. Not only the days, but life itself lengthens in summer. I would spread abroad my arms and gather more of it to me, could I do so.

All the procession of living and growing things passes. The grass stands up taller and still taller, the sheaths open, and the stalk arises, the pollen clings till the breeze sweeps it. The bees rush past, and the resolute wasps; the humblebees, whose weight swings them along. About the oaks and maples the brown chafers swarm, and the fern-owls at dusk, and the blackbirds and jays by day, can not reduce their legions while they last. Yellow butterflies, and white, broad red admirals, and sweet blues; think of the kingdom of flowers which is theirs! Heavy moths burring at the edge of the copse; green, and red, and gold flies; gnats, like smoke, around the tree tops; midges so thick over the brook, as if you could haul a net full; tiny leaping creatures in the grass; bronze beetles across the path; blue dragon-flies pondering on cool leaves of water-plantain. Blue jays flitting, a magpie drooping across from elm to elm; young rooks that have escaped the hostile shot blundering up into the branches; missel thrushes leading their fledglings, already strong on the wing, from field to field. An egg here on the sward dropped by a starling; a red ladybird creeping, tortoise-like, up a green fern frond. Finches undulating through the air, shooting themselves with closed wings, and linnets happy with their young.

Golden dandelion disks—gold and orange—of a hue more beautiful, I think, than the higher and more visible buttercup. A blackbird, gleaming, so black is he, splashing in the runlet of water across the gateway. A ruddy kingfisher swiftly drawing himself, as you might draw a stroke with a pencil, over a surface of the yellow buttercups, and away above the hedge. Hart's-tongue fern, thick with green, so green as to be thick with its colour, deep in the ditch under the shady hazel boughs. White meadow-sweet lifting its tiny florets, and black flowered sedges. You must push through the reed grass to find the sword flags; the stout willow herbs will not be trampled down, but resist the foot like underwood. Pink lychnis flowers behind the withy stoles, and little black moorhens swim away, as you gather it, after their mother, who has dived under the water-grass, and broken the smooth surface of the duckweed. Yellow loosestrife is rising, thick comfrey stands at the very edge; the sandpipers run where the shore is free from bushes. Back by the underwood the prickly and repellent brambles will presently present us with fruit. For the squirrels the nuts are forming, green beechmast is there—green wedges under the spray; up in the oaks the small knots, like bark rolled up in a dot, will be acorns. Purple vetches along the mounds, yellow lotus where the grass is shorter, and orchis succeeds to orchis. As I write them, so these things come—not set in gradation, but like the broadcast flowers in the mowing grass.

Now follows the gorse, and the pink rest-harrow, and the sweet lady's bed-straw, set as it were in the midst of a little thorn-bush. The broad repetition of the yellow clover is not to be written; acre upon acre, and not one spot of green, as if all the green had been planed away, leaving only the flowers to which the bees come by the thousand from far and near. But one white campion stands in the midst of the lake of yellow. The field is scented as though a hundred hives of honey had been emptied on it. Along the mound by it the bluebells are seeding, the hedge has been cut and the ground is strewn with twigs. Among those seeding bluebells and dry twigs and mosses I think a titlark has his nest, as he stays all

day there and in the oak over. The pale clear yellow of charlock, sharp and clear, promises the finches bushels of seed for their young. Under the scarlet of the poppies the larks run, and then for change of colour soar into the blue. Creamy honeysuckle on the hedge around the cornfield, buds of wild rose everywhere, but no sweet petal yet. Yonder, where the wheat can climb no higher up the slope, are the purple heath bells, thyme, and flitting stonechats.

The lone barn shut off by acres of barley is noisy with sparrows. It is their city, and there is a nest in every crevice, almost under every tile. Sometimes the partridges run between the ricks, and when the bats come out of the roof, leverets play in the wagon-track. At even a fern-owl beats by, passing close to the eaves whence the moths issue. On the narrow wagon-track which descends along a coombe and is worn in chalk, the heat pours down by day as if an invisible lens in the atmosphere focused the sun's rays. Strong woody knapweed endures it, so does toadflax and pale blue scabious, and wild mignonette. The very sun of Spain burns and burns and ripens the wheat on the edge of the coombe, and will only let the spring moisten a yard or two around it; but there a few rushes have sprung, and in the water itself brooklime with blue flowers grows so thickly that nothing but a bird could find space to drink. So down again from this sun of Spain to woody coverts where the wild hops are blocking every avenue, and green-flowered bryony would fain climb to the trees; where gray-flecked ivy winds spirally about the red, rugged bark of pines, where burdocks fight for the footpath, and teazie-heads look over the low hedges. Brake-fern rises five feet high; in some way woodpeckers are associated with brake, and there seem more of them where it flourishes. If you count the depth and strength of its roots in the loamy sand, add the thickness of its flattened stem, and the width of its branching fronds, you may say that it comes near to be a little tree. Beneath where the ponds are bushy mare's tails grow, and on the moist banks jointed pewterwort; some of the broad bronze leaves of water-weeds seem to try and conquer the pond and cover it so firmly that a wagtail may run on them. A white but-

terfly follows along the wagon-road, the pheasants slip away as quietly as the butterfly flies, but a jay screeches loudly and flutters in high rage to see us. Under an ancient garden wall among matted bines of trumpet convolvulus there is a hedge-sparrow's nest overhung with ivy on which even now the last black berries cling.

There are minute white flowers on the top of the wall, out of reach, and lichen grows against it dried by the sun till it looks ready to crumble. By the gateway grows a thick bunch of meadow geranium, soon to flower; over the gate is the dusty highway road, quiet but dusty, dotted with innumerable footmarks of a flock of sheep that has passed. The sound of their bleating still comes back, and the bees driven up by their feet have hardly had time to settle again on the white clover beginning to flower on the short roadside sward. All the hawthorn leaves and brier and bramble, the honeysuckle, too, is gritty with the dust that has been scattered upon it. But see—can it be? Stretch a hand high, quick, and reach it down; the first, the sweetest, the dearest rose of June. Not yet expected, for the time is between the May and the roses, least of all here in the hot and dusty highway; but it is found—the first rose of June.

Straight go the white petals to the heart; straight the mind's glance goes back to how many other pageants of summer in old times! When perchance the sunny days were even more sunny; when the stilly oaks were full of mystery, lurking like the Druid's mistletoe in the midst of their mighty branches. A glamour in the heart came back to it again from every flower; as the sunshine was reflected from them so the feeling in the heart returned tenfold. To the dreamy summer haze love gave a deep enchantment, the colours were fairer, the blue more lovely in the lucid sky. Each leaf finer, and the gross earth enamelled beneath the feet. A sweet breath on the air, a soft, warm hand in the touch of the sunshine, a glance in the gleam of the rippled waters, a whisper in the dance of the shadows. The ethereal haze lifted the heavy oaks and they were buoyant on the mead, the rugged bark was chastened and no longer rough, each slender flower beneath them again refined. There was a presence every-

where with us, though unseen; with us on the open hills, and not shut out under the dark pines. Dear were the June roses then because for another gathered. Yet even dearer now with so many years as it were upon the petals; all the days that have been before, all the heart-throbs, all our hopes lie in this opened bud. Let not the eyes grow dim, look not back but forward; the soul must uphold itself like the sun. Let us labour to make the heart grow larger as we become older, as the spreading oak gives more shelter. That we could but take to the soul some of the greatness and the beauty of the summer!

Still the pageant moves. The song-talk of the finches rises and sinks like the tinkle of a waterfall. The greenfinches have been by me all the while. A bullfinch pipes now and then farther up the hedge where the brambles and thorns are thickest. Boldest of birds to look at, he is always in hiding. The shrill tone of a goldfinch came just now from the ash branches, but he has gone on. Every four or five minutes a charfinch sings close by, and another fills the interval near the gateway. There are linnets somewhere, but I can not from the old apple tree fix their exact place. Thrushes have sung and ceased; they will begin again in ten minutes. The blackbirds do not cease; the note uttered by a blackbird in the oak yonder before it can drop is taken up by a second near the top of the field, and ere it falls is caught by a third on the left-hand side. From one of the topmost boughs of an elm there fell the song of a willow warbler for awhile; one of the least of birds, he often seeks the highest branches of the highest tree.

A yellowhammer has just flown from a bare branch in the gateway, where he has been perched and singing a full hour. Presently he will commence again, and as the sun declines will sing him to the horizon, and then again sing till nearly dusk. The yellowhammer is almost the longest of all the singers; he sits and sits and has no inclination to move. In the spring he sings, in the summer he sings, and he continues when the last sheaves are being carried from the wheat field. The redstart yonder has given forth a few notes, the whitethroat flings himself into the air at short intervals and chatters, the shrike

calls sharp and determined, faint but shrill calls descend from the swifts in the air. These descend, but the twittering notes of the swallows do not reach so far; they are too high to-day. A cuckoo has called by the brook, and now fainter from a greater distance. That the titlarks are singing I know, but not within hearing from here; a dove, though, is audible, and a chiffchaff has twice passed. Afar beyond the oaks at the top of the field dark specks ascend from time to time, and after moving in wide circles for awhile descend again to the corn. These must be larks; but their notes are not powerful enough to reach me, though they would were it not for the song in the hedges, the hum of innumerable insects, and the ceaseless "Crake, crake!" of landrails. There are at least two landrails in the mowing grass; one of them just now seemed coming straight toward the apple tree, and I expected in a minute to see the grass move, when the bird turned aside and entered the tufts and wild parsley by the hedge. Thence the call has come without a moment's pause, "Crake, crake!" till the thick hedge seems filled with it. Tits have visited the apple tree over my head, a wren has sung in the willow, or rather on a dead branch projecting lower down than the leafy boughs, and a robin across under the elms in the opposite hedge. Elms are a favourite tree of robins, not the upper branches, but those that grow down the trunk, and are the first to have leaves in the spring.

The yellowhammer is the most persistent individually, but I think the blackbirds when listened to are the masters of the fields. Before one can finish another begins, like the summer ripples succeeding behind each other, so that the melodious sound merely changes its position. Now here, now in the corners, then across the field, again in the distant copse, where it seems about to sink, when it rises again almost at hand. Like a great human artist, the blackbird makes no effort, being fully conscious that his liquid tone can not be matched. He utters a few delicious notes, and carelessly quits the green stage of the oak till it pleases him to sing again. Without the blackbird, in whose throat the sweetness of the green fields dwells, the days would be only partly summer. Without

the violet all the blue-bells and cowslips could not make a spring, and without the blackbird even the nightingale would be but half welcome. It is not yet noon, these songs have been ceaseless since dawn; this evening, after the yellowhammer has sung the sun down, when the moon rises and the faint stars appear, still the cuckoo will call, and the grasshopper lark, the landrail's "Crake, crake!" will echo from the mound, a warbler or a blackcap will utter its notes, and even at the darkest of the summer night the swallows will hardly sleep in their nests. As the morning sky grows blue, an hour before the sun, up will rise the larks singing and audible now, the cuckoo will recommence, and the swallows will start again on their tireless journey. So that the songs of the summer birds are as ceaseless as the sound of the waterfall which plays day and night.

I can not leave it, I must stay under the old tree in the midst of the long grass, the luxury of the leaves, and the song in the very air. I seem as if I could feel all the glowing life the sunshine gives and the south wind calls to being. The endless grass, the endless leaves, the immense strength of the oak expanding, the unalloyed joy of finch and blackbird: from all of them I receive a little. Each gives me something of the pure joy they gather for themselves. In the blackbird's melody one note is mine; in the dance of the leaf shadows the formed maze is for me, though the motion is theirs; the flowers with a thousand faces have collected the kisses of the morning. Feeling with them, I receive some, at least, of their fulness of life. Never could I have enough; never stay long enough —whether here or whether lying on the shorter sward under the sweeping and graceful birches, or on the thyme-scented hills. Hour after hour, and still not enough. Or walking the footpath was never long enough, or my strength sufficient to endure till the mind was weary. The exceeding beauty of the earth, in her splendour of life, yields a new thought with every petal. The hours when the mind is absorbed by beauty are the only hours when we really live, so that the longer we can stay among these things so much the more is snatched from inevitable Time. Let the shadow advance upon the dial—I can watch it with

equanimity while it is there to be watched. It is only when the shadow is not there, when the clouds of winter cover it, that the dial is terrible. The invisible shadow goes on and steals from us. But now, while I can see the shadow of the tree and watch it slowly gliding along the surface of the grass, it is mine. These are the only hours that are not wasted—these hours that absorb the soul and fill it with beauty. This is real life, and all else is illusion, or mere endurance. Does this reverie of flowers and waterfall and song form an ideal, a human ideal, in the mind? It does; much the same ideal that Phidias sculptured of man and woman filled with a godlike sense of the violet fields of Greece, beautiful beyond thought, calm as my turtle-dove before the lurid lightning of the unknown. To be beautiful and to be calm, without mental fear, is the ideal of Nature. If I can not achieve it, at least I can think it.

CHILD'S PLAY

BY

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

Robert Louis Stevenson was born in Edinburgh, November 13, 1850. His father and grandfather were engineers especially employed in building lighthouses. Robert was educated at the university of his native city, tried to learn his father's profession, then studied law, but at the age of twenty-three was ordered south for his health. He went to the south of France, and at the same time determined to follow the real bent of his mind, which was for literature. He wrote many magazine articles, and in 1878 appeared his first book, "An Inland Voyage," the story of a canoe excursion on rivers in France. A year later he came to the United States in the steerage of a steamer, as an "amateur emigrant," crossed the continent in an emigrant car, and in California married Mrs. Osbourne, whose acquaintance he had made in an artist colony at Fontainebleau. On his return to England he published two volumes of essays, followed by the "New Arabian Nights" and "Treasure Island," the first of his books to attract popular attention. He was an industrious and prolific writer, but was obliged to move frequently to one place and another in search of health, and at last (in 1889) found in the Samoan Islands a climate in which he could live. He bought four hundred acres near Apia, and built a house, which was his home until he died, December 3, 1894. In accordance with his own wish, he was buried on the summit of Mount Vaea, near his house. The strongest of his many stories are, "The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," "Kidnapped," and "Prince Otto." He also published two volumes of poems, which have their admirers. Some critical readers think his finest work is in his essays. He took a warm interest in the Samoans and their history, which they reciprocated with affectionate regard for Tusitala (the story-teller), as they called him.

CHILD'S PLAY

THE regret we have for our childhood is not wholly justifiable: so much a man may lay down without fear of public ribaldry; for, although we shake our heads over the change, we are not unconscious of the manifold advantages of our new state. What we lose in generous impulse we more than gain in the habit of generously watching others; and the capacity to enjoy Shakespeare may balance a lost aptitude for playing at soldiers. Terror is gone out of our lives, moreover; we no longer see the devil in the bed-curtains nor lie awake to listen to the wind. We go to school no more; and if we have only exchanged one drudgery for another (which is by no means sure), we are set free forever from the daily fear of chastisement. And yet a great change has overtaken us; and although we do not enjoy ourselves less, at least we take our pleasure differently. We need pickles nowadays to make Wednesday's cold mutton please our Friday's appetite; and I can remember the time when to call it red venison, and tell myself a hunter's story, would have made it more palatable than the best of sauces. To the grown person, cold mutton is cold mutton all the world over; not all the mythology ever invented by man will make it better or worse to him; the broad fact, the clamant reality, of the mutton carries away before it such seductive figments. But for the child it is still possible to weave an enchantment over eatables; and if he has but read of a dish in a story-book, it will be heavenly manna to him for a week.

If a grown man does not like eating and drinking and exercise, if he is not something positive in his tastes, it means he has a feeble body and should have some medicine; but children may be pure spirits, if they will, and

take their enjoyment in a world of moonshine. Sensation does not count for so much in our first years as afterward; something of the swaddling numbness of infancy clings about us; we see and touch and hear through a sort of golden mist. Children, for instance, are able enough to see, but they have no great faculty for looking; they do not use their eyes for the pleasure of using them, but for by-ends of their own; and the things I call to mind seeing most vividly, were not beautiful in themselves, but merely interesting or enviable to me as I thought they might be turned to practical account in play. Nor is the sense of touch so clean and poignant in children as it is in a man. If you will turn over your old memories, I think the sensations of this sort you remember will be somewhat vague, and come to not much more than a blunt, general sense of heat on summer days, or a blunt, general sense of well-being in bed. And here, of course, you will understand pleasurable sensations; for overmastering pain—the most deadly and tragical element in life, and the true commander of man's soul and body—alas! pain has its own way with all of us; it breaks in, a rude visitant, upon the fairy garden where the child wanders in a dream, no less surely than it rules upon the field of battle, or sends the immortal war-god whimpering to his father; and innocence, no more than philosophy, can protect us from this sting. As for taste, when we bear in mind the excesses of unmitigated sugar which delight a youthful palate, "it is surely no very cynical asperity" to think taste a character of the maturer growth. Smell and hearing are perhaps more developed; I remember many scents, many voices, and a great deal of spring singing in the woods. But hearing is capable of vast improvement as a means of pleasure; and there is all the world between gaping wonderment at the jargon of birds, and the emotion with which a man listens to articulate music.

At the same time, and step by step with this increase in the definition and intensity of what we feel which accompanies our growing age, another change takes place in the sphere of intellect, by which all things are transformed and seen through theories and associations as through coloured windows. We make to ourselves day by day, out of

history, and gossip, and economical speculations, and God knows what, a medium in which we walk and through which we look abroad. We study shop windows with other eyes than in our childhood, never to wonder, not always to admire, but to make and modify our little incongruous theories about life. It is no longer the uniform of a soldier that arrests our attention, but perhaps the flowing carriage of a woman, or perhaps a countenance that has been vividly stamped with passion and carries an adventurous story written in its lines. The pleasure of surprise is passed away; sugar-loaves and water-carts seem mighty tame to encounter; and we walk the streets to make romances and to sociologize. Nor must we deny that a good many of us walk them solely for the purposes of transit or in the interest of a livelier digestion. These, indeed, may look back with mingled thoughts upon their childhood, but the rest are in a better case; they know more than when they were children, they understand better, their desires and sympathies answer more nimbly to the provocation of the senses, and their minds are brimming with interest as they go about the world.

According to my contention, this is a flight to which children can not rise. They are wheeled in perambulators or dragged about by nurses in a pleasing stupor. A vague, faint, abiding wonderment possesses them. Here and there some specially remarkable circumstance, such as a water-cart or a guardsman, fairly penetrates into the seat of thought and calls them, for half a moment, out of themselves; and you may see them, still towed forward sideways by the inexorable nurse as by a sort of destiny, but still staring at the bright object in their wake. It may be some minutes before another such moving spectacle reawakens them to the world in which they dwell. For other children they almost invariably show some intelligent sympathy. "There is a fine fellow making mud pies," they seem to say; "that I can understand, there is some sense in mud pies." But the doings of their elders, unless where they are speakingly picturesque or recommend themselves by the quality of being easily imitable, they let them go over their heads (as we say) without the least regard. If it were not for this perpetual imitation,

we should be tempted to fancy they despised us outright, or only considered us in the light of creatures brutally strong and brutally silly; among whom they condescended to dwell in obedience like a philosopher at a barbarous court. At times, indeed, they display an arrogance of disregard that is truly staggering. Once, when I was groaning aloud with physical pain, a young gentleman came into the room and nonchalantly inquired if I had seen his bow and arrow. He made no account of my groans, which he accepted, as he had to accept so much else, as a piece of the inexplicable conduct of his elders; and like a wise young gentleman, he would waste no wonder on the subject. Those elders, who care so little for rational enjoyment, and are even the enemies of rational enjoyment for others, he had accepted without understanding and without complaint, as the rest of us accept the scheme of the universe.

We grown people can tell ourselves a story, give and take strokes until the bucklers ring, ride far and fast, marry, fall, and die; all the while sitting quietly by the fire or lying prone in bed. This is exactly what a child can not do, or does not do, at least, when he can find anything else. He works all with lay figures and stage properties. When his story comes to the fighting, he must rise, get something by way of a sword and have a set-to with a piece of furniture, until he is out of breath. When he comes to ride with the king's pardon, he must bestride a chair, which he will so hurry and belabour, and on which he will so furiously demean himself, that the messenger will arrive, if not bloody with spurring, at least fiery red with haste. If his romance involves an accident upon a cliff, he must clamber in person about the chest of drawers and fall bodily upon the carpet, before his imagination is satisfied. Lead soldiers, dolls, all toys, in short, are in the same category and answer the same end. Nothing can stagger a child's faith; he accepts the clumsiest substitutes and can swallow the most staring incongruities. The chair he has just been besieging as a castle, or valiantly cutting to the ground as a dragon, is taken away for the accommodation of a morning visitor, and he is nothing abashed; he can skirmish by the hour with a stationary coal-scuttle;

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

From an etching by Samuel Hollyer

in the midst of the enchanted pleasance, he can see, without sensible shock, the gardener soberly digging potatoes for the day's dinner. He can make abstraction of whatever does not fit into his fable; and he puts his eyes into his pocket, just as we hold our noses in an unsavoury lane. And so it is that, although the ways of children cross with those of their elders in a hundred places daily, they never go in the same direction nor so much as lie in the same element. So may the telegraph wires intersect the line of the high-road, or so might a landscape painter and a bagman visit the same country, and yet move in different worlds.

People struck with these spectacles cry aloud about the power of imagination in the young. Indeed, there may be two words to that. It is, in some ways, but a pedestrian fancy that the child exhibits. It is the grown people who make the nursery stories; all the children do is jealously to preserve the text. One out of a dozen reasons why "Robinson Crusoe" should be so popular with youth is that it hits their level in this matter to a nicety; Crusoe was always at makeshifts and had, in so many words, to play at a great variety of professions; and then the book is all about tools, and there is nothing that delights a child so much. Hammers and saws belong to a province of life that positively calls for imitation. The juvenile lyrical drama, surely of the most ancient Thespian model, wherein the trades of mankind are successively simulated to the running burden "On a cold and frosty morning," gives a good instance of the artistic taste in children. And this need for overt action and lay figures testifies to a defect in the child's imagination which prevents him from carrying out his novels in the privacy of his own heart. He does not yet know enough of the world and men. His experience is incomplete. That stage wardrobe and scene-room that we call the memory is so ill provided that he can overtake few combinations and body out few stories, to his own content, without some external aid. He is at the experimental stage; he is not sure how one would feel in certain circumstances; to make sure, he must come as near trying it as his means permit. And so here is young heroism with a wooden sword, and mothers practise their

kind vocation over a bit of jointed stick. It may be laughable enough just now; but it is these same people and these same thoughts, that not long hence, when they are on the theatre of life, will make you weep and tremble. For children think very much the same thoughts and dream the same dreams as bearded men and marriageable women. No one is more romantic. Fame and honour, the love of young men and the love of mothers, the business man's pleasure in method, all these and others they anticipate and rehearse in their play hours. Upon us, who are further advanced and fairly dealing with the threads of destiny, they only glance from time to time to glean a hint for their own mimetic reproduction. Two children playing at soldiers are far more interesting to each other than one of the scarlet beings whom both are busy imitating. This is perhaps the greatest oddity of all. "Art for art" is their motto, and the doings of grown folk are only interesting as the raw material for play. Not Théophile Gautier, not Flaubert, can look more callously upon life, or rate the reproduction more highly over the reality, and they will parody an execution, a deathbed, or the funeral of the young man of Nain, with all the cheerfulness in the world.

The true parallel for play is not to be found, of course, in conscious art, which, though it be derived from play, is itself an abstract, impersonal thing, and depends largely upon philosophical interests beyond the scope of childhood. It is when we make castles in the air and personate the leading character in our own romances that we return to the spirit of our first years. Only, there are several reasons why the spirit is no longer so agreeable to indulge. Nowadays, when we admit this personal element into our imaginations we are apt to stir up uncomfortable and sorrowful memories, and remind ourselves sharply of old wounds. Our day-dreams can no longer lie all in the air like a story in the "Arabian Nights"; they read to us rather like the history of a period in which we ourselves have taken part, where we come across many unfortunate passages and find our own conduct smartly reprimanded. And then the child, mind you, acts his parts. He does not merely repeat them to himself: he leaps, he runs, and

sets the blood agog over all his body. And so his play breathes him, and he no sooner assumes a passion than he gives it vent. Alas! when we betake ourselves to our intellectual form of play, sitting quietly by the fire or lying prone in bed, we rouse many hot feelings for which we can find no outlet. Substitutes are not acceptable to the mature mind, which desires the thing itself; and even to rehearse a triumphant dialogue with one's enemy, although it is perhaps the most satisfactory piece of play still left within our reach, is not entirely satisfying, and is even apt to lead to a visit and an interview which may be the reverse of triumphant after all.

In the child's world of dim sensation, play is all in all. "Making believe" is the gist of his whole life, and he can not so much as take a walk except in character. I could not learn my alphabet without some suitable mise-en-scène, and had to act a business man in an office before I could sit down to my book. Will you kindly question your memory, and find out how much you did, work or pleasure, in good faith and soberness, and for how much you had to cheat yourself with some invention? I remember, as though it were yesterday, the expansion of spirit, the dignity and self-reliance, that came with a pair of mustachios in burned cork, even when there was none to see. Children are even content to forego what we call the realities, and prefer the shadow to the substance. When they might be speaking intelligibly together, they chatter senseless gibberish by the hour, and are quite happy because they are making believe to speak French. I have said already how even the imperious appetite of hunger suffers itself to be gulled and led by the nose with the fag end of an old song. And it goes deeper than this; when children are together even a meal is felt as an interruption in the business of life; and they must find some imaginative sanction, and tell themselves some sort of story, to account for, to colour, to render entertaining, the simple processes of eating and drinking. What wonderful fancies I have heard evolved out of the pattern upon teacups!—from which there followed a code of rules and a whole world of excitement, until tea-drinking began to take rank as a game. When my cousin and I took our

porridge of a morning, we had a device to enliven the course of the meal. He ate his with sugar, and explained it to be a country continually buried under snow. I took mine with milk, and explained it to be a country suffering gradual inundation. You can imagine us exchanging bulletins; how here was an island still unsubmerged, here a valley not yet covered with snow; what inventions were made; how his population lived in cabins on perches and travelled on stilts, and how mine was always in boats; how the interest grew furious, as the last corner of safe ground was cut off on all sides and grew smaller every moment; and how, in fine, the food was of altogether secondary importance, and might even have been nauseous, so long as we seasoned it with these dreams. But perhaps the most exciting moments I ever had over a meal were in the case of calves'-feet jelly. It was hardly possible not to believe—and you may be sure, so far from trying, I did all I could to favour the illusion—that some part of it was hollow, and that sooner or later my spoon would lay open the secret tabernacle of the golden rock. There might some miniature "Red Beard" await his hour; there might one find the treasures of the "Forty Thieves," and bewildered Cassim beating about the walls. And so I quarried on slowly, with bated breath, savouring the interest. Believe me, I had little palate left for the jelly; and though I preferred the taste when I took cream with it, I used often to go without, because the cream dimmed the transparent fractures.

Even with games this spirit is authoritative with right-minded children. It is thus that hide-and-seek has so pre-eminent a sovereignty, for it is the wellspring of romance, and the actions and the excitement to which it gives rise lend themselves to almost any sort of fable. And thus cricket, which is a mere matter of dexterity, palpably about nothing and for no end, often fails to satisfy infantile craving. It is a game, if you like, but not a game of play. You can not tell yourself a story about cricket; and the activity it calls forth can be justified on no rational theory. Even football, although it admirably simulates the tug and the ebb and flow of battle, has presented difficulties to the mind of young sticklers after verisimili-

tude; and I knew at least one little boy who was mightily exercised about the presence of the ball, and had to spirit himself up, whenever he came to play, with an elaborate story of enchantment, and take the missile as a sort of talisman bandied about in conflict between two Arabian nations.

To think of such a frame of mind is to become disquieted about the bringing up of children. Surely they dwell in a mythological epoch, and are not the contemporaries of their parents. What can they think of them? what can they make of these bearded or petticoated giants who look down upon their games? who move upon a cloudy Olympus, following unknown designs apart from rational enjoyment? who profess the tenderest solicitude for children, and yet every now and again reach down out of their altitude and terribly vindicate the prerogatives of age? Off goes the child, corporally smarting, but morally rebellious. Were there ever such unthinkable deities as parents? I would give a great deal to know what, in nine cases out of ten, is the child's unvarnished feeling. A sense of past cajolery; a sense of personal attraction, at best very feeble; above all, I should imagine, a sense of terror for the untried residue of mankind go to make up the attraction that he feels. No wonder, poor little heart, with such a weltering world in front of him, if he clings to the hand he knows! The dread irrationality of the whole affair, as it seems to children, is a thing we are all too ready to forget. "Oh, why," I remember passionately wondering, "why can we not all be happy and devote ourselves to play?" And when children do philosophize, I believe it is usually to very much the same purpose.

One thing, at least, comes very clearly out of these considerations: that whatever we are to expect at the hands of children, it should not be any peddling exactitude about matters of fact. They walk in a vain show, and among mists and rainbows; they are passionate after dreams and unconcerned about realities; speech is a difficult art not wholly learned, and there is nothing in their own tastes or purposes to teach them what we mean by abstract truthfulness. When a bad writer is inexact, even if he can look back on half a century of years, we charge

him with incompetence and not with dishonesty. And why not extend the same allowance to imperfect speakers? Let a stockbroker be dead stupid about poetry, or a poet inexact in the details of business, and we excuse them heartily from blame. But show us a miserable, unbreeched, human entity, whose whole profession it is to take a tub for a fortified town and a shaving-brush for the deadly stiletto, and who passes three fourths of his time in a dream and the rest in open self-deception, and we expect him to be as nice upon a matter of fact as a scientific expert bearing evidence. Upon my heart, I think it less than decent. You do not consider how little the child sees, or how swift he is to weave what he has seen into bewildering fiction; and that he cares no more for what you call truth than you for a gingerbread dragoon.

I am reminded, as I write, that the child is very inquiring as to the precise truth of stories. But, indeed, this is a very different matter, and one bound up with the subject of play, and the precise amount of playfulness, or playability, to be looked for in the world. Many such burning questions must arise in the course of nursery education. Among the fauna of this planet, which already embraces the pretty soldier and the terrifying Irish beggarman, is or is not the child to expect a Bluebeard or a Cormoran? Is he or is he not to look out for magicians, kindly and potent? May he or may he not reasonably hope to be cast away upon a desert island, or turned to such diminutive proportions that he can live on equal terms with his lead soldiery, and go a cruise in his own toy schooner? Surely all these are practical questions to a neophyte entering upon life with a view to play. Precision upon such a point the child can understand. But if you merely ask him of his past behaviour, as to who threw such a stone, for instance, or struck such and such a match; or whether he had looked into a parcel or gone by a forbidden path—why, he can see no moment in the inquiry, and it is ten to one he has already half forgotten and half bemused himself with subsequent imaginings.

It would be easy to leave them in their native cloud-

land, where they figure so prettily—pretty like flowers and innocent like dogs. They will come out of their gardens soon enough, and have to go into offices and the witness box. Spare them yet a while, O conscientious parent! Let them doze among their playthings yet a little, for who knows what a rough, warfaring existence lies before them in the future?

THE END